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AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY: WHAT GOES ON IN YOUR BEDROOM

007'S LATEST FLAME

PAUL (CRASH OF '79) ERDMAN TELLS WHY THE WORLD IS GOING BROKE

GRACE JONES IN 'JUNGLE FEVER': A STUNNING PICTORIAL

HOW THE DINGO BEAT THE RAP

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PLAYBILL

PLAYBOY's pursuit of sexual enlightenment cruised into new lanes last year with the publication of our seven-part series of articles, Man and Woman. A sidelight of the series was a sex survey — the most intensive ever undertaken by PLAYBOY and consisting of 133 queries about sexual behavior. In this edition, we present the results of that survey as submitted by you, our readers. It's the most up-to-date and thorough research on the subject of sexual exchange and is bound to become a reference point in the process of sexual understanding. Additional comment is by our resident sexologist, **Bettina Arndt.**

That vibrant rosella of Australian politics and champion of the ethnic cause, Al Grassby, is the subject of this month's PLAYBOY interview. Editor **Phil Jarratt** interviewed Grassby a week after the former front bencher in the Whitlam Labor Government had vacated his chair as Commissioner for Community Relations. **Philip Quirk's** camera was quick enough to capture Grassby for the accompanying photos.

Super-spy James Bond is one movie item capable of attracting only the most beautiful girls, and gorgeous model Kim Basinger is no exception. Photographer **Richard Fegley** has provided the perfect preview of this stunning blonde.

The popular press had a field day with the Azaria Chamberlain case, proving there is nothing like a murder mystery to prod the public's imagination. Seasoned journalist **Jim Oram** was hot on the Azaria case from the outset and became intrigued by the process which led to the Darwin trial. In The Dingo Didn't Do It, Oram depicts how the craft of forensic science unravelled the tale.

If you think recycling 60s fashion is a sign of non-productive times, you're probably forgetting (or you're too young to remember) what fun was had during that decade. In Where Were You In '62? **Perry Vlahos** poses a questionnaire to test your knowledge of a decade.

Can't make the repayments? Don't sweat about it too much, because neither can the rest of the word. In Living On The Default Line, **Paul Erdman** (*The Crash of '79*) delves into the vaults of the World Bank to explain why the international monetary system is looking pretty shaky through the inability of nations to pay.

Australia's chances of becoming a land of plenty in the true Utopian mould might just be realised through the imaginative planning of a seemingly conservative municipal engineer. Laurie Hogan's Utopia is **Frank Robson's** profile of the man with a super-ambitious plan to get the Lucky Country up and running.

Just when you thought we'd given up on the idea of preparing editors **Phil Jarratt** and **Allan Moult** for the Honolulu Marathon, our two intrepid runners have filed part two of the saga. Photographer **Rowan Fotheringham** arose early one morning to snap Moult and Jarratt training.

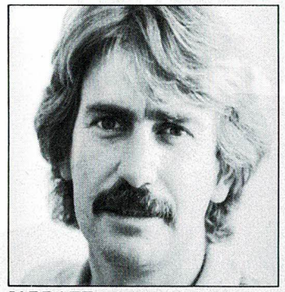
In the fiction department, leading Australian writer **Morris Lurie** contributes a compelling piece called Kelso's Lady.

Our March Playmate is beautiful Barbara Reimer, an exquisite 19-year-old with that particular sort of appeal guaranteed to extract the best from life. Turn to the centrefold and you'll see what we mean. Something altogether different is Jungle Fever, a selection from the works of photographer **Jean-Paul Goude,** featuring the amazing Grace Jones.

The sailboard boom is really running before the wind this summer and sports writer **Clyde Strange** took to the beach to feel the appeal of sailing on your feet. With ace water photographer **Peter Crawford** providing the action shots, they've managed to capture the essence of the sport.

Meanwhile, PLAYBOY's much-travelled Melbourne correspondent, **Rennie Ellis,** was doing a refresher course on the allure of Bali. He found the time to compile words and pictures on what the tour influx has meant to the Indonesian island.

Add all our usual features like Booze, Robin Ingram's movie reviews and Video, and it makes for a lively March issue. Good reading!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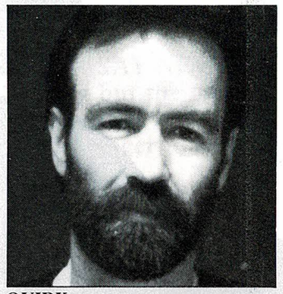
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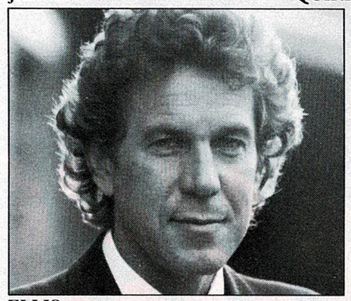
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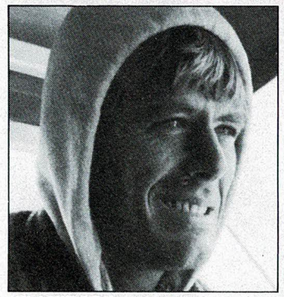
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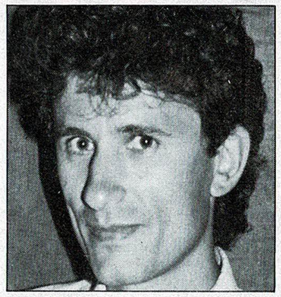
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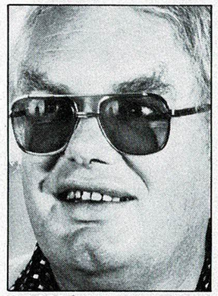
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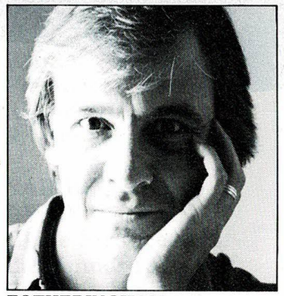
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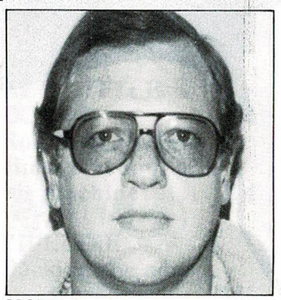
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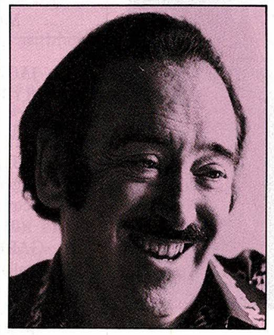

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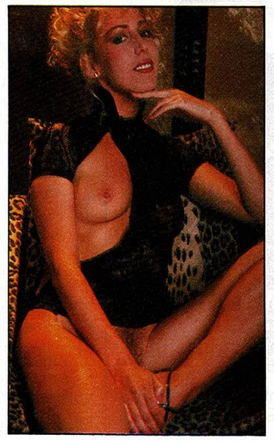

MARCH 1982

Cover: Jennifer Jared
Photo: Rico Mettbach

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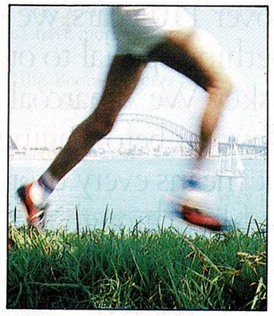

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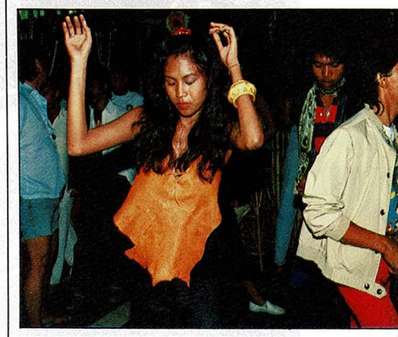

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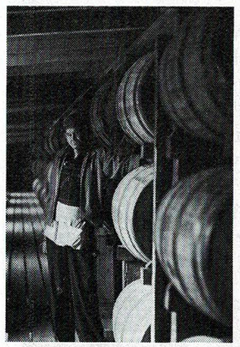

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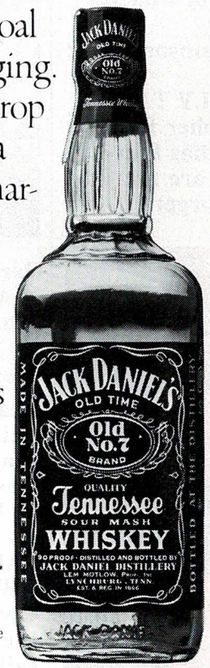

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PLAYBOY

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DEAR PLAYBOY

address your letters to dear playboy, po box 746, darlinghurst 2010

BOWLED OVER

As a long-time cricket fan, I was very pleased with the interview with Rod Marsh in your November issue. It clearly shows why many people consider "Bacchus" to be one of Australian cricket's great sons. With his enthusiasm for the game and his experience, he should be given the chance to captain Australia.

On turning to your Double Bill feature in the same issue, I was greatly surprised by the stunning Kim McArthur. She's truly beautiful and I hope that you'll give readers another glimpse of her.

Name and address withheld.

Congratulations, chaps, on your excellent interview with Rod Marsh in the November edition of Australian PLAYBOY. I was very impressed with the scope of the feature and the very pertinent and probing questions posed by your journalist.

Hope to see further interviews of this dimension with other Australian sporting identities in my favorite magazine.

Claude May,
Dundas, NSW.

BAN CENSORSHIP

First off, I must tell you how pissed off I was to find that the November edition of Australian PLAYBOY was banned in Queensland. After purchasing a copy "under the counter" and studying it thoroughly for two days, I fail to see how they can justify the ban as the magazine contains no more so-called "objectional material" than several other readily obtainable magazines in this State.

It's annoying enough to be viewing a spread of a lovely lady and have to strain your vision to make out what that blurred dark portion is between her legs, but when pictures have to be cut from the waist down and the remaining part of the page is left blank (as it is from time to time in some magazines), it's enough to make you just shit. I'm sure that the majority of Queenslanders feel the same way as I do. But what can you do about this system of censorship that is controlled by a Government whose leader's votes are controlled by his only friend — Gerry Mander — who's not a real Queenslander, either.

Steve T.,
Brisbane, Qld.

WRITE ON

I find the width of material in Australian PLAYBOY makes it a most satisfying magazine — I should say, the most satisfying publication in circulation in Australia.

The personal interviews with leading personalities are always enlightening, as they cover a wider range of points of interest than interviews in other publications.

As a graphologist, the quest for unusual handwriting is part of my daily endeavors. Your inclusion of handwritten Data Sheets for Playmates is of great interest. The relativity between a person's handwriting and their signature is very important in assessing the personality of the writer. You could increase the usefulness of the Data Sheets by including the writer's signature.

You may even go one step further with your interviews with celebrities by including a specimen of their handwriting. Such a specimen should be a 10-20 word message, including normal signature.

Ivan Tepper,
Blackburn South, Vic.

It may not be the first *thing that readers notice, but Playmate signatures are included on centrefold spreads — Ed.*

HIS KIND OF GAL

I've been reading Australian PLAYBOY since it first came out and I think it's a great mag. Your centrefolds are great. After seeing Kimberly McArthur (Double Bill, November), I almost jumped out of bed. Her breasts surprised me.

I love women with big boobs and a slim figure and therefore Kimberly is my kind of woman. How about doing a full pictorial of her? You say she was a former US Playmate, so you must have more pictures of her.

"Big Boobs Forever",
St. Albans, Vic.

Here's another peep at those surprising breasts — Ed.

THE MIGHTY ONE

In your November Dear Playboy page, reader Gary Bender invited comments from other readers about Marilyn Chambers.

Mighty Marilyn may be too muscular for your tastes, Mr Bender, but she can wrestle with me any time she likes. She's one hunk of a woman and none of the other contenders for her Porn Queen crown come even close.

I think the August issue with her on the cover was one of the best you've yet done at Australian PLAYBOY (and there have been some beauties!) and another glimpse of her in your pages wouldn't go astray, either.

Luke Petrelli,
Campsie, NSW.

COUNTING ON PENNY

Just loved all those glistening, golden bodies in your Summer Sex Special issue (November) and, just for the record, I'm ready to poke my swizzle stick at Penny Wells any time she likes to call on me.

B.L.,
Noble Park, Vic.

IT'S A NINETY-NINER

I have before me the first edition of Aussie PLAYBOY, and the latest.

The standard of magazine has changed very little — because it was 99 percent from the start. The photography is outstanding. Keep up for that final one percent.

M.H.,
Lower Mitchum, SA.

ALMOST THERE

I have been a dedicated reader of PLAYBOY for some years and when the Australian edition made its debut, I was very pleased.

However, I wish to make a critical observation. Over the last year or so, each edition has become the same as the next. I feel that there is a lack of variety in the type of articles. I would like to see more regular travel articles (with pictures) on places like Kuta Beach in Bali, Club Med and so on.

Also a regular motoring section — not about cars that most people can't afford, but on second-hand exotic cars like the BMW 2002 or the Alfa range. Those cars are affordable and I believe that road reports would be of interest to your readers.

I feel these changes would turn a good magazine into a great one.

R.A. Walker,
North Fitzroy, Vic.

Thanks for your comments. We're on the road to greatness, already! Turn to page 96 for our feature on Kuta Beach — Ed.

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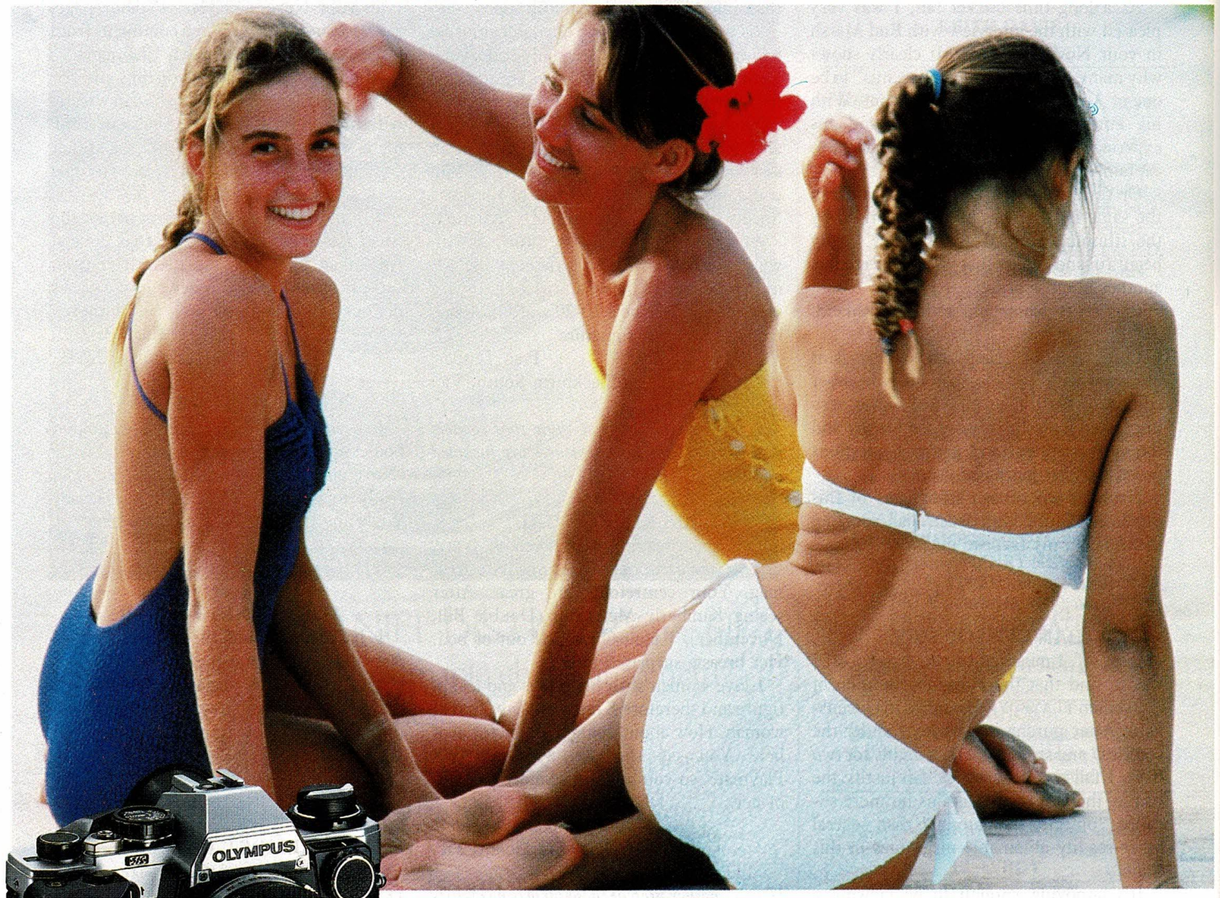

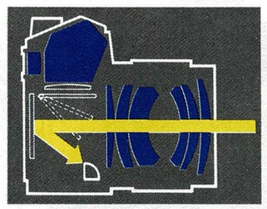

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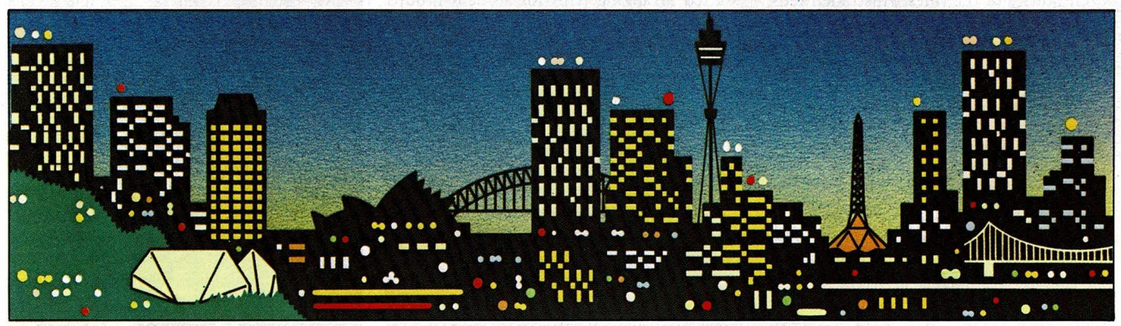


HORSE PLAY

We know they're a bit *different* down there, but we didn't suspect that bestiality was booming in rural Tasmania. Well folks, it *is* if you believe what you read in *The Tasmanian Mail.* Under a black and white shot of a young maiden baring her teeth in an enthusiastic grin, came the caption: "This happy picture of 17-year-old Paulina Kubliac was taken just after she'd finished feeling her horse at George Town."

TRIVIA TIME

Due to an unprecedented demand from our information-hungry readers for further background details on the motoring spread (pages 110-11) in our November issue, we're delighted to impart the following enlightening info: the restaurant in the photo is Crepes of Darlinghurst, 252 Forbes Street, Darlinghurst, Tel: (02) 33 6344; the bus lurking around the corner appeared courtesy of the Public Transport Commission and is shown on its regular 389 service run between Circular Quay and Bondi Junction. The Give Way and Pedestrian Crossing signs were kindly provided by the Department of Main Roads. In case you were so busy absorbing all these startling features that you didn't notice the car, it's a red one.

IN THE BAG

Kudos to the Greater Union Organisation for a bang-up press premiere of the Aussie film, *Kitty and the Bagman*, which opened February 18 in theatres throughout the country.

Last November, two carloads of docile journos were fed all manner of information, interviews, booze and food during the day-long outing by steam train to — of all places —Wollongong, NSW. The destination was a means to an end. Seeing how the turn-of-the-century train was used in the movie, taking a publicity ride was a natural. Liddy Clark, who plays Kitty, answered the question, 'Why Wollongong?' with, "I guess it had to go somewhere."

Somewhere outside Stanwell Park station, the train was hijacked by a band of natty desperadoes from a Sydney radio station who held the actresses at capgun point ("Terrified expression number 417A") and answered cries of, "Unhand that woman" with such on-the-air threats as "This is no woman, this is my hostage." A brief layover for the ecstatic cameramen was spiced with a few more ad libs ("I *do* hope that's a gun in your hand"), before we arrived more or less intact.

The idea behind so much effort being a plug or two for the film, let it be said that *Kitty and the Bagman* beats the hell out of the other recent release in the gangster flick genre, *Squizzy Taylor.* At least *Kitty* keeps you awake and entertained, if not enthralled, throughout. It's a fair bit of fun, probably playing at a theatre near you.

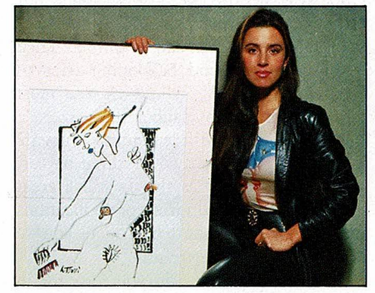
ART FOR FANTASY'S SAKE

She refers to herself as "a fiery Italian, Scorpio artist", and says, "it can lead to trouble, bad trouble". You may remember her as our Playmate of the Month in February, 1981. Apart from her obvious endowments, sultry Laura Tomei is a talented painter whose first one-person show of 35 paintings and drawings at Melbourne's Hawthorn City Art Gallery resulted in 13 sales.

The subject matter of these confronting works revolved around Laura's own sexual frustration and anger, and she certainly wore her libido on her sleeve. Animated and impulsive, words tumble and spit from her lips while her eyes shine with barely restrained passion.

"I'm not a convenience. I'm a person. I'm very honest and I can't repress my emotions. I get certain feelings out of my system by putting them down on paper. I think a lot of people feel what I put up on the walls, but can't express it."

But it's not just externalising fantasies,



Laura insists. "Believe it or not, some of these things have actually happened to me," she reveals.

The fine line drawings, which show influences of late Picasso and Jean Cocteau, and the energy-packed acrylic-on-canvas paintings embrace lust, passion and violence as well as the quiet glow of sexual aftermath. Various explicit sexual connections, masturbation and homosexuality are depicted.

Many of the works were done, Laura admits, when she didn't have a lover.

After the success of the show Laura flew to Rome to catch up with some old friends in the film industry. Now back in Australia, she is considering another revealing PLAYBOY pictorial that would include her art as well as her body.

GETTING HIGH

Captain Mark Phillips, world class equestrian, also known as sometime husband to Junior-HRH, Princess Anne, recently accepted a challenge to meet some of Australia's finest mountain knights in a unique battle staged at the Howitt High Plains on the "roof of Australia", the Victorian Alps.

Phillips was offered "Choice of the Stable" for the contest, and saddled up a 130-horse Range Rover wagon team, choosing to drive the beasts in the traditional manual rig. His chief adversary, Russell Turnham, of the famous "Leyland Revesby Acres" thoroughbred stud farm, selected one of the new-fangled automatic-harness rigs, and the two combatants lumbered off at High Noon over a two-day Endurance Obstacle Course that wound in and out of the dreaded Wonnongatta Stockroute, over a vertical descent-climb-descent of almost 3050m.

After almost two tough days of slogging it out neck-and-neck in the bush, the event was settled when PLAYBOY's Motoring Editor, Rob Luck (also along for the ride), refused to exchange his fresh mount for the Captain's, which had "gone in the fetlocks". Incorrectly interpreted by some as an ungallant gesture, this actually gave the Captain a narrow victory, since he was ahead on points at the time and the rules for an unmounted combatant provided him

with a win by default. The spoils of victory were settled in gentlemen's currency — one dozen bottles of the finest Australian reds. Leyland's Turnham has denied these have been forwarded by express mule train and is demanding a re-match. The good Captain will likely settle for a return tilt in his home lists — the British Army Cross Country "steeplechase" in the Olde Dart.

CHECKING IN

Australians are not only becoming more active, but more adventurous, too. At least that's a reasonable conclusion to make when you consider the success in recent years of specialist adventure travel companies.

The pioneer in this field, and the conspicuous front runner, is Sydney-based Australian Himalayan Expeditions (AHE). ***Goronwy Price*** *and his business partner and wife, Christine Gee, operate the company with a good deal of energy and expertise. Their enthusiasm is infectious. There seem to be few limits to the range of adventure options offered by AHE. Their international and domestic program brochures are huge, colorful, inviting. The AHE version of "Life. Be In It" includes sailboarding, trekking, cycle touring, mountain climbing, sailing, diving, sailboarding, rafting, kayaking, canoeing, hang gliding, canyoning, caving, bushwalking, hot air ballooning, cross country skiing and camel trekking.*

Harrison Ford or Clint Eastwood fan-club members probably try the lot: even your average Norm can get involved in at least one or two activities. Suddenly, adventure is accessible to all.

Goronwy Price isn't the gung-ho commando type that one would expect. He's quietly spoken and disarmingly modest. He claims his greatest achievement is being able to say the world's longest-named railway station — Wales' LLanfairvwllgwyngyvllgogerychwyrndrobwllllantysiliogogogoch — backwards. Of more widespread import, perhaps, is the fact that he has led and/or arranged over 70 treks and in April, 1981, he led the first ever trek from Mount Everest to Tibet. The party reached 6500 metres (over 21,000 ft), the highest altitude ever reached by a non-climbing trekking group. A dream realised for a lad who used to play "climbing big mountains" in an English country garden. PLAYBOY tracked Goronwy down at his Woolloomoloo, Sydney, base camp to find out more. . .

PLAYBOY: Would you say that AHE was the pioneer of the adventure travel market in Australia?

PRICE: I think in terms of adventurous trips and new ideas — the answer is yes. We've pioneered a lot of different travel concepts such as cycling trips in China which were a world first.

PLAYBOY: What made you decide to concentrate on this particular area of travel?

PRICE: Well, really, it's just an extension of my interests. I've always been involved in the outdoors — bushwalking, canoeing, etc — and when I first went into the organised travel side, I didn't really see it as a business. When I was at university, I started arranging trips for student groups and then in Canberra in 1975 we put notices on billboards asking people if they wanted to go on an expedition to Everest. . . we moved to Sydney in 1977 and that's when the business formally started.

PLAYBOY: Were your first clients gung-ho adventuring types or has there always been a cross-section of people?

PRICE: Early on, it's true to say that we did do fairly hard trips which appealed to very adventurous people. Not that we still don't do those, but these days we have many grades of trips to suit all levels of ability. . . from weekend adventurers to professional people who, because their careers are very demanding, don't have much chance to get into the outdoors and participate in something different and colorful.

PLAYBOY: I presume you brief clients prior to their trip on what level of physical condition is required?

PRICE: Oh yes, all the trips are clearly defined, from the very hard to the easy, and we cater for people of all ages. And when clients book, we give them detailed notes on what preparations to make, what to take with them, etc.

Tibetans don't have any hair on their bodies, so when we entered a village, people would gather to gape and giggle and pull the hair on our arms.

PLAYBOY: Do you think people in general are becoming more adventurous?

PRICE: Yes. . . if not more adventurous, then certainly more active, particularly in the last five years. I suppose the "Life. Be In It" campaign is a reflection of this. People want to be active, they're concerned about fitness and their bodies, and adventure follows on from this awareness.

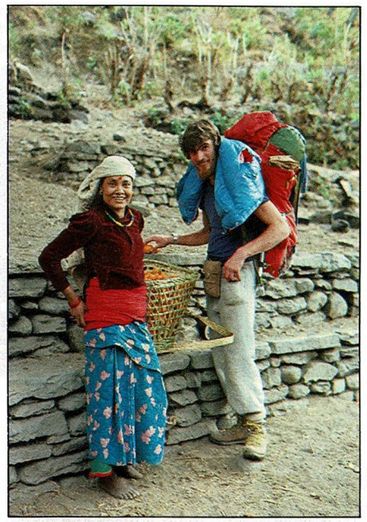
PLAYBOY: What's your more popular program?

PRICE: We do two programs — an international program and an Australian one. Internationally, I suppose the Himalayas are still the biggest area of our activity, as the company name suggests, then Everest, Nepal and Kashmir. Then locally, our weekend ballooning trips to Canowindra, NSW, would be the most popular, followed by sailboarding.

PLAYBOY: Do you still lead tours yourself?

PRICE: Yes, at least two or three a year, which is important as this is still a great interest. We have hundreds of applications from people who want to be leaders, and we obviously cull very carefully.

PRICE: What qualities do you look for in these leaders?



PRICE: Firstly, they must have very competent skills in the activity they wish to lead. Safety is the prime concern. Then after that, we look for the type of personality that will get on well with everybody but who won't push them. We don't want a commando-type character. We want someone who's laid-back and who's prepared to let the group make their own decisions. I think that's important: after all, it's supposed to be a holiday.

PLAYBOY: What about prices of tours?

PRICE: The cheapest trip we do is a day's bushwalking out of Sydney for $32 ranging up to very involved expeditions, say in Tibet or China, which go up to $6500. And between these two extremes, there's a complete range.

PLAYBOY: We are supposedly in a recession at the moment. This must be affecting the travel industry in general. Is it influencing your particular market area or do you feel that people need to "get away" despite the economic climate?

PRICE: It hasn't affected us. Yes, I think people do want to escape from their problems. The growth rate for us has been phenomenal, even in these troubled years. . .

PLAYBOY: Have you been on trips where your group has been the first organised band of white people to enter remote regions?

PRICE: Yes. Perhaps the most exciting trip I've done was in April, 1981, in Tibet. We were the first trekking group ever to receive permission from the Chinese government to enter Tibet, and that meant visiting areas where no Europeans had been for 30 years. Everywhere we went we were mobbed by the local people. Some incidents in the villages were just amazing. For example, Tibetans don't have any hair on their bodies, so when we entered a village, people would gather around us to gape and giggle and pull the hair on our arms and heads. They called us "yakkas" after the yaks, their hairy beasts of burden. One member of the group had dentures and when we wanted to create a sensation amongst our hosts, he would pull his teeth out, with much pretended effort. He was treated as a rare magician. Equal impact was achieved with my Polaroid camera. The locals had never seen a camera, let alone a photo of themselves.

PLAYBOY: Does this sort of reaction also occur on your bicycling trips through China?

PRICE: China's such a huge country and there are still parts where the peasants and young people have never had contact with outsiders. You only have to cycle a few miles away from areas that tourists normally visit to encounter that sort of experience.

PLAYBOY: Do people in these remote regions look upon outsiders as a threat or do they welcome groups of visitors?

PRICE: They look upon you as an exciting diversion. In very isolated communities where there are no communications, well, nothing much happens apart from the occasional festival. A group setting up camp is an exciting novelty. Generally, the more remote the area, the warmer the welcome.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever had any desire to set any records? To do something really spectacular that no one's done before?

PRICE: I'm always interested in challenges but, it's funny I suppose, I don't have any ambition to be the first Australian on top of Everest or whatever.

PLAYBOY: Do you see yourself as something of a rebel considering your conservative upbringing in England?

PRICE: Well, I didn't ever see myself working from nine to five in a bank, or walking a straight and narrow career path like my brothers. I didn't quite know what I wanted to do, but I didn't see myself fitting into a conservative career mould.

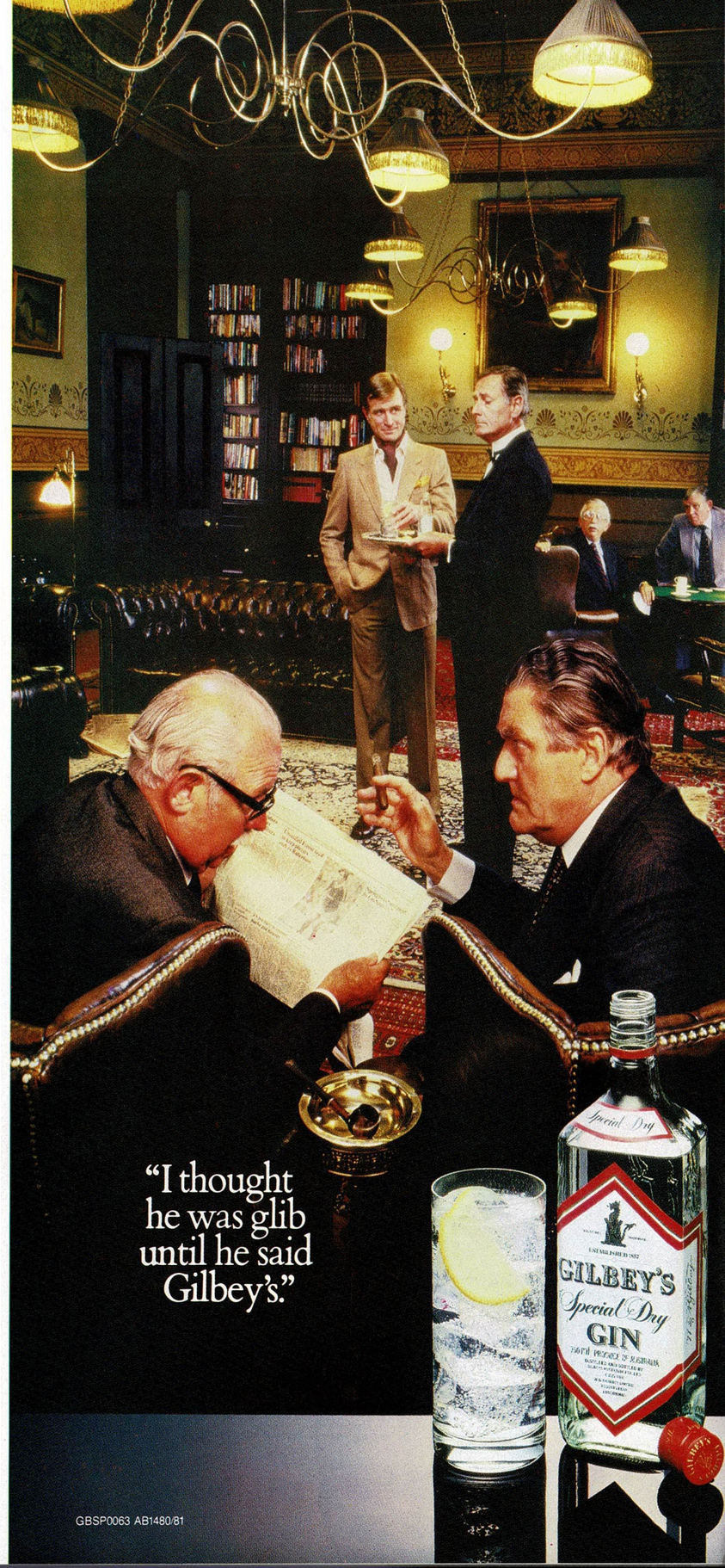
PLAYBOY: Kids today dream of being Buck Rogers when they grow up. Did you dream of climbing Everest when you were a child?

PRICE: Yes, I did actually. I remember when I first saw the film of the 1953 expedition, the first successful climb of Everest. I was about seven years old and I can recall going outside and playing "climbing to the top of Everest" in the garden. When I was very young, I was always reading books. . . accounts of Scott going to the South Pole, adventure annuals. . .

PLAYBOY: And where to from here? Treks on the moon?

PRICE: Well, we're looking into it. . . Seriously, there are so many places in the world that we haven't been to yet. Antarctica interests me particularly, I'd like to organise something to the South Pole. China has vast mountain ranges waiting for us. There are areas in South America that we haven't tapped. . . Northern Alaska, Northern Canada, Siberia, they all interest me. There are a lot of frontiers yet to cross.

— SUSAN KUROSAWA



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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

NO HOPE FOR GOOD GUYS?

I'm a bit sick of hearing all this hype about Real Men but I must admit I was amused by Ms A.M. of Hawthorn who made some good tongue-in-cheek comments in your September Forum pages.

I've come to the sad conclusion that Australian women really *do* prefer the macho arse-hole kind of guy. I'm basically shy and very romantic and I'm continually being shoved aside by women who seem hell-bent on being dominated by a male chauvinist pig.

Mario Puzo, in his novel *Fools Die*, features a character who observes that women stick with drunks, gamblers, whoremasters and beater-uppers. Good guys are classified as being boring. And how about that enduring expression from the lexicon of American baseball: "Nice guys finish last"?

Well I guess I must be a *real* fool. What do other PLAYBOY readers think? Are all your wonderful Playmates telling the truth when they describe their ideal men in the Data Sheets? If so, please tell Sandi Shepherd that I'm "honest, kind, love animals and I'm understanding"! Does this make me totally unreal?

J.L. Donovan,
Beaconsfield, WA.

ANTI-CONSCRIPTION

I refer to your August Forum page and a letter from R.L. of North Adelaide in which this reader suggests that conscription should be reintroduced as a means of keeping the unemployed out of society's hair and deterring migrants from settling in Australia.

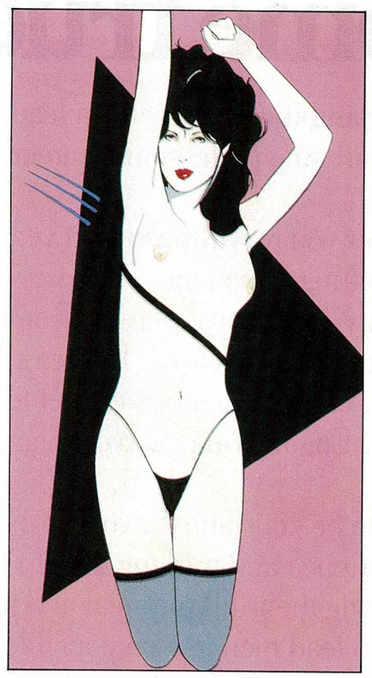
This is one of the most ridiculous letters you've yet published in Forum. Sure, it's a convenient solution to mask the overwhelming problem of unemployment (which affects women too, unless R.L. thinks that females also should be toting guns to defend our country) but it's a very near-sighted one.

What we *do* need are more public works schemes to create jobs for both skilled and unskilled workers and to create better facilities (roads, railways, dams etc) for the population. People would much rather know that their taxes are going towards worthwhile developments rather than straight into the social welfare coffers.

The inane statement about migrants deserves no comment, unless R.L. is an Aborigine and can therefore truly term himself a non-migrant.

K. Pryor,
Canterbury, Vic.

I disagree violently with the diatribe from R.L. of North Adelaide (August Forum).



He or she obviously has a short memory. We are still reverberating from the consequences of the Vietnam War and this reader has the temerity to suggest that our youth be trained to take part in further defence situations.

It's up to all forms of government — Federal, State and Local — to start schemes whereby the unemployed can be gainfully employed on civic projects. It's the *only* way out and I hope the pollies wake up soon.

W.L.,
Kellyville, NSW.

UNDER COVER

I disagree with Fred Wearing of Glenelg who wrote to November Forum complaining about your photographers' supposed penchant for stockings and suspender belts.

Now, I'm not an old guy, but this sort of feminine underwear really turns me on! There's nothing sexy about modern panty hose — particularly those ones with the panties joined on which just about fall short of looking like old-fashioned long johns.

Oh for an expanse of firm, creamy thigh betwixt the stocking and the suspender belt! Maybe with the frilly and more feminine fashions that seem to be in vogue, there may also be a renaissance of the suspender belt and long-legged nylons. I hope so.

P.L.J.,
Tempe, NSW.

I agree with Mr Wearing of Glenelg whose letter appeared in your Forum pages in November. Why hide beautiful bare flesh underneath clumsy suspender belts? Provided the weather is not too cold, I see no reason for Aussie women to conceal their assets underneath stockings.

Just give me a pair of brief bikini knickers and a lacy bra anytime.

W.B.,
Perth, WA.

MAMMARIES

I always read your Party Jokes, Dear Playboy and Forum pages first before getting down to the serious business of studying the girls and perusing the major features. There are always a couple of good laughs in the Party Jokes section but usually the letters from the readers are even funnier.

For instance, take A.T. of Gunnedah who put pen to paper and poured out his milk fantasies in your November issue. I guess there are a lot of cows in Gunnedah: there sure can't be much else happening.

Speaking of milk, however, leads me fairly directly to the subject of Miss Amanda Dole's not unworthy mammary glands. Most pleasing to see these delectable orbs adorning the cover of your October issue. Along with our Gunnedah friend, I would also be pleased to ponder the contents of such a pair of milk jugs.

Big Jerry,
Townsville, Qld.

VERBAL PING PONG

Does T. Jackson of Victoria (November Forum) think he's some kind of comedian, or what? From what he wrote, I couldn't figure out whether he's really in favor of the Advance Australia movement, or whether all those wild ideas he has about getting rid of British place names and setting up our own Royal Family are just a lot of hooey.

Personally, I don't think there's a chance in hell that any of his suggestions will happen and what's more, I doubt that T. Jackson even cares. If he does care about national pride, then why doesn't he offer some reasonable suggestions for promoting the country — like an All-Australia ping pong team to go on a world tour that would include China.

This is a real and achievable way to Advance Australia, not some bunch of half-baked schemes involving Peter Allen fruit pies and Joan Sutherland puddings. Although of course, we may already have an All-Australia ping pong team, but if we do, nobody told me.

Fritz Beuhler,
Bayswater, Vic.

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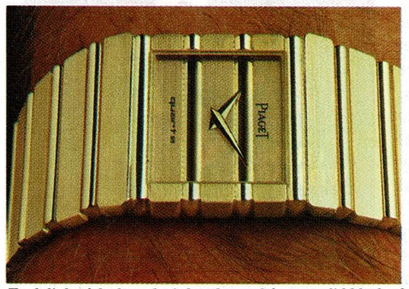

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BOOKS

Life is a shit sandwich. But if you've got a lot of bread you don't get to eat so much shit."

It's Golden Balls speaking, the silver-tongued chief of Totto Lotto and one of the characters in Sydney journalist Patrick Burgess' recent paperback, *Money to Burn* (Penguin, $4.95).

The book is an expose of the Lotto-type, soft-core gambling enterprises in Australia. Readers are taken behind the jolly facade of promotional advertising and "insincere TV hosts babbling through the draw" to a world of intrigue, obsession and greed. We're shown the brainwashing of Totto Lotto sales troops, the exploitation of big winners to gain media mileage and the many attempts to defraud the system, to make the shit sandwich more palatable.

Burgess claims that Totto Lotto is fictional: "It isn't Victoria's Tattslotto, the Lotto in Sydney or Goldlotto in Brisbane, Rupert Murdoch's New York Lotto or the Vernon's of Robert Sangster in Liverpool; it isn't West Germany's Toto Lotto or the 'six in one hundred' game in Sao Paulo, Brazil. But some of Totto Lotto is the same in each of them."

Despite the disclaimer, the specific comparisons are inevitable, particularly as Burgess was employed as a consultant to one major Lotto organisation. His novel emerges as both a cynical indictment of the gambling systems and a social statement about Australia's preoccupation with chasing pie-in-the-sky.

"People shouldn't have to lean on dreams," says Sid, one of the main characters in *Money to Burn*. Burgess echoes these words during our brief meeting. He deplores the demise of the Lucky Country, the grasping at straws and shuffling of priorities. He's angered by the afternoon dailies who use big-money games to bolster sales instead of encouraging hard-core news.

But, for four of the characters in *Money to Burn*, the dream does materialise. They beat the system and walk, or at least jet, away with $6,000,000. "The method used to steal $6,000,000 is *real*," comments Burgess. "I spent two years in a large lottery organisation, telling people they'd won a million, holding their hands, leading them to the bank — just to learn how to steal $6,000,000. Only unsuspected honesty — and laziness — stops me from taking the money instead of writing about it."

So, the method is plausible. Will this result in a rash of people racing out to buy the book to discover how to steal $6,000,000? Maybe. Burgess predicts that his revelation will result in amendments to the Lotteries Act, at least in NSW.

Meanwhile, Burgess is applying himself to the serious task of writing a novel with strong Vietnam war content. He is well-known for his war reporting from Vietnam, Laos and Cambodia, including TV and film specials. A sub-theme involving one of the characters in *Money to Burn*, a Vietnam veteran for whom the war won't go away, reinforces the main plot. This issue won't take second place next time.

money to burn proves to be good first effort

And that will be Burgess' big one. He's followed the advice of *Shogun* author James Clavell who told him not to write the great novel first, but to start with a thriller that people would snap up and them move on to the real stuff. That's what Clavell did with the sensational *King Rat:* it's a formula that worked for him.

Burgess' *Money to Burn* is an easily digestible entree. Let's hope the main course lives up to expectations.

SUSAN KUROSAWA

●

And the winner, ladies and gentlemen, in the phenomenal time of less than one week, is. . *Azaria* by Richard Shears (Nelson). First into the bookshops and first to cash in on Lindy Fever. Elsewhere in this issue you'll read James Oram's fascinating account of the forensic investigation into the Chamberlain case, so let's not be the pot calling the kettle black.

But it must be said that Mr Shears and Nelson did make certain sacrifices in order to be first cab off the rank in the veritable traffic jam of Azaria books. For example, in the interest of haste, they decided to forego any kind of analysis of the case, its effect on the people involved or, more generally, its bizarre effect on the psyche of the Australian people. And that leaves a handy little package of rewritten court transcripts, similar to that which you flipped over when it appeared in the newspapers. However, by the time you read this I'm sure Azaria will be into its umpteenth print run. Me, I'll wait for John Bryson's analysis.

●

Two little volumes of Oz humor (virtually no dingo jokes) worthy of mention are Ron Saw's *Memoirs of a Fox-Trotting Man,* and Buzz Kennedy's *The Happy Heterosexual,* both from Lansdowne Press. Saw and Kennedy rate amongst my favorite columnists in any publication anywhere, and these collections contain a considerable number of gems which can be digested — with belly laughs — inside five minutes.

Perfect for bus or train, I would have thought. So why Lansdowne chose to dress them up as tacky hardcovers remains a mystery.

— PHIL JARRATT

●

"Sell Australia to the Yanks for $14 billion," a friend of mine used to say, "and every man, woman and child could take a million, and move elsewhere."

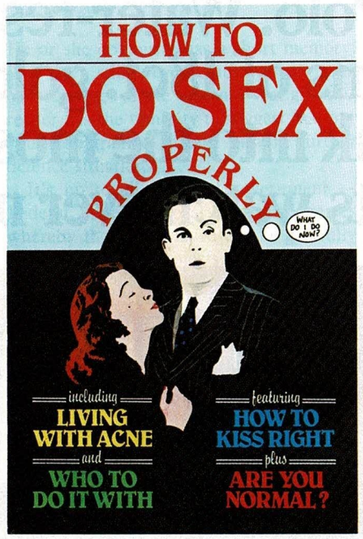
Well, what about the proposition that in 1914, a seriously skint Britain sold Canada to America for $150 million? Top secretly, of course. And, what if both copies of the sale treaty, along with their bearers — travelling separately, one by train, one by ship — happened to suffer naturally-occurring disasters and sink to the depths of the sea?

Clive Cussler's *Night Probe* (Sphere Books, distributed by Nelson) is a real ripping yarn, involving underwater salvage, international political intrigue plus the usual liberal helpings of what comes naturally.

The year is 1989 and America is facing a predictable fuel crisis; hydrodynamic Quebec, just across the Great Lakes, controls the electricity which it can turn off any time it pleases.

Can this be Cussler's Last Swim? I'm afraid not: Dirk Pitt and his Doddlebug are bound to surface again, to conquer salvages yet unknown.

— PETER CULAINN



At last, gentle readers, How to do Sex Properly *(ANZ Book Co), a book that tells us everything we always wanted to know about sex but couldn't desist long enough to ask. No, of course it's not* rude. *The only souls likely to be offended are teddy bears as all intimate details and acts have been illustrated using bear models. Fumble-free undressing, postural variations, special cut-out kiss developer for professional puckers. . . and we thought they went on* picnics.

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CAMEL

Watch the surfing greats, buy a vintage car, take in a new Tom Stoppard play, compete in a yodelling contest or see the latest in home computers. All this is happening and more. . . don't forget the Perth Festival continues until March 5 and Melbourne's Moomba marches on from February 27 to March 14. And now's the time to practise grape treading for the Barossa Valley Vintage Festival coming up in April.

Polo: Roll out the chicken,quiche and champers for the last two weekends in February and then repack the picnic hamper for March 4, 5 and 6 and trot off to the Shoalhaven Polo Club near Nowra, NSW, for the NSW Polo Championships. Show Polo will be featured at Sydney's Royal Easter Show from March 25 to April 4, and the big one — the Easter International Polo Event — takes place at Sydney's Warwick Farm on April 3 (semi-finals) and April 10 (finals).

Personal Computer Show: No home or office should be without one — a personal computer to send you spinning into the 21st Century. In the near future, the personal home computer will be able to switch on the lights, set the burglar alarm, turn on the stereo and bake the dinner before you get home from the office. Everything in fact except greet you at the front door. See it all at the First Australian Personal Computer Show at Sydney's Centrepoint from March 10 to 12.

Crime Queens: February 18 is the national release date for a new Aussie film, *Kitty and the Bagman,* produced by Tony Buckley and directed by Donald

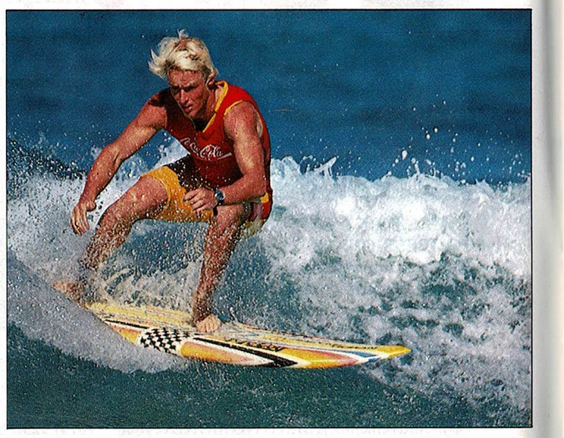
Crombie. It's about Kate Leigh and Tilly Devine, the queens of crime who controlled just about all the sly grog trade and bordellos in Sydney in the 1920s. "Three cheers," say the promoters, "for vice, corruption, wild women and *Kitty and the Bagman.*" We'll drink to that.

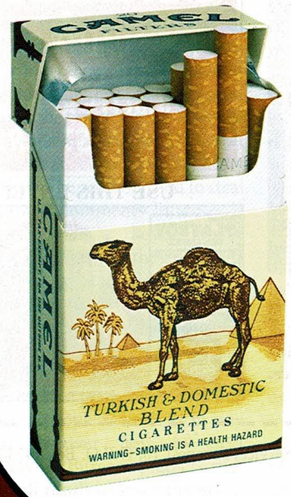
Surfing: The biggest and richest in the world. . . that's the Aussie surfing circuit. At the Straight Talk Tyres Surfing Open at Sydney's Cronulla Beach from February 16 to 21, there's $62,000 in prize money for the winner plus a new car. At the Stubbies Classic at Queensland's Burleigh Heads from March 6 to 13, prizes are worth $80,000. Competitors will include the world's number one, Mark Richards, plus Cheyne Horan, South Africa's Shaun Thomson and Hawaii's Dane Keoloha. On the amateur circuit, the Victorian Surfing Championships are on at Bells Beach near Torquay on March 14; the National Championships begin on March 25, also at Bells.

On the Razzle: Frenetic action and biting satire are the ingredients of Tom Stoppard's latest play, *On the Razzle,* which has been playing to sell-out houses in London for the past year. The Australian premiere will be at the Perth Playhouse on March 3 and the play will run through to March 26. *On the Razzle* is based on the play which spawned *Hello Dolly.*

Barossa Valley Vintage Festival: Flex those feet and toes: the Barossa Valley Vintage Wine Festival is on in SA from April 4 to 10 and the fun-filled program includes grape-picking and grape-treading championships. There are wine tastings, wine auctions, fun runs (running? who's going to be fit to run?) and some bang-up meals (that's more like it) at the local wineries. Book now! All details from Barossa Valley Vintage Festival Association, 83 Murray Street, Tanunda, 5352. Tel: (085) 63 2707.

Moomba Festival: It's Melbourne's once-a-year time: the city goes manic during Moomba. Parades, a Mardi Gras, fireworks, plays, concerts and more. It's on from February 27 to March 14; highlights include the Food and Wine Festival on February 27 and the main parade with the King and Queen of Moomba on March 14.

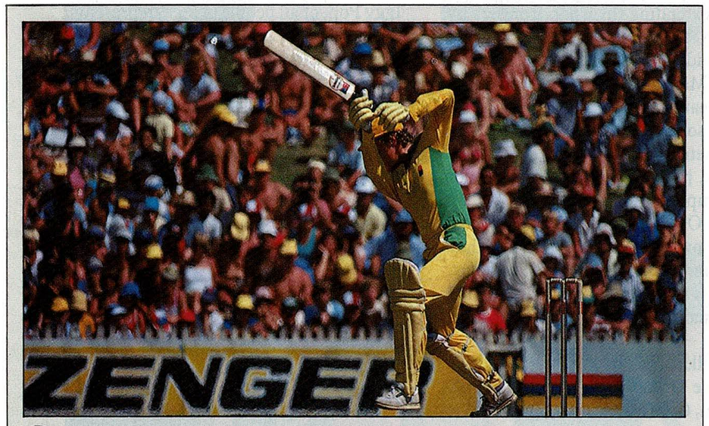




Where a man belongs.

CC1043-82 In S.A. and W.A. Camel Virginia 25's is available in place of Camel Filter 20's.

CALENDAR



Sheffield Shield Cricket: The final games take place in February; the Shield Final starts on March 4. Here's the rundown: February 18 to 21, Victoria vs SA in Melbourne and NSW vs Queensland in Sydney; February 19 to 22, WA vs Tasmania in Perth; February 25 to 28, SA vs WA in Adelaide, Vic vs Qld in Melbourne and Tasmania vs NSW in Hobart.

Motoring: The NSW Hill Climbing Championships for motor vehicles rev up in Bathurst, NSW, on March 13. On the same date, round three of the Australian Touring Car Championships gets underway at Symonds Plains in Tasmania. On March 20, the first rounds of the Formula Two and GT Championships begin at Sydney's Oran Park; on the same date, the Victorian Hill Climbing Championships commence at Mt Leura. Round two of the Formula Two Championships starts on March 27 at Winton Race Track in Victoria.

Golf: You can expect to see a few overseas notables as well as Aussie greats at The Australian Masters Golf Tournament at Huntingdale Golf Club near Melbourne from February 17 to 20. Prize money for the tournament is $100,000 and tickets will be available at the gate.

Festival of Perth: One of Australia's largest and oldest arts festivals is the Festival of Perth. This year it's on from February 11 to March 5 and must-see attractions include The Chamber Orchestra of Europe; folk concerts with Eric Bogle and John Munro; jazz concerts at the Hyde Park Hotel; British folk rock group, Pentangle.

The Peking Opera: Imagine, if you can, Joan Sutherland balanced on top of 10 people on a unicycle. The Peking Opera specialises in the operatic and the acrobatic with a sprinkling of martial arts and mime. You won't have to worry about stifling polite yawns with this 60-strong company, billed as one of the seven wonders of the performing world. Opening in Perth on February 28, travelling to Adelaide, Melbourne, Canberra and Sydney, and finishing in Brisbane in April.

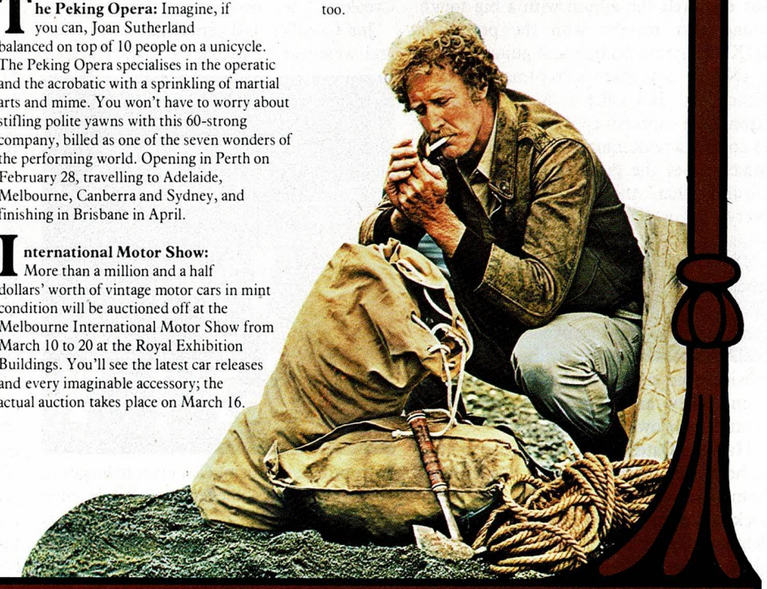
International Motor Show: More than a million and a half dollars' worth of vintage motor cars in mint condition will be auctioned off at the Melbourne International Motor Show from March 10 to 20 at the Royal Exhibition Buildings. You'll see the latest car releases and every imaginable accessory; the actual auction takes place on March 16.

Entombed Warriors: Not as sinister as it sounds: the Xian (pronounced Chan) exhibition of Entombed Warriors from China is showing at the Art Gallery of NSW from February 23 to April 24.

Barefoot on the river: The Australian Barefoot Waterski Championships will be held at Deniliquin, NSW, from March 17 to 22.

Track and Field: Big event for the heavy breathers: the Australian Track and Field Championships are on from March 17 to 20 at Olympic Park in Melbourne. *Chariots of Fire* wasn't quite like this.

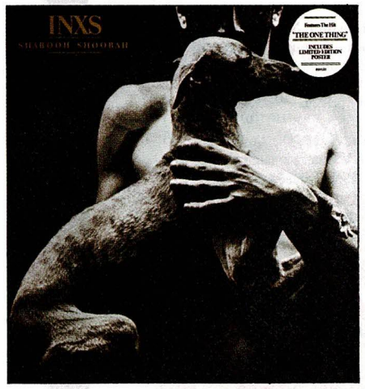
Yodelling: Get those vocal chords primed and compete for the Yodeller of the Year at the German/Swiss activities in Melbourne's Fitzroy Gardens on February 27. The fun starts at 2pm and there's a Giant Polka Parade, too.



good efforts all, from INXS, hall and oates, jo jo zep and iggy pop

For the last three years, Australia's INXS have kept improving at a phenomenal rate. Youth is certainly on their side and though the six members are barely in their 20s, *Shabooh Shoobah* (WEA) is their third album and easily their best.

In 1980 INXS was a very raw group with a strong manic ska base and a marked ability to write very good songs. With their second album, *Underneath The Colors,* they developed funk leanings and a consequent



musical polish. Now with *Shabooh Shoobah* they have emerged as an excellent rock band, manipulating their influences rather than vice versa.

Their hit single, One Thing, is a deft handling of funk rhythms, while Black and White is the closest feel to ska here. Elsewhere they demonstrate their talent to write memorable melodies: To Look At You, Soul Mistake, Here Comes and Jan's Song. Cold Chisel's producer Mark Opitz has endowed the album with a big tough sound that reverbs with the power of INXS's rhythm section and guitarists.

INXS's best asset is frontman Michael Hutchence. His voice is maturing into a strong and expressive vehicle which is able to convey a wide range of emotions. He is indicative of the group as a whole and it ensures that there is something for everybody on *Shabooh Shoobah.*

•

Daryl Hall and John Oates have always trod a fine line between being pop puppets, like Bucks Fizz, or heavyweight rock contenders, such as Fleetwood Mac or Billy Joel. In a sense they are neither. They fill a musical void similar to that filled by Elton John. They are pop practitioners who control their own careers.

Hall and Oates will always have one little niche of immortality through She's Gone, from the early 70s. Reflecting their background as session musicians at Philadelphia's Sigma Sound Studios (the hippest black studio of the early 70s), Hall and Oates began as a white boy soul/pop act with this classic single and the following hits, Sara Smile and Rich Girl. In the late 70s they lost the plot for a while when in a series of albums they tried to become legitimate rockers. But in 1980 they were back on track with Kiss On My List.

Their latest album, *H20* (RCA), sees Hall and Oates extending their pop frontiers by assimilating the recent synthesiser mode from England — Soft Cell, Human League, Orchestral Manoeuvres, et al. New dressing for old meat, in fact. Hall and Oates' distinctive songs shine through whatever the instrumentation — and they still feature guitar solos, just to prove that they are not totally corrupted.

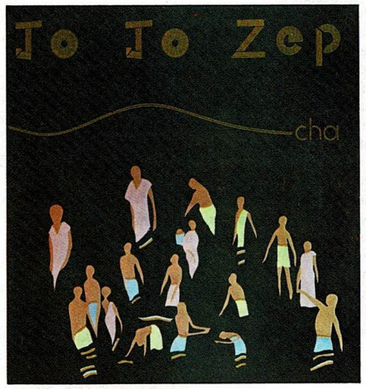
Hall and Oates have never really made a bad album over the last 10 years, for they always contain at least a handful of gems. *H20* is no exception, with the first side especially maintaining their high standard.

•

Joe Camilleri (aka Jo Jo Zep) has always been a Slave Of Love, as one song on his latest album, *Cha* (Mushroom), puts it. But his loves are musical and they have tyrannised him for a few years now.

From their beginnings in the mid 70s in Melbourne's inner city pubs as a hard-nosed R&B band, Jo Jo Zep & The Falcons metamorphosed into a ska combo, and then recently dabbled with power pop. Now Joe's been listening to New York's Latin music as practised by such groups as Kid Creole & The Coconuts.

Joe Camilleri is a consummate musician and whatever he touches is always graced

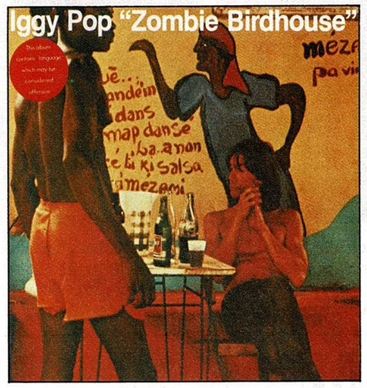


with professionalism. *Cha* even manages to surpass his past achievements. While some of the songs are just too silly about all this mambo jive, the majority prove that Joe knows exactly what he is doing with the form. Taxi Mary, You're Gonna Get It Boy and Lonely Man are stand-out tracks dominated by ingenious horn arrangements. But the best song on *Cha* has nothing to do with Latin music. Joe's cover of Walk On By is layered with languid synthesisers, courtesy of producer Peter Solley, and is far and away the finest track he has ever recorded. Jo Jo Zep's *Cha* will only gain him more friends in this country and it is a mark of the growing maturity of Australia's rock scene that it can now incorporate so many diverse styles.

•

Iggy Pop, of all people in rock, represents best the charm of perversity. Ever since he emerged in Detroit in the late 60s as lead singer for The Stooges, he has maintained a stance akin to Jagger's dark underside without ever taking it seriously.

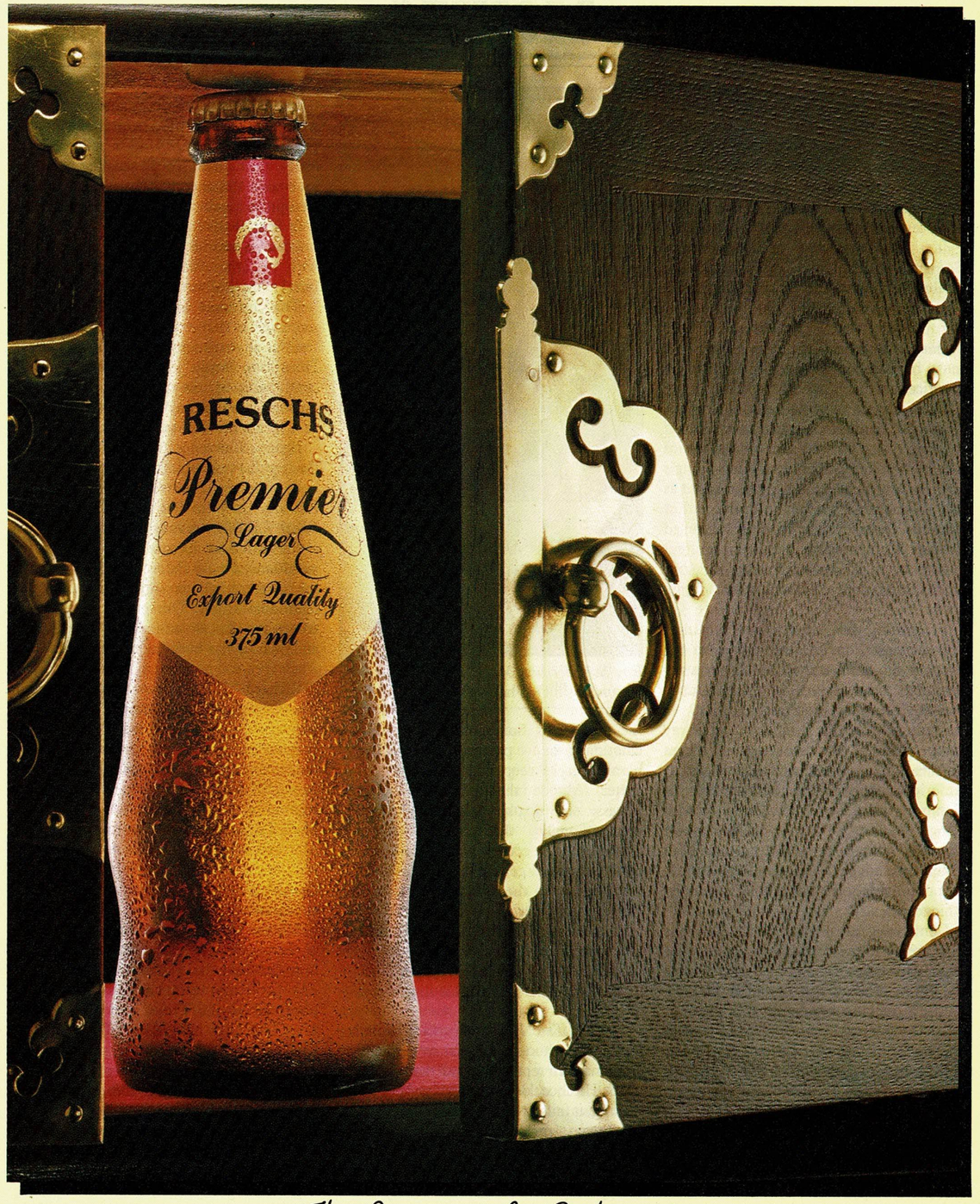
Iggy might well have disappeared when The Stooges collapsed in the early 70s, if



David Bowie had not searched him out and helped him overcome his drug dependence. Two fine Bowie-produced albums in the mid 70s rehabilitated Iggy as one of the true fathers of the English punk rock movement. He capitalised on this with two excellent hard rock albums, *New Values* and *Soldier,* at the turn of the decade. But 1981's *Party* found him approaching irrelevance.

Zombie Birdhouse (Animal Records) is produced by Blondie beau Chris Stein and is one of the first releases on his own label. Undoubtedly Stein is somewhat in awe of Iggy Pop, for he has allowed him full rein to indulge his musical fantasies. The results are quite interesting, too. In concert with the North African scene on the cover, there is a strong sense of primitive mystery to the album. It is reflected in the diversity of the songs. All rendered in Iggy's inimitable stream-of-consciousness style. *Zombie Birdhouse* is Iggy Pop's most eclectic album yet and certainly needs time to be fully grasped. But it confirms that he still has the capability to set himself challenging goals in his music. Age has definitely not made him boring.

— KENT GODDARD



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reviews: jessica lange in frances; streep in still of the night; donaldson's smash palace; brimstone and treacle

Hollywood has produced a surfeit of heartwarming pap about cute kids who tapped their way to stardom. *Frances* isn't another. Cuteness and stardom are there all right, but so is all the power-broking, paranoia and manipulation that so often left a tarnish on Tinsel Town.

It's the harrowing tale of Frances Farmer, a 30s Hollywood star who suffered all sorts of indignity as the result of a streak of independence and rebellion. Being studio "property" wasn't Frances Farmer's ultimate aspiration, and she made what must be damned nearly the penultimate sacrifice to remain honest to herself.

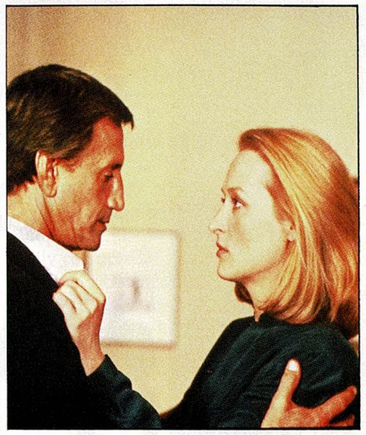
Everyone from Goldie Hawn to Jane Fonda put their hands up for this role, and there was some buzz when it went to Jessica Lange, best remembered as King Kong's girlfriend, but more kindly remembered as Jack Nicholson's partner in crime in *The Postman Always Rings Twice.* She is called upon to talk in think bubbles far more often, I suspect, than Frances Farmer did, but what a fine exponent of think bubble acting she is.

Frustration and despair are the most exercised emotions in a life that rides the slippery dip from stardom to involuntary commital to an asylum for the criminally insane. Even her first taste of glory — winning a trip to Russia in an essay competition — was soured for Frances Farmer when Hearst newspapers across America labelled the 16-year-old "a Commie dupe". As played by Jessica Lange, her best chance of leading a balanced life was to have a chip on both shoulders, though, ultimately, it's a tribute to indomitable spirit rather than a feminist whinge.

Convincing as she is, Jessica Lange is lumbered with a role that is really only the vehicle for telling a story that overwhelms the entire production. Australian Graeme Clifford, making his debut as a director, milks the story of everything it has to offer and underlines the Hollywood corruption with such fervor that it stands away from the spine of the story like porcupine quills. One hopes he gets another film.

●

It would be nice to say of *Still Of The Night,* Robert Benton's homage to Hitchcock, that he pulled it off without a Hitch. Not quite, alas. Long hailed as the supreme technician of American cinema, old Alfred obviously had something else going for him, too. Benson's tribute is so impeccably researched that it's even possible to identify the reference points (*Psycho, Vertigo, The Paradine Case, Suspicion*). The old counterpoint of unspeakable evil lurking just around the corner from boring everyday occurrence is there, too. And the emotional response is requested, if not demanded, of the audience. Somehow, however, the emotions produce passive resistance. Don't blame Meryl Streep, who just keeps getting better. Maybe the ultimate Hitchcock actress, she displays that edgy, super-enigma quality that makes her equal favorite for suspect and victim of suspicion. Roy Scheider gets to make less of a contribution to the menace which, in this case, melts rather than mounts.



Roy Scheider and Meryl Streep, feeling the strain in Still Of The Night.

As a psychiatrist assisting in the investigation of a patient's death, he's just too normal. . . an unpredictable psychiatrist is the sort of device that this film is crying out for.

Still Of The Night is so still because its treatment is too deferential to the master craftsman. In reproducing all that was great about Hitchcock's distinctive style of film-making, it fails to include the brashness, the outrageous melodrama, that saved his classics from being too clinical.

Devotees of the genre need not be too disappointed, however. Even if they don't care who dunnit, they'll have an engrossing time spotting which classics provided which components to this one.

●

At last Roger Donaldson's *Smash Palace* has made it across the Tasman, after having made it around the world, and congratulations to Roadshow for having recognised that there is another Down Under film industry.

This lively offering from New Zealand takes its title from the name of the car wrecker's yard behind which the young proprietor's marriage is also being relentlessly dismantled in an environment of inevitable destruction. His all-consuming passion is stock car racing, but when his wife eventually shacks up with a local policeman and takes their young daughter with her, the destruction process begins unravelling his mental stability.

The challenge of a film built on small moments is that every moment must ring true for an audience hearing different bells. Donaldson brings it all together magnificently, although he surprises by taking the growing momentum of looniness all the way to a comic conclusion.

Bruno Lawrence and Anna Jemison don't pull a single punch in their harrowing bout of domestic destruction and, in Greer Robson, the film has a child actress that *Shoot The Moon* was crying out for.

Provincial in its scale and even in its ambitions, *Smash Palace* has the vigor and the penetration to smash through our emotional armor. Out of its small world comes the delicate and moving movie that all America has been trying to make.

●

Richard Loncraine's *Brimstone And Treacle* suggests that, even if the British industry doesn't have an avalanche of original ideas anymore, it *does* have the judgement to reproduce some of its better ones. While lacking the depth and perception of the saga of Lindsay Anderson's Mick Travis, Loncraine's misadventures of Martin Taylor bear a distinct resemblance, both in the dubious motivation of the main character and even in his physical appearance.

Martin Taylor is played by Sting, leader of the pop group Police, with much of the brood and mood of Malcolm McDowell and all of the opportunism that McDowell produced in the Travis role of *O Lucky Man.* The only thing Martin Taylor *doesn't* have illusions about, is the power of his charm and his deceit. Mastering the gentle art of the confidence trickster, he becomes both catalyst and victim of a doubtful society and indelibly colors the drear existence of those on whom he preys.

Sting handles the difficult schizoid role with chilling ease and, with a new name, could have a new career. The impact of his performance is assisted by having talents like Joan Plowright and Denholm Elliott to bounce off and clearly this is also a case of good direction of good acting.

Second division Anderson, maybe, but that's as good as meeting most other British directors on their own terms.

— ROBIN INGRAM

apocalypse soon from conan's john milius

Built like one of *The Deerhunter's* patriotic steelworkers, John Milius is a great bear of an American. He'd rather have been born a Texan than a Californian — "I have a great faith in the American redneck," he drawls, "he's something like the English yeomanry" — but other than that his chief regret is not being allowed to go zap Charlie Cong in Vietnam.

"I had asthma," he recalls remorsefully, "they wouldn't let me go. I was the only kid on my block who wanted to go, too; everybody else was trying to get out of it!"

If it's not already apparent, Milius delights in grating against the grain. He'd hate you to agree with him. Noting Hollywood's love of a character, he's cultivated an exceptionally loud one —gun-toting rugged individualist, anarchist, outrageous bigot, liberal baiter.

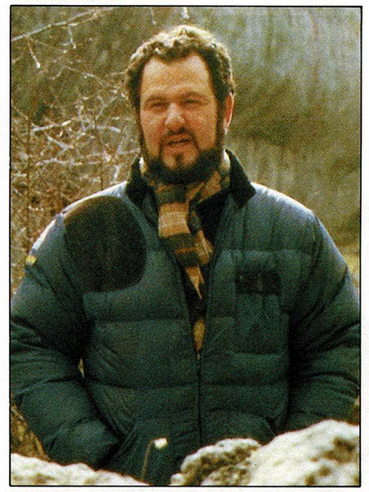
A would-be warrior, Milius rough-rides with a motor cycle gang called Mobile Strike Force Paranoia. His production company is named A Team after a crack unit in Vietnam. A mushroom cloud captioned, "Let's get it over with!" hangs on his office wall, under the shadow of which he gleefully awaits The End. A typical Milius hero might be an inspiration to survivalists, but Milius is not one himself.

"I don't intend on surviving," he proclaims. "I figure that when the cataclysm comes, it will be six months of living like a Viking before we're all killed. It'll be like *Road Warriors* (aka, *Mad Max 2*). In fact on a good day in LA it's almost like *Road Warriors* right now, with people driving around in cars on bikes and stuff. . ."

Just as he calculated it would, Milius' bulk looms far larger across a decade of American film-making than his few films seemingly warrant. But, as scriptwriter of *Dirty Harry, Magnum Force* and *Apocalypse Now,* producer of Steven Spielberg and Paul Schrader, and director of four adventures that are in turn wistful, mythic, absurd and overwhelming, he's been an important figure in re-establishing the notion of the anti-authoritarian lone ranger as cinema hero in an era in which the man of action has been rendered obsolete.

Be he Clint Eastwood's sullen, savage cop, or Arnold Schwarzenegger's uncomprehending, musclebound *Conan The Barbarian,* Milius' men swear loyalty to higher, abstract ideas of justice than those devised by society. They follow older codes of chivalry which, so they believe, invest in them the right to act outside of society's laws in order to protect themselves first and anyone else on their side as a consequence.

The intimation is that their warrior training has purified them of civilisation's sweet decay, thereby placing them above its petty rules.



It's not always easy to fit such a brute simple dictum in a modern context. Hence *Conan The Barbarian.* Set in a mythical distant past, Conan sees his parents slaughtered, spends his youth in chains, until he proves himself as a gladiator and is eventually released, after which he devotes himself to avenging his parents' murder.

Milius has said that all the evil Conan faces springs from civilisation's closing in on his more natural state. Between mouthfuls of strawberries and cream, he expands: "Well, civilisation is inherently corrupt and evil. It's not man's natural state, but. . ." he pauses for a moment, eyeing his strawberries and grinning, "it is very seductive!"

And so it goes round and round. Let's skip civilisation's wearing treadmill and go one movie back, to Milius' most autobiographical picture *Big Wednesday,* which recalls his youth as a surfer. His version of beach culture has less to do with the Beach Boys' surfer idyll, more with man pitting himself against the forces of nature.

Like most of Milius' work it's not a little absurd, but at the same time it is highly engaging. Personally, I would've thought that the 60s beach culture is everything that Milius now appears to despise: lazy, slobbish kids in pursuit of nothing higher than self-gratification.

"Naah, the beach culture was a buncha anarchist surfers," he proudly boasts. "We didn't lay about, we did a lot more than youth do today. We went out and rode 20-foot waves! Have you ever seen what man looks like on a 20-foot wave? That's a sort of magnificent gesture!"

As the conversation strays farther away from his films, Milius grows more expansive and illuminating. He really lets rip when a mention of *The Wind And The Lion* (1975) — a superb elegy for a rapidly shrinking world centred on a Moroccan bandit's small empire being threatened with American invasion after he's kidnapped an American citizen — triggers a brief eulogy for the late Theodore Roosevelt, America's last fighting president. Roosevelt's expansionist views prompt a few imperialist objectives of Milius' own.

America should withdraw all its troops from Europe and redeploy them in an invasion of South America, thereby expanding the United States to the Panama Canal, thus fulfilling every Mexican illegal immigrant's dream: that of becoming a US citizen!

"We'll have a wonderful expansion of *laissez faire* capitalism, it'll be like the 19th Century again," Milius grins wickedly, before huffing himself for the grand proclamation: "I believe it is the fate of nations always to seek imperial objectives one way or another. . ."

Just as it's the fate of others to resist and fight for independence; foreign troops' presence will always be a source of conflict.

"What's the difference if the Falklands are dominated by Galtieri or the British?" challenges Milius. "They're gonna be dominated by somebody. The only logical civilised argument is that the Falklands should be dominated by the islanders. Then that becomes ridiculous, because that means every little rock has the right to self-determination. We know that may be philosophically correct, but that never happens.

"It would mean the Balkanisation of everything. In Britain that would mean every shire would be fighting each other again!" His eyes light up at the prospect. "It would mean feudalism again!"

What with his mushroom cloud poster, Milius seems to enjoy the threat of the Bomb.

"Yes, I enjoy the Bomb immensely. I think of it as a religious totem. Whenever you think of people's natural greed and ambition the Bomb is there to remind them of their pending mortality. And I'm in a business that is known for its greed and lack of morality, lack of values, full of people who are greedy and venal. It's good to remind them that all they have can be gone in a flash."

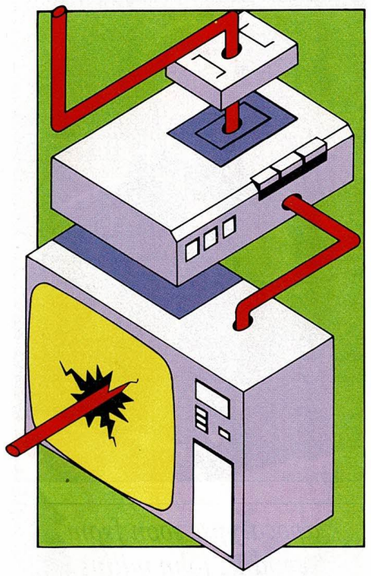
How does he define himself?

"A nice simple anarchist. An individualist. I see myself as a Zen anarchist — throwing bombs into emptiness!"

— John Milius, in *The Movie Brats.*

— CHRIS BOHN

VIDEO



three aussie flicks and an american werewolf

THE CHANT OF JIMMIE BLACKSMITH (Tommy Lewis, Freddy Reynolds. Director Fred Schepisi. Thorn-EMI). Why should a movie that was an expensive box-office failure do so well as a prime time TV movie and then as a video sale/rental item?

Jimmie Blacksmith is EMI's current best-selling Australian movie — well ahead of certified box-office winners like *Caddie,* and it won most TV rating polls when screened late last year. So why did Australians keep well clear of any theatre showing the movie despite critical plaudits, widespread awareness of the Black Rights movement and a massive publicity campaign? The answer seems to be contained in the most common reaction of people who've seen it for the first time in their lounge-rooms. "Farrk! It's a bloody violent movie, mate."

And Jimmy Blacksmith *is* a violent movie, with none of the slow motion visual fantasy that Sam Peckinpah used to condition audiences to blood and gore. In Fred Schepisi's movie, flesh splits in terrifying clarity, with torrents of blood spattering into cups of milks, egg yolks, etc. At movie theatres, people would come out quite shaken, some had to leave early because, on the wide screen, the bloodlust seemed to quite overpower every other aspect of the picture.

On TV screens, that impact is reduced to at least tolerable levels, and there's a clearer recognition of Schepisi's aims. As with his earlier film, *The Devil's Playground*, the motivations of inner violence and lust for life are the director's main objects of communication. Via video, *Jimmy Blacksmith* can be more readily appreciated as a futile search for assimilation with inevitable consequences of revolt and crushing retaliation.

All in all, though — farrk! It's a nerve-jolting movie for anyone with a lingering suspicion that this country's original inhabitants have always been granted less dignity than a rabid dingo. The jolt, it seems, was too strong for the movie theatres, but we can accept it in our lounge-rooms.

PUBERTY BLUES (Starring Nell Schofield, Jad Capelja. Director Bruce Beresford. Roadshow). *Puberty Blues* is that most ironic of exercises — a cautionary tale that became a tribal celebration. See, the whole thing about the original book was that everything was true.

It was an accurate enough account of a young Aussie mating system where young girls vie to be chosen by select males to be general fetchers, carriers, receptacles of sperm and, occasionally, objects of affection. Original authors Kathy Lette and Gabrielle Cary turned in a blisteringly venomous female account of the proceedings, and the book promptly became a best seller.

The almost inevitable movie was also a box office success. It polished and re-presented the book's contents into a series of narrative vignettes, but also sugar-coated much of the original authors' heartfelt vitriol. So what happens but the movie becomes a cause celebre, seen by young teens across the nation. The rituals are propagated and reinforced. The ultimate depression of the book was the epilogue, tracing the characters several years on — eight heroin addicts, one OD, three illegitimate children, one alcoholic, etc.

The movie ends with lead actress Nell Schofield bucking the system by running local hot-doggers off the waves in a fantasy of spuming spray and flapping tits that had Westie kids in cinemas screaming for more. (The surfie kids, though, thought the whole thing was a heap of trick photography — everyone knows molls can't surf.) As a social commentary, by the end credits *Puberty Blues* is starting to look suspiciously like *Gidget Rides For Equality*.

And watching the thing on home video so inevitably reinforces the telemovie format chosen by director Beresford, you wonder why the film had such a tribal effect on young viewers.

THE KILLING OF ANGEL STREET (Starring Liz Alexander, John Hargreaves. Director Donald Crombie. Thorn-EMI). *Angel Street* disappeared so fast from the movie houses you'd think it had been turned into an expressway.

It turns out to be a finely acted movie — such a shame the plot and its development are so insubstantial. Supposedly based on the Juanita Neilson case, *Angel Street* pits honest residents and left-wing, trade union do-gooders against a shadowy army of corrupt super-companies, hired thugs, police and politicians. Well, the shadowy army part is so readily accepted these days, you can actually hear the public yawn as yet another Costigan uncovers yet another rat trail leading to Nugan Hand (the power seat of corruption that would have had to have been invented, if it hadn't really existed). But the movie-going public wasn't ready to accept that a gang of villains could operate as crassly as depicted here. Or that the goodies could ever be so Boy Scout and Girl Guide.

Liz Alexander and John Hargreaves strain every acting instinct, but they're re-routed at every turn by a plot that asks you to believe an army of villains who will bump off every goodie except the heroine, who they drive to a TV station, where she promptly tells all. Somewhere in *Angel Street*, a serious attempt is being made to tell a serious story — but like so many Australian movies now hitting the video release sheets, the movie seems to have been a victim of the system that ensured most Aussie movies vintage 1980-82 were made to a tax exemption certificate, not to a standard of quality which would involve time and a well-prepared production script.

AN AMERICAN WEREWOLF IN LONDON (Starring David Naughton, Jenny Agutter, Griffin Dunne. Director John Landis. Roadshow). To many minds (mine included) *Werewolf* is that finest of popular culture treasures — an A-grade reconstruction of trash culture cliches.

American Werewolf is its own self-contained world, its own complete fantasy. In this cosmos created by director John Landis, gore and laughter bubble up side by side and every scare has its own perverse punch line. Plus, there's more auto destruction than a stock car pile-up. More smart-arse one-liners than a convention of New York comedians. And a soundtrack that combines three versions of Blue Moon with Van Morrison's Moondance and Creedence Clearwater's Bad Moon Rising.

In the movie houses, it got audiences whooping and cheering. At home, it keeps you on the edge of your seat, finger poised on the instant replay button.

— ANTHONY O'GRADY

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HITACHI

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Image is important, right? Hit the wrong note and you could wind up like Ayatollah Khomeini: cultural philanthropist typecast as venomous human spider.

Achieving the correct social persona is tricky enough for those who feel they know who they are. . .for those in doubt, like most Australian businesswomen, image-building can be a long and painful process.

Ten years ago a group of Brisbane businesswomen formed a luncheon club and called it the Dragon and Flagon club. It was the same name used by a collection of advertising and PR men for *their* business club, started three years earlier.

The men met once a month with invited guests to scoff Chinese food and tell godawful jokes, specialising in nudge-nudge sexual innuendo and that other hallowed ocker tradition, racist jokes.

Strangely, although the women formed their club through a desire to be "taken seriously" by male business contacts, they named it after the male club and once a month invited guests to scoff Chinese food and participate in sexual innuendo and racist jokes. These were not feminist-type businesswomen, but they were fed-up with being patronised in restaurants and prevented from paying their share of the bill by expansive old fools with barely-concealed hard ons.

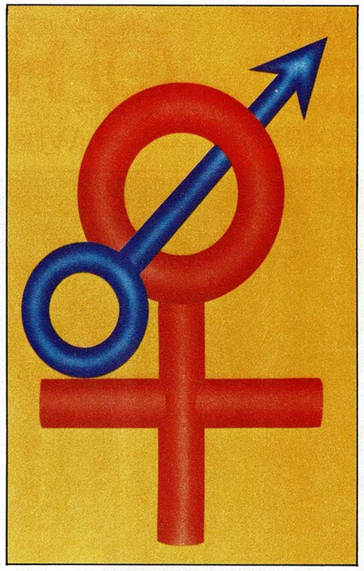
Like the male club members they were — still are — ambitiously involved in the hype industries: advertising, promotion, cosmetics, finance, hire cars, etc.

There were other similarities. Most club members had been in and out of a marriage and were somehow *defiant*. . .not bitter or vindictive towards men, but enormously pleased to be running their own race and determined to do at least as well in business as the husbands who once kept them.

In Brisbane ten years ago — even now come to think of it — there were no clubs catering for women like these; women who had left men to become more like men. So the female Dragon and Flagon club, meeting monthly in a large room atop a Fortitute Valley Chinese restaurant, entered Brisbane's adolescent social scene as something mildly shocking.

A few weeks ago, when I attended the club's tenth birthday, it was to discover that despite the best efforts of image-conscious members it remains a place to scoff Chinese food, indulge in sexual innuendo and make racist jokes. And despite their much-discussed 'maturity' the Dragons (their title, not mine) still suffer from the sexual stigma attached to their organisation by the yokel-hearted businessmen they once sought to emulate.

These simple lads, especially in the first five years of the club's existence, gossiped



at the club, you expect the boys to act like boys, but what happens when the girls decide to play the game, too?

shamelessly about "the pack of nymphos" who invited blokes to lunch, paid the bill, swore like demons and weren't adverse to a bit of slap and tickle and (a favorite expression) "who knows what".

And the women were, by Brisbane standards, a fairly riotous bunch. They drank hard and played hard, perpetrated outrageous practical jokes and, in most cases, were as unimpressed by feminist attitudes as the men from whom they learned to be chauvinist lairs.

It wasn't a style that suited all members: some, like journalist Marion Smith, grew weary of fighting off portly businessmen whose idea of seduction was to grope for the naughty bits between courses. Says Smith, who quit the club after 18 months, "The original point was to give women some sort of credibility, to enable them to conduct business in a pleasant, non-sexist atmosphere. What happened was the reverse. Word went out that here was a bunch of nymphomaniacs. . .the men sat about smugly waiting for women to fall in their laps. I was forever smashing these yobs in the jaw or stomping their toes.

"In a bar after one luncheon, a millionaire real estate developer reached down my blouse and twisted my breast. If that's credibility, they can keep it."

A few years ago, those administering the club reached the same conclusion and once more fell to grappling with their image. Now, they declare emphatically, club women have matured professionally and personally and the scandalous period — when wives of invited male guests wouldn't let them attend — is over.

That's the official attitude. Unofficially, both a photographer and I were groped by a woman within ten minutes of arriving at the birthday lunch. She was a very nice woman and we certainly have no plans to take legal action, but it showed that old habits die hard.

Festivities were opened with a speech from a foundation member of the male Dragon and Flagon club — a patronising speech peppered with sexual innuendo and finishing with this racist joke: "You will have noticed that the Chinese, upon which this club is based, have a different slant on things (general laughter). I asked a waiter here before if they really had a democracy in China.

He said 'Ooo yaaa, we have election evley morning!" (Sustained laughter. Chinese, expressionless, move among the party hats and balloons and streamers with giant platters of food.)

"Enjoy! Enjoy! Enjoy!" crowed the man from male Dragon and Flagon, resuming his seat with the air of one who had done his job most admirably.

Introductions followed, with women members standing to name their male guests and explain what work they did. One woman said: "My guest couldn't come today and that's the story of my life." (Hearty guffaws.) Enormously silly singing telegrams came and went. A man dressed as Miss Piggy from The Muppets shrieked on and on with congratulations and jokes.

Another racist joke: "Japanese girl she open blouse and say 'Nipponese!' "

A very drunk motivation consultant swept an arm about the room and said: "To me, these are winners. There are a lot of winners here today."

She swayed, blinked. "They do what they say they're gonna do."

She leaned closer, a long blood red nail poised below my nose. "I am a motivator," she said and sat down suddenly next to an elderly businessman.

For some reason, I noticed that his suit coat was littered with blonde hairs: hard time for him tonight.

By 3pm, most members and guests had adjourned to nearby bars. Party hats and half-inflated balloons lay among the rice and wine bottles. It was a great lunch and the Dragons seemed to have had a ball. But were they taken seriously? Only after they were taken in jest. Ha Ha.

— FRANK ROBSON

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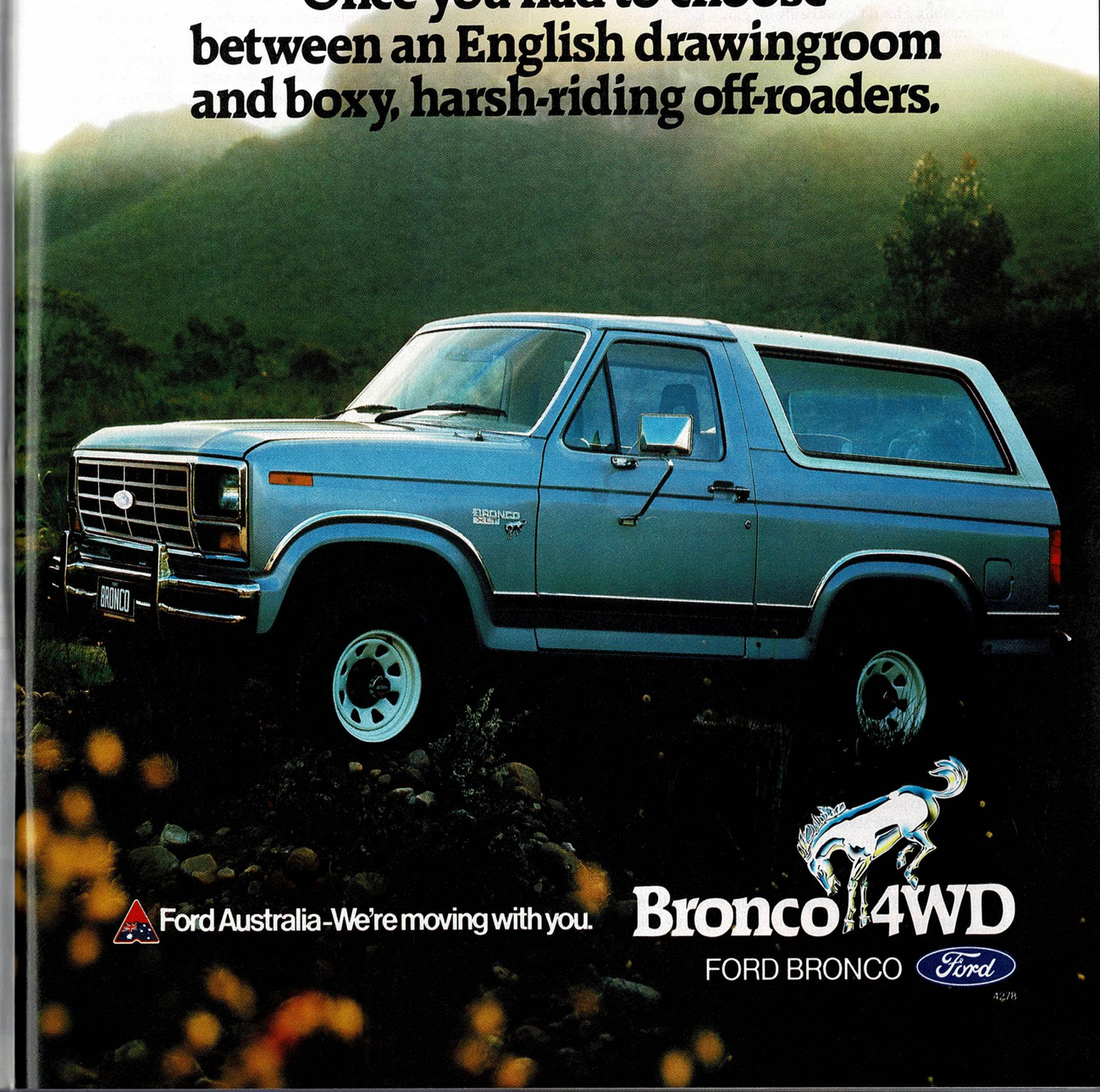
Once you had to choose between an English drawingroom and boxy, harsh-riding off-roaders.



BOOZE

Few other spirits have sunk to such abysmal depths and then climbed back up the social scale with such resounding success as gin.

First introduced in 17th Century Holland as a cure-all, its initial format of pure alcohol disguised with the flavor of juniper was almost guaranteed to stamp out every illness. By the 18th Century, such ingredients as turpentine and sulphuric acid were probably one of the main reasons the word "intoxicating" still meant "poisonous" in Merry Olde England. But the 20th Century has seen gin turn full circle and become the darling of the sophisticated drinker and silver shaker set.

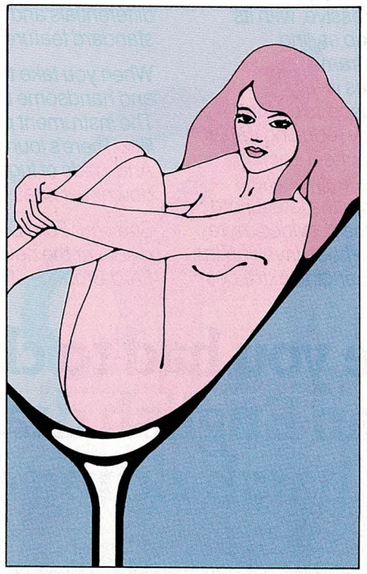
Respectability hasn't come easily for gin. Old memories die hard and even up until recent times, it has been denigrated by such descriptions as "mother's ruin" — a reference to its mythical powers as an abortifacient —and "the tart's tipple". "Gin and drugs, dear lady, gin and drugs" was the scandalous reply the writer, T.S. Eliot, once gave to an admirer who asked him where he got his literary inspiration from.

The gin that today elevates the perfect gin and tonic is light years away from homemade versions of old, which cost virtually nothing and were overpriced at that. The continuous still made it economically possible to produce a progressively finer and higher proof neutral spirit, through repeated distilling.

Although gin has undergone radical changes and streamlining through the years, there still are several mainstream types of gin produced today: the favorite British Navy brew, known as Plymouth gin; the less aromatic but much more popular London Dry gin; genever or Dutch gin and the fox hunters' heart-starter, sloe gin.

Plymouth and sloe gin remain almost exclusively English, especially among those who consider themselves English exclusives. Genever enjoys its greatest popularity, predictably enough, with the Dutch; and also, for some inexplicable reason, with French Canadians. But when Australians think of gin, thoughts turn almost exclusively to London Dry.

Fermented from corn, barley malt and other grains and double distilled in the preliminary stages at the high proof of 180-188, London Dry is far and away the most dominant gin type. The term "London" these days refers to the style's place of initial rather than immediate origin, and it is primarily a guarantee that traditional production techniques have been used. "Dry" refers to the fact that prior to the style's manufacture in the mid-19th Century, most gin was still rather sweet and aromatic. Although public taste had firmly switched to unsweetened gin by the end of the 19th Century, the dawning of the Cocktail Age really consolidated the monopoly of London Dry. The full flavors of whiskey and brandy gave them rather limited use as mixers, vodka was virtually unheard of west of Poland, and therefore, the most suitable neutral backdrop for cocktails was gin. Its herb and spice botanicals married well with the base flavorings of a vast array of other liqueurs and spirits, and its far from unassuming 40 percent-plus alcohol content provided the necessary kick in many an otherwise innocuous drink.



from social leper to the best of mixers, gin scaled the ladder

The English may have made gin seem like the archetypal English spirit, but its inventors, the Dutch, still prefer their less rectified, full-bodied version called genever. There are two main types, jong and oud (young and old), and genever accounts for the lion's share of the Dutch spirits market.

Genever is distilled at a lower proof than English gin and therefore it retains more of a malty flavor. Unlike its English descendant, Dutch gin's lack of neutrality means that it is rarely used as a mixer, although some Dutch manufacturers recommend that a mild jong genever can be used in certain mixed drinks, usually saddled with such unimaginative names as the Flying Dutchman. The Dutch company, Bols, has excellent genevers on the Australian market.

Juniper berries are still mandatory to the flavor of both Dutch and English gin, but other flavorings, known as "botanicals", also have a large bearing on the final flavor. Coriander, lemon and orange peels, cassia and cinnamon, caraway, cardamom, angelica, fennel, liquorice and almonds are just a few of the more popular botanicals used by major manufacturers. These flavorings are introduced into the pure spirit by re-distilling, or by the "vapor extraction" method, whereby they are held above the liquid during the re-distilling process so that their flavors penetrate the vapors.

Although there may be magnificent brandies and once-in-a-lifetime whiskies, with gin (as with most other neutral spirits), very good is good enough. The only pathway to your favorite is the time-honored one of tasting several leading and recommended brands. The differences in taste between good gins are very subtle, but very significant. Each manufacturer has its own secret recipe of "botanicals" and the method it chooses to introduce them into the gin, the intrinsic quality of the spirit, and the design of the still all have an important bearing on the final product. Gilbeys and Vickers are the leading domestic brands and Gordons and Tanqueray are two of the most popular imported brands.

At first, the old saying that you can make gin in the morning and drink it in the afternoon sounds reminiscent of the bathtub, but it is merely a succinct way of saying that gin does not improve with age. Ready to drink as soon as it is bottled, gin does not get better as time goes by — it simply gets older. In fact, if you do keep gin too long oxidation can set in and make the botanicals taste unpleasantly bitter.

The question of whether a gin cocktail should be shaken or stirred is another bone of contention among gin lovers. A drink with a mere hint of opaqueness can turn downright cloudy from being shaken, and real devotees maintain that unduly violent movement actually "bruises" the gin. Other equally informed drinkers say that the argument is without foundation, so perhaps the only course left open for the man who does not give his judgement lightly is to try both methods for himself.

The Gimlet: Shake 45ml gin and 15ml Rose's lime juice with ice and strain.

Negroni: Combine 60ml gin and 30ml each of vermouth and Campari. Pour into a balloon-shaped glass over ice.

The Sling: Place 60ml gin and 30ml each of cherry brandy and lemon juice in a cocktail shaker. Shake well and strain into a Highball glass. Top up with soda.

Bronx: Combine 45ml gin, 15ml each of dry and sweet vermouth and a dash each of orange and lemon juice with ice-cubes in a cocktail shaker. Shake strongly and strain.

ELISABETH KING

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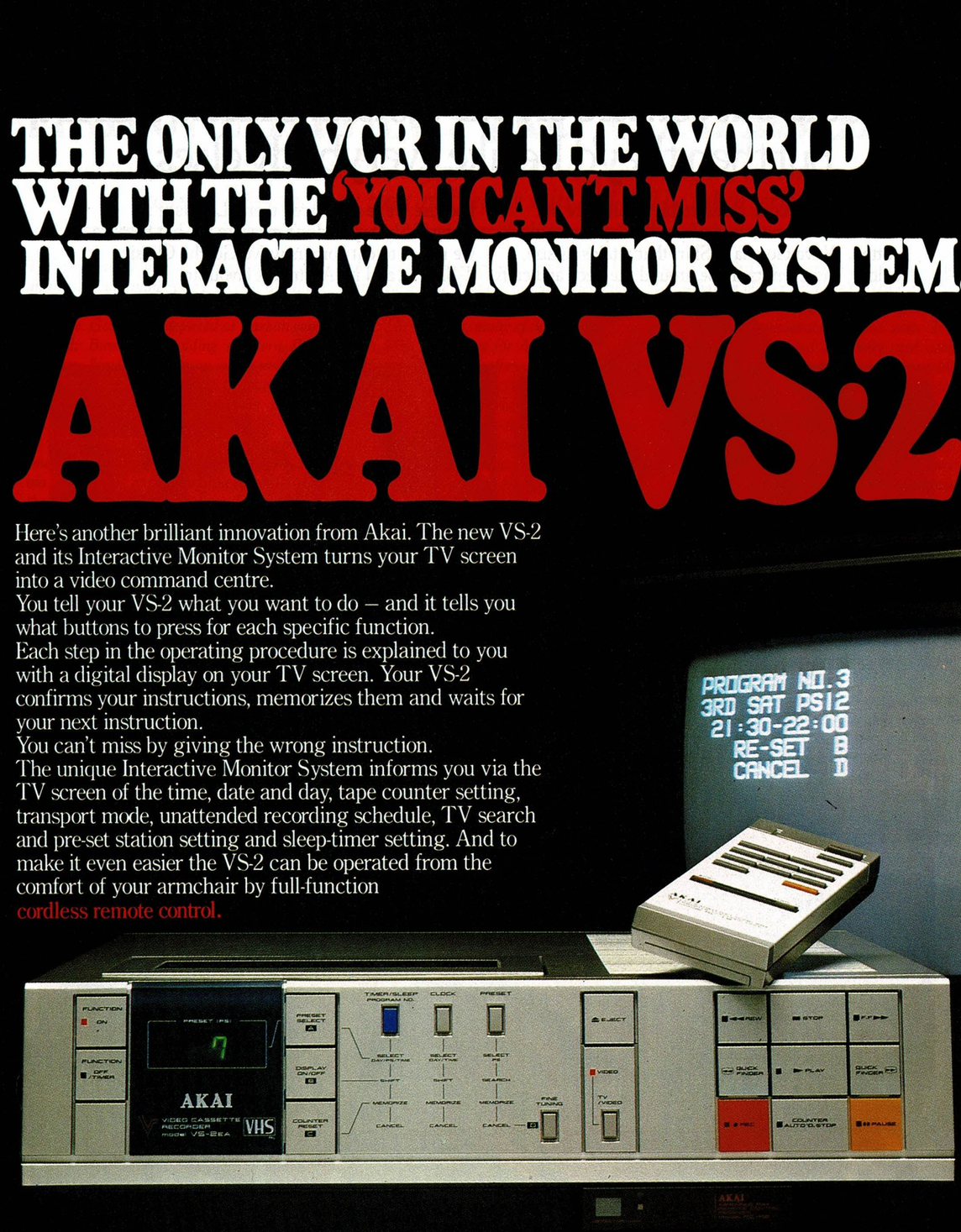

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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: AL GRASSBY

a candid conversation with the flamboyant crusader for human rights, the only man in the country who can wear pink and yellow suits and still be taken seriously

The cartoonist Larry Pickering, at his peak during the declining years of the Whitlam Labor Government, gave the whole Cabinet a bad time. Gough was depicted as Tarzan gone to seed, Band-Aids holding the torn flesh together; Jim Cairns was an ineffectual voice in the wilderness. But no one got a tougher time than Al Grassby. Mighty Mouse in a floppy hat, d'Artagnan sawn off at the knees. Little Al was the height of colorful absurdity when he emerged from Pickering's drawing board, and via the morning papers, into the sensibilities of the nation. If Al was a joke, a figure of fun, then it was a whole lot easier to ignore what he was saying about a multi-racial Australia.

But, despite the fact that he dressed like the court jester, Albert Jaime Grassby was no joke, and altering the perceptions of Australians about the racial composition of this country had become the passion of his life.

In almost 20 years in public life, Al Grassby has stood on toes in every bastion of bigotry in the land. He has been abused and threatened by every extremist group and quietly detested by mainstream politicians and public figures whose racism is not so upfront. Why has Grassby, a likeable bloke with an easy manner, inspired such hatred? Because he has dared to tell us the truth — that what we have down here at the foot of Asia is not a country club for Anglo-Saxons but a genuine melting pot with 140 racial origins simmering and ready to boil. Not quite a generation since the abandonment of the White Australia Policy (a Labor invention) this news has been greeted with disbelief by a large number of Australians who revere Ted Bulpitt, and who have been appalled at the changes in our society since they returned from saving it for us from the Japs. These people, many of them our fathers, don't have much time for Al Grassby.

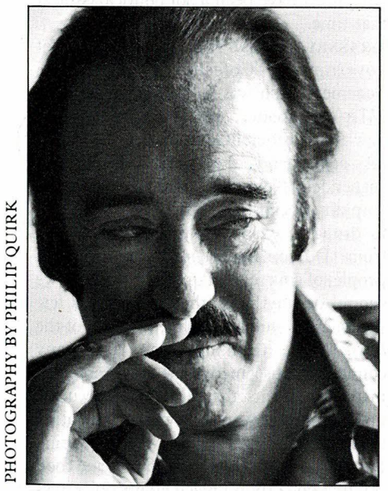
Just three years after entering Federal Parliament, Al Grassby was elected Minister for Immigration in the Whitlam Labor Government. Although it wasn't the Agriculture portfolio his rural constituents had been hoping for, on a personal level Grassby was elated. The welfare of migrant groups and their basic human rights was a subject dear to his heart since his move in the 1950s to Griffith, NSW, a town with a strong Italian-Australian cultural base. But the feeling for other cultures went back even further. Only a few years after his birth in Brisbane in 1926, Grassby's father, a construction engineer, moved the family from the Sudan to Italy, to France, Spain and England, always keeping just one step ahead of the Great Depression. According to Grassby he attended 13 different schools before he was 15, and never lived anywhere longer than two years. He was later to describe this period as "a tough but effective apprenticeship in community relations".

Grassby stayed in England during the War, enlisting in the British Army for the last year of it. Like all Australians at that time, Grassby was a British subject and was not allowed to leave Britain to join the Australian forces. He served in the infantry and intelligence corps, did three years at university and, in 1948 returned home as a migrant, sponsored by an aunt in Queensland. Later he moved to Griffith to take up a position as an information officer with the CSIRO.

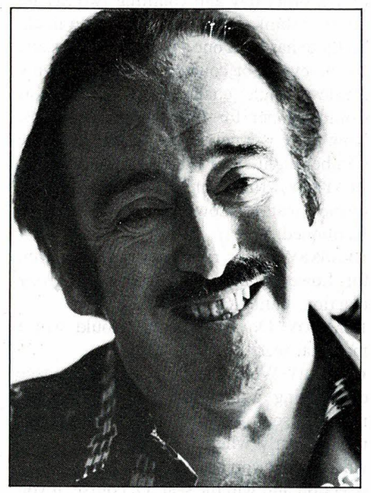
Al Grassby got into Federal Parliament by winning an "unwinnable" rural seat. The threat of being ousted was very real each election time. It is perhaps understandable then, that in his two years as Minister for Immigration, Grassby made more noise than most men would make in 20 years. Also, these were exciting times for the nation and Grassby was a busy man. Although many have since questioned the wisdom of Labor's economic policies, Whitlam's vision of a socially and culturally enlightened society has stood the test of time. In 1972, however, Australians needed educating. They needed to understand the roots of racial strife in other places, and the way to avoid it here by absorbing Australians of all racial origins into the fabric of our society. Grassby set out to change the laws so that Australia offered equal opportunity for everyone.

His work only just beginning, Grassby found himself thrown out by his electorate in a dirty campaign centred around racism in the 1974 double dissolution. Whitlam created a position for him (special consultant on Community Relations) so that he could continue the good work outside the Parliament. But just a year later, as Grassby was setting up his commission, Labor was sacked by the Governor-General. In the seven years since Whitlam's fall, Grassby has fought an uphill battle as Commissioner of Community Relations with virtually no staff, very little funding and an apparent lack of interest from

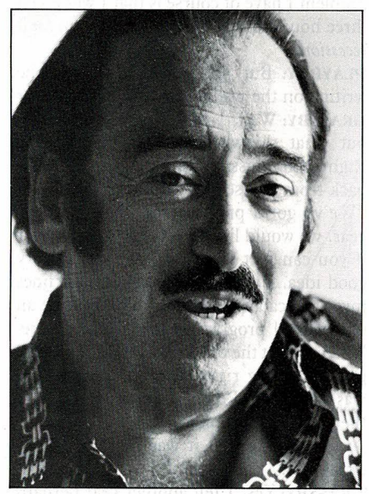
PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP QUIRK



"Politics is the highest calling anybody can follow — except, perhaps, a spiritual one. If you want to make money, that's different."



"My wife got into a taxi just after my defeat and the driver said, "I'm glad to see that bloody wog, Grassby, go."



"The governments of Queensland and Western Australia are following racist policies."

the Federal Government. When the Human Rights Commission Bill, which absorbs the Community Relations Commission, finally passed through both Houses of Parliament, it became clear that Grassby was living on borrowed time.

However, few people who know Grassby and who know the system had anticipated the treatment he was to receive at the completion of his term of office last October 31. Grassby felt an understanding had been reached with the acting Attorney-General Neil Brown, regarding his continuation in the job while he finished certain projects. Accordingly he wrote to Brown: "In view of the stage that the Human Rights Commission has reached since being launched in December 1981, the things it has planned and the potential for achievement, I would particularly like to be associated with development next year (1983)."

But on the day, Grassby was bluntly informed that he was out of a job. Just a week after what Grassby was to describe as his most "bitter disappointment", Australian PLAYBOY'S ***Phil Jarratt*** *caught up with his unemployed flamboyance for the first of several interview sessions. Says Jarratt: "For someone who'd just been given the bum's rush, Al was spendidly unruffled. Hair slicked back, moustache newly waxed, two-tone loafers locked in battle for color supremacy with his socks. During our conversations, Grassby was unflappable. Called constantly to the phone to solve the problems of the world — his job may have finished but the work goes on — he would return with not a hair out of place, heave a sigh, put away a thimble-full of Riverina coffee liqueur, and continue exactly where we had left off. He gave the impression of a man with few secrets. An honest streetfighter, prepared to lay bare his soul, and his credit card statements, for all to see."*

PLAYBOY: Let's start with the last question first. What next for Al Grassby?

GRASSBY: Well I'm working on that. The problem I have of course is that I was given three hour's notice. That's short, even *for a recession.*

PLAYBOY: But you must have seen the writing on the wall a long time before that?

GRASSBY: Well, I would have thought so, but what threw me off was the Human Rights Commission rang me when I came back from overseas in July, 1982 and said, "We've got a program for the rest of the year, we would like you to stay on next year if you can." It seemed to me to be a very good idea. I was thinking along these lines myself because then we could organise an educational program to take in the future. We could get the procedures right, we could get everything right, and then, as far as I was concerned, I'd phase out very easily and there'd be no problem.

PLAYBOY: You felt it was time for you to phase out?

GRASSBY: Yes, I felt another year perhaps might have been the most appropriate, so I was happy with that. I was absolutely astonished and disappointed to find that I had three hours in which, in theory, to complete all projects, to organise a complete hand-over, to introduce my successor, which was indicated to me would be desirable.

PLAYBOY: Did you take that kind of treatment as a personal insult?

GRASSBY: Oh, you can't be insulted by governments. It's impossible.

PLAYBOY: I know you've always held a conciliatory line.

GRASSBY: No, it's not a conciliatory line. . . it's just the truth. Governments make political decisions. You can't say anything to a government. The Government of Queensland, the Government of WA. I've been saying to them for seven years that their policies and their practices in race relations contravene the law of the land.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard plain bad manners as a political decision?

GRASSBY: All decisions of governments are political decisions and you know very well that this is a political decision also. Governments are like God. They give and they take away and they're just as inscrutable and mysterious.

Governments are like God. They give and they take away and they're just as inscrutable and mysterious.

PLAYBOY: How seriously do you take the idea of returning to politics?

GRASSBY: I suppose every year for seven years, I have had offers to contest pre-selections in various seats. I counted them up the other day and counting two Senate offers, I think there have been seven in all. So there has been one a year for seven years. In the event, of course, I stayed with my greatest single challenge, which was as Commissioner for Community Relations. Now there is a new pressure which will be number eight. So I'll have to look at it.

PLAYBOY: I think Sir William McMahon's former seat of Lowe is one that's been mentioned.

GRASSBY: That's right. I was asked to run for Lowe. That's quite true, very strong reaction. Quite a few others.

PLAYBOY: Do you feel you could win a marginal seat?

GRASSBY: Well, it's not a case at this stage of winning a marginal seat or losing a marginal seat. You've got to make up your mind exactly where you can be effective, where could you do your best job in a pre-selection and win the seat. Of course, if you can't win the seat, don't run. But you are quite right when you say I never really left politics because that is, in my view, the highest calling anybody in Australia can follow, except perhaps a spiritual one, but certainly as far as I'm concerned *that's where it's all at.* If you want to make money, that's a different story.

PLAYBOY: When you say it's the highest calling you can aspire to outside of the spiritual, surely you're not referring to the hurly-burly of parliamentary politics?

GRASSBY: Well, I am referring to the fact that Parliament runs the country, whether you like it or not. The Government's supposed to run it. If it doesn't, then that's the fault of the Government. There is no greater challenge to any person, man or woman, in a democracy, than to run the country.

PLAYBOY: If that's your view of parliamentary politics, you must have been somewhat disappointed with your period in it.

GRASSBY: No, I certainly wasn't. I was in Opposition most of the time. I was elected in 1965 for the first time in the NSW Parliament for the seat of Murrumbidgee. I was elected at a time of difficulty. I had very clear objectives in my mind of what I wanted to do.

PLAYBOY: What were they?

GRASSBY: Well, what I wanted to do particularly was to ensure that the irrigation areas were properly recognised as the food basket of not only the great city of Sydney, but also contributing to Melbourne and Brisbane. I wanted it clearly understood that that was the basis of food production and consumption, the major one being south-east Australia. I also wanted to see it extended, doubled, trebled. I also wanted to see that there was enough water stored for irrigation so that could be done, and I fought all along the lines for that. And above all, to see that the primary producer didn't allow himself to be shorn more than the sheep, which he still does.

PLAYBOY: The Murrumbidgee Irrigation Area must have been a hot political issue at that time. . .

GRASSBY: It was. There was a change of government. Coleambally Irrigation Scheme, which was to be bigger than the MIA and greater, was phased out by the new Askin Liberal Government. Land sold off again and the plans just simply suspended. Now to me, that was a piece of stupidity because in this country, endemic to drought, where do you get your food from? Do you import it? But you do find people, of course, that question whether we should do anything other than have a few sheep. Well, you know this is typical of the *laissez-faire* thinking that ruins any country. So it seemed to me that there were many arguments that I had to take up. I took them up. I won some points in relation to the Snowy Scheme and the Blowering Dam as contributions to irrigation and food production. I didn't reach all my objectives because the only way you could do that would to become Minister for Conservation, which I expected to be seeing as I was Shadow Minister for Agriculture and Conservation. I had no doubt that that would follow in the fullness of time. I had worked on irrigation with the CSIRO, so it wasn't as if I didn't understand the problem. So, when I entered State politics, I didn't dwell on the back bench. My predecessor had been Conservation Minister so I became Shadow Conservation Minister. Also the '65 defeat had left the Labor Party pretty demoralised. It was incredible because some former ministers simply crumbled and they sat like stuffed mullets on the back bench for months and months and months.

PLAYBOY: How long did NSW Labor stay in disarray?

GRASSBY: Quite a while. There was a wonderful guy from Dulwich Hill called Cliff Mallam who was most unpopular with everybody but he was a fighter and he was on his feet in the House almost every day. So what I did, I did the same. There was me and Cliff Mallam, and I think there was one other who wandered in to see how things were. So we carried the Parliament between us for quite a while, until the others got their spirits back. Jack Renshaw was still "the Premier" until he retired and he was one of the most honest men that I had ever met, but he was a very gentle man and a gentle man in Opposition *stays* in Opposition.

PLAYBOY: Renshaw and his cronies represented the old guard of the Labor movement. How did they take to your political style?

GRASSBY: Oh, they thought it was absolutely *extraordinary.* They were used to going in in their blue serge suits and sitting down and asking their routine questions and getting routine answers and trying to do a little one-upmanship in the press. I thought I was there to fight on all fronts, so I did. Whether it was Question Time, or the adjournment, debate or a Bill, I still jumped to the ball. I think the Sydney press at the time were not really used to looking to Macquarie Street for anything very controversial, shall we say. It was a period in which I developed my own style of politics, I guess.

PLAYBOY: And yet you only stayed four years.

GRASSBY: Well, in that period the country went into a recession, an artificial recession caused by stupid Federal bungling, but it seemed to me that every time I asked a question about some important problem, the answer given to me was, well, we have to take it to Canberra. So I thought to myself, if that's the situation, I'd better go to Canberra.

PLAYBOY: You chose a rather tortuous path to get there.

GRASSBY: Well, the seat of Riverina came up, and very decent people on both sides of the House said to me, look, don't be ridiculous. You'd need an 18 percent swing and that's not possible. It just doesn't happen. Old Stepper Stephens, the blind Country Party member who was the Minister for Housing, he said, Al, what would you do that for? Hang on here for a few years and you'll be Leader of the Opposition and if things go bad for us, you'll be the Premier. Just don't do it.

PLAYBOY: You were talking about not understanding the wisdom of politicians going for pre-selection in unwinnable seats. You must have had a huge ego to think that Riverina was winnable.

GRASSBY: I had thought about it very much and I had also done a lot of groundwork over many years in that part of the world. Many Country Party branches actually supported me because they were disillusioned. I mean it was a ground swell of rebellion. It was the greatest rural rebellion that we've seen I think this century, and I knew something about it because I have been the executive officer of the irrigation research and extension committee which, of course, dealt with the whole of the Riverina so well. . . certainly the Murray and the Murrumbidgee, and therefore I was already known there and I built my own personal following over a long time.

PLAYBOY: There was a huge national swing that year, 1969.

GRASSBY: Yes, but not my 20 percent. That stands as the Australian record.

PLAYBOY: What did you put it down to?

GRASSBY: Rural discontent. The rural rebellion at the time and the fact that I had identified the issues very properly, very successfully. I say that without any modesty or hesitation. I knew what the issues were and I knew what the people wanted. You would find people saying, well the Country Party, I've been a member for 35 years, and it's let us down. We've got to send a message to Canberra. Well, of course, they did, they sent me. It was a ferocious campaign, though. McEwan, who was Deputy Prime Minister, came down and that was when he coined his famous phrase that Grassby was "like Patterson's curse, colorful but useless". There was a lot of personal stuff, so I reminded them all regularly that he who throws mud loses ground.

PLAYBOY: You became Minister for Immigration in 1972. Was that the Ministry you wanted?

GRASSBY: Well, actually the funny thing is in the time of the duumvirate and in between that time and the election of the cabinet I had been in many ways the de facto Minister for Agriculture or Minister for Primary Industry and I had industry federations and lobby groups already turning up at my office telling me about what they thought should be done about primary industry. But of course, when the results came out, I was Minister for Immigration and Ken Wreidt was Primary Industry. . . which came as a great surprise but still it would have been my other choice at that time. There is no doubt about that and, of course, when I got into it, it was incredible to look at the situation which existed in 1972.

PLAYBOY: It must have been a delicate portfolio bearing in mind Arthur Calwell's stance on White Australia not too many years before.

GRASSBY: Oh, yes. But the party had made its decision already.

PLAYBOY: Still, there must have been strong elements of racism in the party?

GRASSBY: Yes. There was one fellow who

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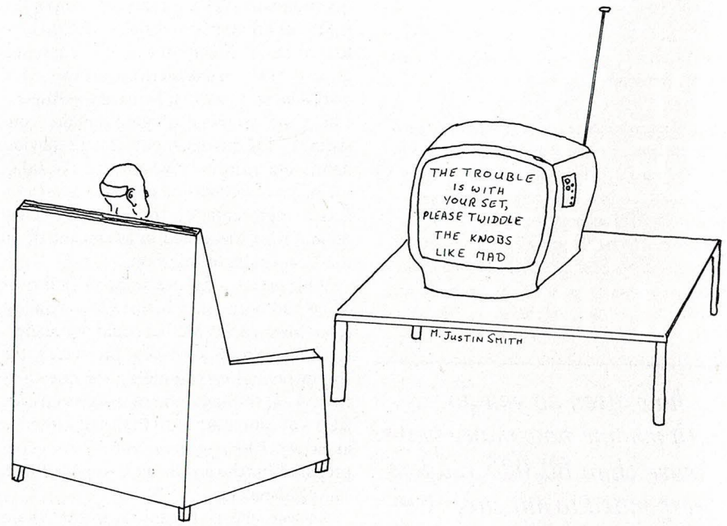

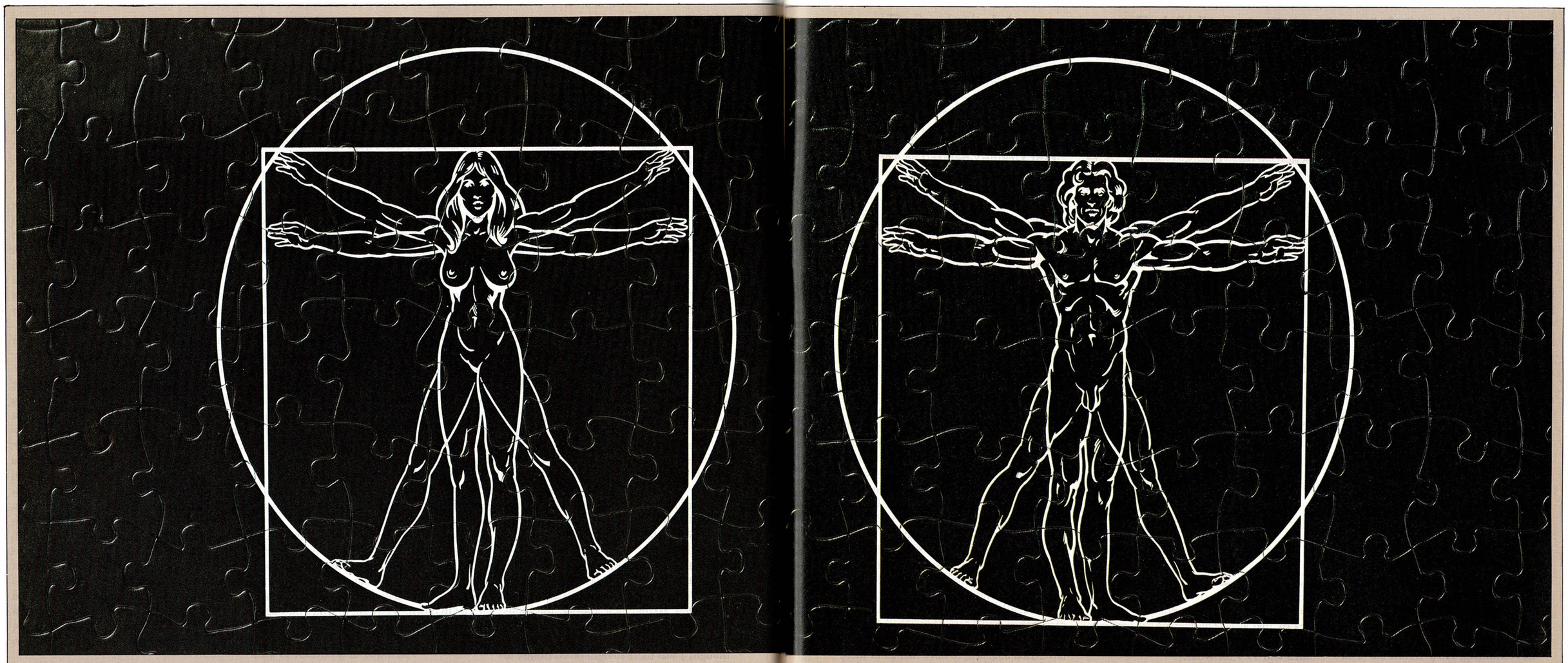

THE PLAYBOY READERS' SEX SURVEY

how often do you do it? with whom? how many ways? more than 80,000 readers responded to our survey — their answers celebrate sex, love and lust

IN THE BEGINNING was the questionnaire. The editors of PLAYBOY's eight international editions decided to launch an investigation into the sexes and, as part of a seven-part series of articles *(Man and Woman,* PLAYBOY, February —August, 1982), we prepared a questionnaire consisting of 132 queries about sexual behavior, habits and attitudes. We enlisted the aid of sociologists specialising in sex-role research and a representative from a professional polling firm was called in as consultant on the final drafts of questions.

What exactly did we want to find out? What had been asked before? Did we allow room for surprises? What could our readers teach us about sex? We pre-tested the survey on willing volunteers; the questionnaire went through numerous revisions; we added questions up until the last minute; we knew we had *something* but we were not prepared for the astonishing response from PLAYBOY readers.

Answer sheets began to arrive within days of the questionnaire's appearance in PLAYBOY editions around the world. Four out of five came from men. The breakdown reflects our reader audience of 80 percent male and 20 percent female. The volume of the response was noteworthy. In his landmark studies of sex in the USA in the 40s, Alfred Kinsey studied 5940 women and 5300 men. Shere Hite interrogated some 3019 women and 7239 men respectively, for the 1976 *Hite Report on Female Sexuality* and the 1981 *Hite Report on Male Sexuality. The Redbook Report on Female Sexuality* reported on 2278 married women drawn from 100,000 who completed a questionnaire; while *Cosmopolitan* magazine did a close analysis of 15,000 readers out of 106,000 survey respondents. *But,* PLAYBOY's survey was different: we could compare the responses of large numbers of men and women in the *same* questionnaire. We did not try to get a random sample. The people who answered our questions meet only two requirements: they are PLAYBOY readers and they are interested in sex.

Compared with the population at large (as reflected by Census figures), the people who answered our survey are younger, more educated and more affluent. But do not underestimate the variety of our group: there are large numbers of people in every major sociological category, people of all ages, all walks of life and known sexual preferences. Eight out of 20 are single and have never been married; an equal number are presently married. One in 20 is living with someone.

In an unprecedented statistical procedure for a sample this size, PLAYBOY ran every response received through a computer. The figures given here are based on returns from 65,396 men and 14,928 women — almost seven times as many as Kinsey reported on. If you answered the questionnaire, you should be represented here.

The early returns told us we were on to something. Our readers had taken the questionnaire and used it to find out about themselves. One man sent one answer sheet to describe his sex life with his wife and another one for sex with his mistress: "The reason is because I have entirely different answers in my married life (going on 13 years) and in regard to a wonderful affair with a married lady (going on four years plus, with no end in sight). Because of this affair, my actual age is 49 going on 19."

In some cases, we saw where our categories faltered and our readers' experiences began. For example, in answer to question 54, "How did you lose your virginity?" someone pencilled in "Surfers Paradise", as though that explained everything!

A team of data analysts and programming consultants translated the responses into computerised data. Sociologists pored over the data looking for significance amid the statistics. They found that the men who answered our survey defy stereotyping, while the women who participated are the most liberated females ever revealed by a survey of this type. The answers taught us a lot about sex; not the way it *is* for everyone, but the way it *might* be.

A clear majority of men and women who answered our questionnaire are satisfied with their sex lives. More than half think their sex lives have improved over the past five years. Four out of five of our respondents — both men and women — think they are good lovers. (From reading their complete answer sheets, we'd say they know what they're talking about.)

When we asked our readers how they would change their sex lives, the responses were informative. We listed several choices and asked people to choose as many as they wished. Men want more oral sex and more intercourse. They want their partners to initiate sex more frequently. Women want more intercourse, more foreplay and more oral sex. The moral: the more we learn about sex, the more we want.

In the past, mothers told their daughters that sex is something men want and women give; that women crave intimacy and barter sex; men crave sex and barter intimacy. Most surveys have supported the common wisdom. The sexes are different. Men do more of everything; women are a demure 10 paces behind, if they're interested at all. Some of the more recent surveys have suggested that women are the primary beneficiaries of the sexual revolution, that finally, their behavior is catching up with men's. The preliminary statistical print-out of the answers of the PLAYBOY questionnaire was broken down by gender. It was instantly clear that women have closed the gap, and then some. On question after question, the women who read PLAYBOY went head to head with our male readers. By several measures, the women won.

We asked our readers who did what to whom, with how many and how frequently.

Even before we compared our findings with those of past surveys to find how far we had come, we were struck by how nearly equal the sexes are. Take the basics:

- Approximately 88 percent of the men and 74 percent of the women in our survey masturbate.
- About 95 percent of the men *and* women perform oral sex during lovemaking.
- Roughly 47 percent of the men and 61 percent of the women have tried anal intercourse.
- Nearly 36 percent of the men and 39 percent of the women have engaged in anal-oral contact.

How Often Do You Have Intercourse?

Frequency	%
At least once a day	
Male	5
Female	9
Four or five times a week	
Male	16
Female	21
Two or three times a week	
Male	31
Female	36
Once a week	
Male	13
Female	13
Two or three times a month	
Male	13
Female	11
Once a month	
Male	4
Female	3
Less than once a month	
Male	11
Female	4

During An Evening Of Lovemaking, How Often Do You Have Intercourse?

Frequency	%
Once	
Male	47
Female	54
Twice	
Male	32
Female	29
Three times	
Male	10
Female	8
More than three times	
Male	6
Female	6

Economic gurus regularly gather to calculate the rise and fall of the standard of living. God knows what criteria they use. When it comes to the sexual standard of living, most observers try to assess the state of the union in terms of three variables: the age at which adolescents lose their virginity (The Loss-of-Innocence Index), the average number of partners (The Promiscuity Index) and the incidence of extramarital sex (The Infidelity Index). We found significant changes in all three areas, especially for women.

The Loss of Innocence Index

In our questionnaire, we asked readers when and how they lost their virginity. The answers are startling. To put the figures into perspective, let's review earlier studies. Seventy-one percent of the males and 33 percent of the females in the Kinsey study had lost their virginity by the time they were 25. Morton Hunt, author of the PLAYBOY series *Sexual Behavior in the 1970s*, replicated the Kinsey studies with 2026 Americans and found that 97 percent of the males and more than two-thirds of the females had experienced sex by the age of 25. A decade later, the 25-year mark belongs on the trash heap of sexual history. Ninety-six percent of the males and 98 percent of the females in our survey lost their virginity by the age of 25. When we look at our statistics, we discover how profound the change is. Kinsey shocked the world by suggesting that three percent of the women he studied had engaged in intercourse by the time they were 15. *Thirty* percent of our female respondents report that they lost their virginity before they were 16. (Only 26 percent of the male respondents engaged in sex by that age.) The average age for sexual initiation among our participants is 17.8 for men and 17.5 for women.

Thirty percent of our female respondents and 26 percent of the males report that they lost their virginity before they were 16.

Sixty-one percent of the women (compared with 38 percent of the men) say they lost their virginity in a serious relationship. Forty-five percent of the men (compared with 27 percent of the women) say they lost it in a casual relationship. Eight percent of the men visited a prostitute for their first time.

When Did You First Have Sex?

Age	%
Still a virgin	
Male	2
Female	1
Before 16	
Male	26
Female	30
16 to 19	
Male	47
Female	48
19 to 21	
Male	15
Female	14
21 to 25	
Male	8
Female	5
25 plus	
Male	2
Female	1

Young women today are losing their virginity at an earlier age, with a vengence. We found that 58 percent of the women who are currently under 21 lost their virginity before the age of 16. Only 38 percent of the men in the same age group did so. Consider the comparing age of first intercourse among females and males by generation.

Lost Virginity Before The Age of 16

Age	%
Under 21	
Male	38
Female	58
21-29	
Male	26
Female	34
30-39	
Male	22
Female	16
40-49	
Male	32
Female	20
50-plus	
Male	27
Female	7

These figures indicate an intensification of a trend that's been evident for some time. What does it mean? Kinsey found that for males, the age of first intercourse was a critical factor. Boys who started early did more of everything. The *Redbook* study confirmed that relationship for women. It compared age of initiation against a variety of behaviors. Early initiates did more. Fifteen seemed to be the magic number. PLAYBOY verified that finding. The men and women who start early go on to have more active and varied sex lives. In comparison with late bloomers, they are more likely to enjoy oral sex frequently, to have tried anal sex, to have had 25 or more partners and to have had a homosexual experience after adolescence. The *Redbook* study suggested that there was a burn-out syndrome, that women who started early became disenchanted with sex. We found no evidence to support that theory. Women who start early are as satisfied as women who lose their virginity after they reach 16. Men who get it on early are more likely than late starters to be satisfied with their sex lives.

The high number of young sexual initiates points to another interesting development. Kinsey found that sexual behavior was directly related to the level of education: we found no connection between education and sexual behavior. Sex is no longer the privilege of the rich and the educated.

In practice, the double standard has disappeared. But attitudes may be lagging behind behavior. In our questionnaire, we asked whether or not our readers would be disturbed if their daughters had sex by the age of 17. Half of the men and women say they *would be*. Only 18 percent of the men and 29 percent of the women are worried about their sons' sexual initiation. Those old values die hard.

The Promiscuity Index

Question 33 asked, "If you were about to marry, would you want him or her to have had a number of sexual partners?" Again, the responses reflect a double standard. Forty-one percent of the men and 57 percent of the women want a partner with experience. Fifty-three percent of the men and 37 percent of the women want to marry inexperienced partners, if not virgins.

Question 55 asked, "How many sexual partners have you had?" There are two useful ways to present the answers — by the mean (average) and the median. The mean, in this case, represents the number of partners divided by the number of respondents. But that figure can be distorted by extreme responses by a small number of individuals — the relative few who have done a lot to many, so to speak. The median can be a more useful figure. It represents the middle point among the respondents — half the people score higher, half score lower. The mean number of partners for the men in our survey is 19.8, with a median of 16.3. The mean number of partners for the women is 16.1; the median is 7.8. Thirty percent of our female respondents say that they have asked strangers to have sex. Four percent have asked and been turned down. Women are learning about rejection.

For years, men were expected to have all the experience. Now they are just as likely to run into a women who has tasted the fruit of experience. They may find that she knows as much about sex as they do.

Does promiscuity lead to disillusionment or despair? The evidence suggests not. For both men and women, experience contributes to self-image. The more partners you've had, the more likely you are to say that you are a good lover. We also discovered an interesting discrepancy between the sexes. The more partners a man has, the more likely he is to say that he gets enough intercourse. The more partners a woman has, the more likely she is to say that she wants *more* intercourse.

How Many Sexual Partners Have You Had?

Number	%
None	
Male	2
Female	1
1 to 5	
Male	30
Female	36
5 to 10	
Male	18
Female	19
10 to 25	
Male	23
Female	22
25 to 50	
Male	14
Female	8
50 plus	
Male	12
Female	8

The Infidelity Factor

Kinsey reported that about half of all married men and one quarter of all married women eventually fooled around. Twenty-five years later, Hunt found that the figure for men had not increased. Indeed, his figure was 41 percent. He suggested that young wives were starting to catch up: they were three times as active as young married women in Kinsey's study. In our survey, 48 percent of the men and 38 percent of the women say that they have had an extramarital affair.

When we break down the figures for extramarital sex by age and gender, we discover that among young marrieds, significantly more women are having affairs than men.

Percentage Who Have Had Extramarital Affair

Age	%
Under 21	
Male	11
Female	17
21 to 29	
Male	25
Female	33
30 to 39	
Male	54
Female	50
40 to 49	
Male	71
Female	32
50 plus	
Male	71
Female	32
Total	
Male	48
Female	38

Sexual Heat

Next, we looked at a group of questions that were intended to give us a reading of the sexual temperature of our readers. We know that culture has certainly changed since the early surveys: acts that were too delicate to discuss 30 years ago have become common practice.

For example, Kinsey claimed that up to 92 percent of the men in his sample masturbated at some point in their lives. By the age of 30, the single men who still masturbated did so with a median frequency of 30 times a year. Hunt found that up to 94 percent of his sample masturbated. By the age of 30, single men did so with a median frequency of 60 times a year. Nine out of ten of the men in our study masturbate with a median frequency of *140 times* a year. The median frequency for women in our survey is 44 times a year.

Frequency of Masturbation

Frequency	%
At least once a day	
Male	19
Female	9
A few times a week	
Male	32
Female	19
Once a week	
Male	14
Female	18
Once or twice a month	
Male	13
Female	18
Less than once a month	
Male	10
Female	16

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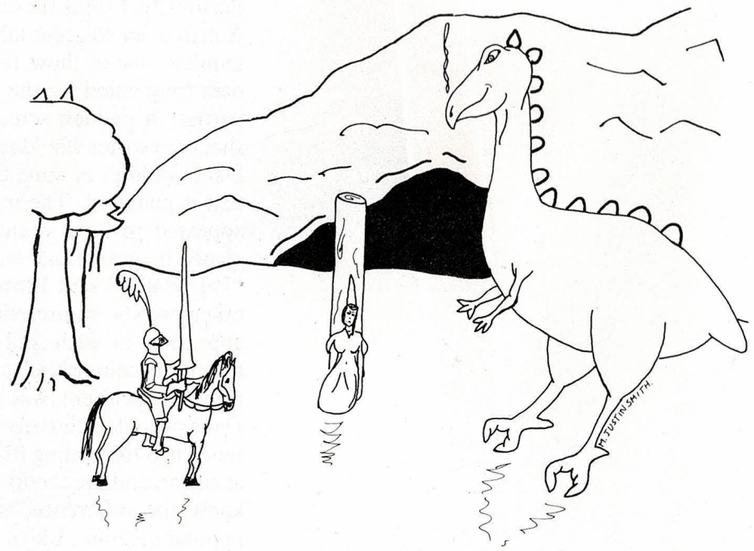


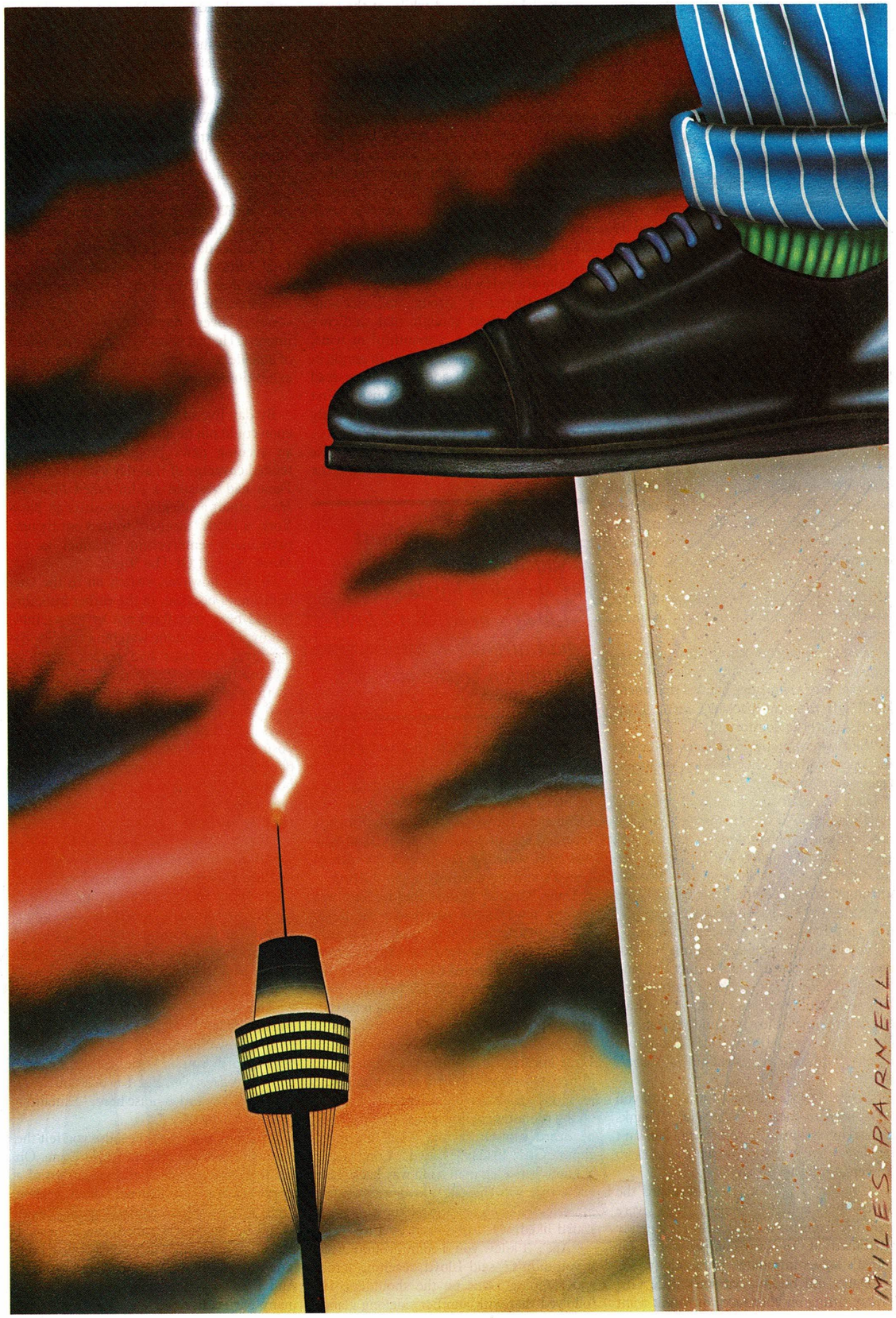
"Madame, you must understand that I do not want to cause irreparable ecological damage to an already endangered species!"

THE EDGE

dane's grip is tenuous enough. the last thing he needs is an epidemic of leapers

THE FIRST ONE jumped from the roof of a 35-storey office block near Circular Quay, landing in the midst of lunchtime crowds. Surprisingly, the body struck no one. Not surprisingly, chaos ensued in the immediate vicinity and there broke out amongst the unfortunate bystanders sporadic fainting and throwing-up. There was also something else, a detail reporters would not seize upon if, indeed, they were aware of it at all. It had to do with those individuals who did not promptly leave the scene, those impassive onlookers who loitered around the area until dispersed, finally, by the police. Although the city had been witness to other jumpers over the years, it was this one, a male in his mid-forties, a wearer of track-suit and running shoes, who, it would later be reported, had set off the wave of suicides which, in the weeks to follow, were to be dubbed "lunchtime leapers". As it happened, Dane Hemingway was, at the time of the first leaper, lunching with a client in a restaurant close to the Quay. And, as it happened, he and this client, a man called Lloyd Floyd, were discussing, above the scream of nearby sirens, the suddenness with which one can be confronted with one's own mortality. ". . .used to be a mate of mine," Lloyd said. "Shot while he was jogging. They say it was a sniper. A crazy. Personally, I think the bullet was intended for someone else." A man at an adjacent table caught Dane's eye. The face was familiar, one of those faces which cropped up repeatedly at bars frequented by the advertising push, at media cocktail parties, at preview screenings of Australian movies. A hot-shot copywriter who'd recently opened his own consultancy? Dane couldn't be sure, couldn't put a name to the face. Not that it mattered. The message was clear, concise. This man appeared to be also entertaining a client and the fleeting glance he gave Dane was the look of a fellow-conspirator. "Personally," said Lloyd, "I think my mate paid for some other prick's indiscretion." Lloyd Floyd, who insisted on appearing in each and every one of his own company's television commercials, and whose interests seemed to be primarily prurient, was not the type of luncheon companion Dane would ordinarily have chosen. But, in an industry renowned for feeding its clients granulated bullshit disguised as caviar, and the clients renowned for pretending they didn't know the difference, the extended luncheon remained a popular medium. Lloyd reached for the wine and re-filled his own glass. As he topped-up Dane's, he said, "I hear you and

fiction by rob williamson



your lady have parted." Here it comes, thought Dane. The questions. The glint in the eyes.

"There's a lot of it going around," he said, hoping to dismiss the subject.

"Pity," said persistent Lloyd. "I liked her. Only met her once but I remember she was a good listener. Julia, isn't it?"

Dane nodded.

With his mouth full, Lloyd leaned closer to Dane and said, "Might as well make the most of your freedom, mate. I have a new Girl Friday at the office. Just turned 19. Blonde. And *hot* like you wouldn't believe. I could set up an introduction. What d'you say?"

"I say let me think it over, Lloyd. Moving out on Julia didn't come easy to me. We've been together a long time."

"When it's dead it's dead, buddy. Surely you learnt that when you divorced your wife," Lloyd said. "Write it off to experience and move on. That's my advice."

Go shove your advice, Dane wanted to say. Instead he averted his eyes from Lloyd and, in doing so, he noticed an altercation in progress between the maitre d' and two attractive, smartly-dressed women. The dispute appeared to be about the women's dissatisfaction with the table they'd been given. The maitre d', at first haughty and voluble, eventually complied with their demands and showed them to a more seclusive table.

Something about those two women, something in the way they looked at each other as, once seated, one handed the other a small gift-wrapped package, made Dane feel distinctly uncomfortable.

"She's got a mouth that looks just right for one of those choc-sucking commercials," Lloyd said.

Dane stared at him blankly.

"Jesus!" Lloyd said, clapping a hand to his forehead. "The blonde. Remember? Here I am offering you a fantasy in the fucking flesh and what do I get? The old uncomprehending stare. Listen, mate, you could use my beach house for a weekend. The perfect place for seduction."

Lloyd regularly plucked out of his memory-bank words like "seduction" and "virginal" and other verbal relics from the '50s and Dane suspected that, on the Late Night Movie of Lloyd's mind, he ran not *Deep Throat* nor *Debbie Does Dallas* but some sort of raunchy remake of *The Moon Is Blue*.

"Sorry, Lloyd. I guess I wasn't with you for a moment there," Dane said. "Thanks for the thought but. . . well. . . chicken isn't really my go, y'know. When it comes to conversation, they're usually zilch."

"Chicken". . . "zilch". . . he heard the words but couldn't believe they were spouting from his own mouth. He quickly attributed it to over-compensation for Lloyd's lapses into dated phraseology.

"Dane, old buddy, with my little Girl Friday sitting on your face you won't want to talk," Lloyd slurred while, at the same time, casting his eyes over a striking redhead who swept past the table. He kept his attention on the redhead's progress to the bar as he said, "Your daughter. . . Sa. . . Samantha. . . she's making quite a name for herself." He paused for three beats then lazily returned his gaze to Dane.

"Sam's doing alright," Dane said. "Her album is selling like the proverbial cakes. The single is still getting plenty of airplay. She's got a new agent who's steering her in the right direction. *And* she gets fan mail. Sam's. . . doing alright."

"How about supper shows?" said Lloyd. "There are girls who've taken the route and proven there's a strong audience out there. . . partisan though that audience might be." He took a mouthful of wine, appeared, for a moment, about to gargle it, then swallowed and added, "I once read somewhere that when Linda Ronstadt first started out she was warned that, to be truly successful, female singers have to be a. . . special breed. . . if you get my drift. *She* wasn't deterred. As we all know she took the bit between her teeth, as they say, and look where *she* is today."

Dane felt an almost uncontrollable urge to break a bottle over Lloyd's head, but Lloyd had already returned his attention to the redhead.

Dane felt an almost uncontrollable urge to break a bottle over Lloyd's head, but fortunately Lloyd the Lothario had already returned his attention to the redhead who was now seated at the bar. A fat man of Lloyd's vintage was buying her a drink.

Dane studied the redhead. She was leaning towards the pacemaker candidate but her attention was quite obviously straying. He also noticed that Lloyd seemed to think he'd attracted the girl's interest for he was playing eye-games, issuing crude signals which were not even being received, let alone returned.

It was a pathetic display which made Dane inwardly cringe and yet it also struck in him a responsive chord, made him aware of a certain anxiety, undreamed of at 20, taking root now, in himself, at 40. Suddenly he heard himself saying, "Tell me more about Girl Friday, Lloyd. Long legs? Y'know I'm a leg man from way back." He knew that was the cue Lloyd was waiting for. Lloyd liked it lewd. And knowing what Lloyd liked, was to be liked by Lloyd.

"Ah. . .I knew you'd come around. Mad if you didn't," said Lloyd, reaching across and slapping Dane on the shoulders. He followed that with another sidelong glance at the redhead but, to Dane, it seemed to be no more than a reflex, the final, involuntary twitch of a shot-down sexual commando.

As they left the restaurant they had to pass close by the bar and Dane overheard the redhead saying something to her companion. What she said sounded like, "If it's the stilettos you want, honey, it's the stilettos you'll get," although, later, he kept thinking she had, instead, said, "If it's the toes you want, honey, it's the toes you'll get." Either way, it was a fetish in which feet played an integral part.

Late that day a dispatch boy dropped the final editions of the afternoon dailies on Dane's desk. They both carried front-page stories on the Circular Quay leaper but he scanned over them without any real interest. He had always regarded that mode of suicide to be the choice of the confirmed exhibitionist.

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By day five of the leapers, the phenomenon could not be ignored. Having watched an evening news program featuring extended coverage of that day's death-divers, Dane had resisted a film called *Fourteen Hours* about a suicidal ledge-sitter in New York, a 1950s "sleeper" trotted out by one particularly enterprising channel as its Movie Special Of The Week.

He did, however, switch on to the late night news because, in the earlier bulletin, he had been transfixed not by the victims but by the faces in the watching crowds. By day five, the faces had ceased to be as innocently wide-eyed as those of followers of street-theatre. By then, the faces were the stuff of bad dreams, the sullen, insensitive faces of people jostling for front-row positions; an audience for whom the impact of a plummeting body against concrete had become compulsive viewing. The 'phone rang and Dane reached for it, his gaze still fixed on the television screen.

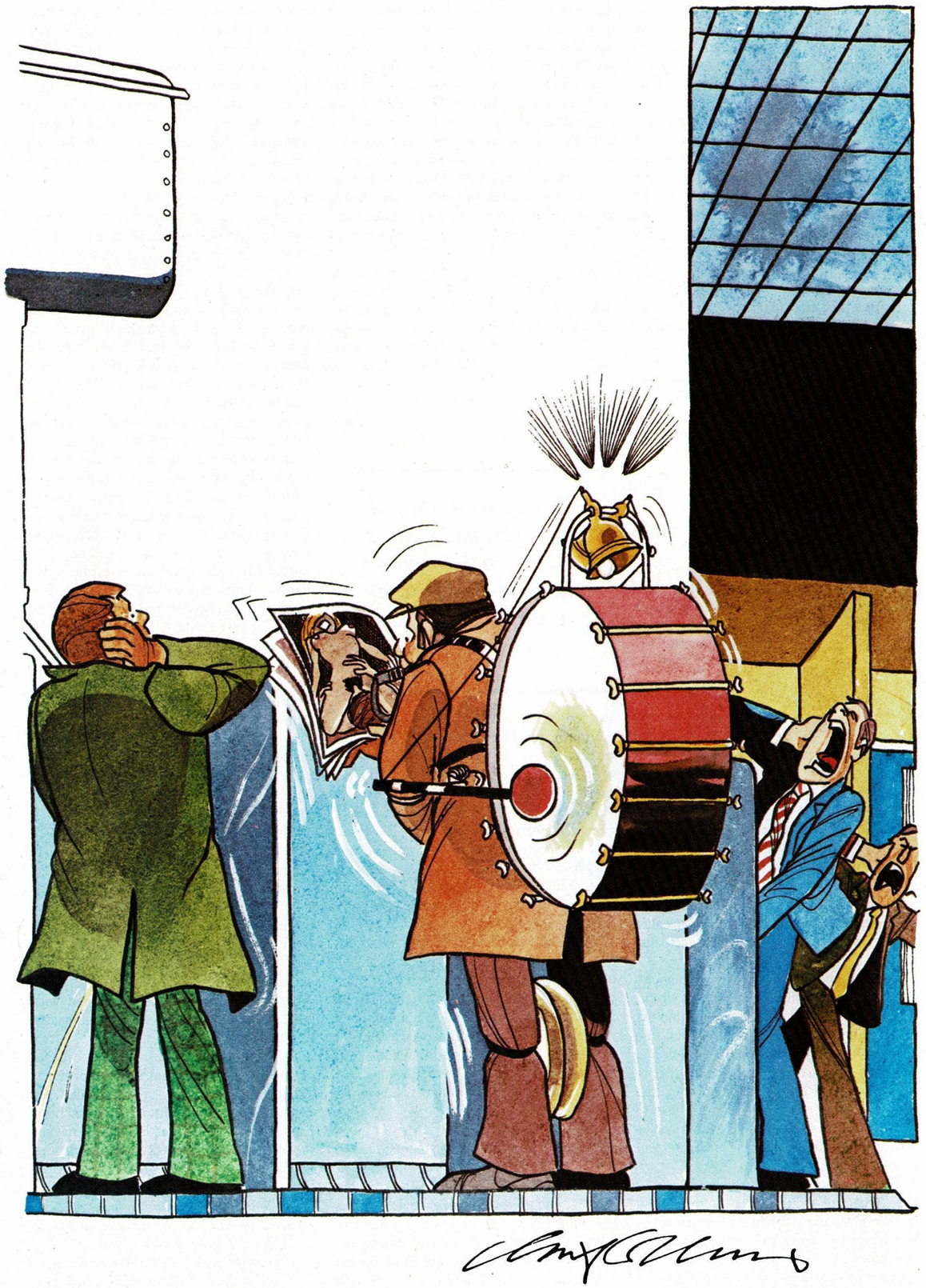
"We're missing you, Julia and I. . ." the sound of Samantha's voice startled him. He had not expected to hear from her. There was a lot of background noise on the line. Music. He wondered where she was calling from. For some time now it had been apparent to him that the milieu through which Sam moved very often merged with that of Julia, their lives like two movies in which some of the extras were interchangeable.

"I said we're missing. . ."

"I heard you," Dane said. "I don't entirely *believe* you, but I heard you."

"There's so much noise here," Samantha shouted.

"But you had to call because you felt the moment was right. Right?" said Dane. On the television screen there was a shot of a priest (or was it a Rescue Squad man in priest's clothing?) edging towards the would-be leaper. "I called you because I needed to hear your voice and because Julia is depressed and staring into space too often. And I called you because I've been to too many parties like this one. I'm tired," she



said. She was silent then and, for several moments, it was as if someone had forced her to abandon the 'phone, had made her leave it dangling off the hook in some strange hallway, in some unknown house.

"We should get together. . . the three of us. . . and try to sort out this mess," she said.

"Or is *rapprochement* something you've ruled out completely?"

"I'm living in the now," he said. "At this very moment I'm watching television. Good escapist entertainment." He hesitated, summoning a plausible lie. "Don and Bert are doing the Wheel Segment. The car prize has come up and the contestant, who looks like Edna Everage, is practically pissing herself and. . ."

It was then that the cameras caught the man as he leapt off the ledge, his arms and legs flailing wildly, as if, too late, he'd regretted his decision. The cameras followed his plunge, cutting away just before the body, as Dane was to read later, became impaled on a part of the building's awning.

"Did she answer the question?" asked Sam.

"The question?" said Dane absently.

"The woman who spun for the car. They always have to answer some stupid question," she said. Then quickly added, "Never mind. Forget it. I've got to hang up now. Bart is getting impatient. He wants me to do the groundwork on a straight guy he's been pretending not to cruise. Like I said, I'm tired of doing favors. But how can you say no to a friend? Take care. I'll keep in touch."

Click.

At that point Dane shared her tiredness. At that point he shared some of her paranoia. It wasn't necessary that he receive letters from a mad person. It was sufficient that he had read, that day, of the mass wedding of 4000 Moonies, of the hero's welcome accorded a home-coming hijacker.

On the television screen the newsreader appeared to be smirking at some off-camera joke.

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By day eight, the toll of leapers had risen to 13, although one was a window-cleaner who, it was believed, had fallen accidentally.

From noon to 2pm daily, the inner-city canyons echoed with the scream of sirens. The media referred to the series of suicides as a "flurry", a word usually applied to a spate of UFO sightings. Many lunchtime shoppers took to carrying radios in order to keep abreast of events while some of the younger, more adventurous, resorted to wearing roller skates and to riding skateboards as a means of moving speedily from locale to locale.

The afternoon dailies had begun keeping a box-score of victims on page one and a weekend tabloid scheduled an article in which several eminent sociologists, psychologists and behavioral scientists would attempt to isolate possible reasons for the epidemic. A link would be sought between the leapers of Sydney and the sharp increase in suicides in Los Angeles on those days when a Santa Ana wind blows. The self-destruction there, however, it would be pointed out, was not confined to jumpers. The popular theory was that the Santa Ana, a hot, dry foehn wind, carried heavy concentrations of positive ions creating temporary but widespread nervousness, depression, irrational conduct. Those already near the edge were often driven over it. As Sydney is not subject to winds of such a malevolent nature, the Santa Ana effect, whilst of curiosity value, seemed not to apply.

By the time he read the article, Dane would have moved into a realm of thinking which was alien to him, yet curiously seductive. By the time he read the piece he would be toying with the idea of some darker, more sinister force at work on the city.

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The stillness and the silence of Lloyd Floyd's beach house contrasted too suddenly, too sharply with Dane's customary environment. The place made him uneasy, jittery.

By day eight, the toll of leapers had risen to 13, although one was a window-cleaner who, it was believed, had fallen accidentally.

It was not by chance that he'd driven there alone in the late afternoon, not without design that the girl's arrival had been deferred until the next day. He wasn't sure he liked her. He liked her not knowing very much about him, and he liked knowing that Lloyd Floyd considered her hot property but he was not certain that he actually liked *her*.

That night he was drawn again into what had become a recurring dream, a succession of images, disturbing, repellent, yet from which he invariably woke in a state of sexual arousal. The scenario had implanted itself insidiously in his mind not long after he first noticed how close Julia and Samantha had grown, how frequently they exchanged glances, whispered confidences, how often they touched.

Hugs hello. Kisses goodbye.

He had begun to feel like an outsider and yet it had been a feeling he could not, at first, verbalise. When, finally, he did, the images had already taken control, influencing his words in a way he had not intended. Shortly after, he had moved out of the house which the three of them shared. The dream, however, had moved out with him. While waiting for the girl to arrive, he lay in a hammock on the sundeck of the beach house and tried to lose himself in a new Forsyth novel. But even as he read, he grew aware of birds gathering in the surrounding trees, lorikeets, dozens, perhaps hundreds of them. And although he'd scattered no crumbs, they soon began diving and swooping past his line of vision, diving and swooping over and over until he felt encircled by plummeting plumage, a ferocity of wings.

When, eventually, the girl arrived, she appeared, in the daylight, to be even blonder than he had remembered from their one previous outing, dinner in a dimly-lit restaurant. On that occasion her conversation had, at first, been colored with feminist rhetoric but by the end of the evening it had moderated, paled to comments like, "When I'm with creative men, I almost always find that I have not lost my capacity for surprise." Since she had not elaborated, the inference he drew from that statement had seemed to impose on him nebulous yet pressing expectations.

Because by the time the girl arrived, the sky had become overcast and a chilly wind whipped spray from the nearby ocean, Dane set alight the logs in the fireplace and they sprawled together on the hearth-rug and ate cheese and crackers and shared a joint. "My agent wants me to test for a part that's coming up in a soap," she said. "How do you think Lloyd would feel about losing you?" he asked. She gazed at him blankly. "My agent also wants me to change the color of my hair," she said.

He studied her as, later, she slowly undressed him, trickily shucking her own clothes at the same time. He was struck by how pale and fragile she looked beside his tanned and hairy body, how almost-pubescent she appeared, like one of those child-women in David Hamilton photographs.

She went to work on him with her hands, her tongue, her mouth.

As if from a distance, he heard the girl speak. "I have a girlfriend I think you'd like," she said. And then, after a few moments, "Maybe I can get her to come away with us for a weekend. I mean. . . if you're interested."

When he did not answer, she resumed fellating him, an act she performed with what, he concluded, was either enthusiasm or a good impression of it.

And when, eventually, he felt orgasm imminent, it seemed somehow subordinate to his other constricting urgency which was to pack his belongings into the car and head back to the city before the lorikeets again started gathering, again started diving and swooping.

Here I stand,
Watching the tide go out,
So all alone and blue, So all alone and blue,
Just dreaming dreams of you. . .

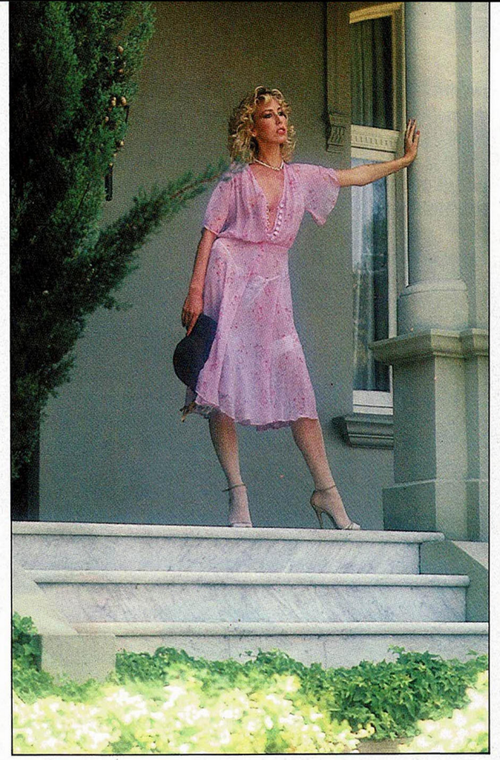
Samantha's voice swirled around Dane,

(continued on page 114)

Typically Tania

Perth-born Tania Rose has been dancing since she was eight years old — and now she's gone to Paris, for the stage lights of the Lido.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICO METTBACH



Jazz, classical, highland and tap dancing all are part of the versatile Miss Rose's repertoire. After dancing in a Sydney-based French revue for three years, she decided to send an application and photos to the famed Miss Bluebell of the Lido — and was accepted poste haste!

I'll miss the beaches, of course,'' Tania told us before catching her plane to Paris. ''But my ultimate goal is still to get a bit of land here in Australia.'' Is she worried about the big move overseas? ''I'm like a cat,'' she laughs, ''I always land on my feet.''

THE DINGO DIDN'T DO IT

how forensic science laid a myth to rest

It was, perhaps, two am, although if someone had said it was three am, I wouldn't have argued. The hour no longer mattered. Time was merely the space between drinks. I suppose I hadn't looked at my watch since 8.36pm. There was no mistake about that time. . . 8.36 on a hot and steamy night in Darwin. James Henry Muirhead, Acting Chief Justice of the Northern Territory Supreme Court, had leaned forward on the bench to ask of the jury: "Do you find the accused, Alice Lynne Chamberlain, guilty or not guilty on the charge of murder?" "Guilty," said the foreman. His head remained bowed as he repeated the word on the charge against Pastor Michael Chamberlain of being an accessory after the fact. The time was 8.36 on my digital watch. It was the first minute in a life sentence for Lindy Chamberlain. Now it was two or three am and I was in an establishment, part disco, part

article by james oram

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVIS/FARRELL

dedicated drinking den, when the music stopped.

"Hey," the resident disc jockey shrieked through the sound system in the manner of a man about to impart momentous information, "I've got great news." The talking, the lying, the cuddling, the drinking, the dancing stopped.

"The dingo's been acquitted," shouted the disc jockey.

And the patrons who had been talking, lying, cuddling, drinking and dancing began to applaud and cheer, actually clapped their hands and hollered, for Chrissake, because a woman eight months and 20 days pregnant had been jailed for life for killing her 10-week-old daughter.

It wasn't Jack the Ripper who had been sentenced. It wasn't a sexual pervert or a mass murderer or a mutilator who had been sent to Berrimah Jail on the outskirts of Darwin, but an attractive, dark-haired woman with far-away eyes, a 34-year-old mother of two living children.

Such was the impact the trial of Lindy Chamberlain had on Australia. When I returned from Darwin, I found that reactions around the country had been much the same. People had clapped and cheered. Some had wept. But mostly they had applauded the verdict, at least for a few days, then the doubts had set in and people questioned whether justice had been done in Darwin. Petitions were organised, marches were held in support of Lindy Chamberlain, who was by now an inmate of the 10-cell women's section of Berrimah Jail, described by the deputy-superintendent, Ed Keogh, as being not unlike a spartan motel. It was as though people had had their sport, their excitement during the trial, but were appalled at the end result.

What did they expect for murder? That the guilty person be rapped over the knuckles and told not to do it again? Quite likely!

For the events surrounding the disappearance of Azaria Chamberlain, the two inquests and the trial were surrounded by so much emotion and so much public participation, they became a part of the daily lives of Australians, like *Sons and Daughters* or *A Country Practice*.

But the Chamberlain trial was real. And the reality of it dawned on Australia at 8.36 on a Friday night in Darwin.

Why? Why did the public become so involved, then so passionately divided over the case?

There are many answers, and one may have something to do with the suspicion with which Australians look at men and women of science. Above all else, the Chamberlain case was a triumph for forensic science. The scientists had been stung by criticism of their work earlier in the case, and were determined to correct the impression that they were a pack of bunglers. They began investigations of their own. They spent their spare time on research and slowly, carefully, built up a case they believed was strong enough to convict the Chamberlains.

But much of their evidence was hard to digest, being highly technical and containing many long words that could have been in Swahili for all the sense the average Australian could make out of them. Some people began to feel they were being bamboozled by science; they became suspicious, resentful, preferred to believe the simple statements of ordinary people called as witnesses.

That's one answer. But others go back to the beginning of time, to the magic and legends and the desert where it all began. . .

●

Look carefully at the rocks, listen closely to the words of the old men, and you can see where Kulpunya passed by. There on a cliff face are his footprints, on a boulder the cavities of his ears and nose, at a rockhole the place where he waited, ready to attack. And over there, beside the bloodwood tree, is where his snapping jaws tore apart the Mala people in another time.

Lindy Chamberlain knew something about the animals. She had written a thesis on dogs, could identify 70 species of the canine family.

"Nah, I can't see nuthin'," says the tourist, clutching his white can of Carlton. "Looks like a lot of bloody rock to me. Let's get back to the bar."

Wait! Wait and listen to the story of Kulpunya, the spirit dingo. Even through the eye of a can, you may understand.

Kulpunya was the creation of the Windulka, those known as the mulga-seed people, who lived on the western end of what is now the Petermann Ranges. A hideous creature, he was the size of an adult dingo, but the body was hairless except along its back and at the point of its tail. The teeth were enormous, capable of crushing human bones as if they were chalk.

He had been created from mulga branches and sticks, from the teeth of a marsupial mole and the tail of a bandicoot, from women's hair woven along his back. During the day, songs of magic were sung to fill the creature with the spirit of evil; in the dark hours, he was left alone to develop.

The Windulka looked upon their creation and were all pleased; the medicine men had performed mightily to fill Kulpunya with hatred and malice.

Then in the morning, the spirit dingo was ordered to Uluru, known since the coming of the white man as Ayers Rock. Kulpunya's mission was one of revenge. The Windulka had invited the Mala people of Ayers Rock to take part in one of their ceremonies, but more importantly to bring with them Kudrun, their eagle chick. In the ancient ceremonies, the down of an eagle chick was much prized.

The Mala were indignant. If the Windulka were too lazy, too incompetent, to hunt for their own eagle chick they certainly were not getting Kudrun. Instead they replied to the Windulka by sending an insulting package of white ash.

So Kulpunya was sent against the Mala, arriving at their camp about midday. Kulpunya first destroyed Kudrun the eagle chick by ripping its body in half. Then he tore to pieces the women and children in the main camp and the old men and some initiates at another site. Some of the initiates escaped, taking with them their ceremonial pole.

See those chasms on the north-western corner of the Rock? They are the footmarks of the initiates as they dragged the pole away. That large column of rock thrusting upward between them is the ceremonial pole.

"Sounds like bullshit to me," says the tourist, carefully throwing away his can so that it lands close to a Do Not Litter notice. "I've got a funnier story. Do you know what's the height of impertinence? You don't? Well, it's a dingo trying to cash a child endowment cheque."

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The night of August 17, 1980, was cold, with that seeping chill only the desert can produce. There was still grit in the air from the wind that had whined across the sand and spinifex during the day. Around Ayers Rock, the dingoes, maybe 150 of them, were restless, the bitches were whelping and with the lizards still hibernating, food was short and they were hungry.

The dingoes knew food was available around the Uluru camping ground, a miserable, bleak stretch of desert about four kilometres from the Rock. The animals had often scavenged there, had even been fed by hand, even though there was a notice forbidding tourists to do so.

Michael Chamberlain, a pastor of the Seventh Day Adventist Church in Mt Isa, and his wife, Lindy, who were camped in a small tent with their children Aidan, six, Reagan, four, and Azaria, 10 weeks, had seen several dingoes that day. They weren't worried by them. Lindy Chamberlain knew something about the animals. According to her husband, she had written a thesis on dogs, could identify 70 species of the canine family.

Reagan and Azaria had been put to bed while the rest of the family gathered at a barbecue area about 21 metres away. Michael Chamberlain thought he heard a noise from the tent.

Lindy went to investigate, then screamed: "My God, my God, the dingo's got my baby."

(continued on page 140)

LAURIE HOGAN'S UTOPIA

restructuring the continent of australia is a big man's job

Imagine a secret army of fiercely practical technocrats whose hearts and minds burn with one purpose: to make

article by frank robson

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PHILIP QUIRK

Australia the smartest, richest and most powerful nation on earth.

Amid the financial chaos and creeping fears of Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four* (minus one), the army's recruiting vanguard works swiftly; its extraordinary but simple message comforting and guiding a people adrift within a system they no longer understand.

At first the message attracts what could be called pragmatic dreamers — those who visualise a bountiful, happy future despite the omens, and whose optimism is unshaken by man's historic flair for screwing up. Their vision of Utopia is based on exploitation of the nation's economic resources for the good of all. Their enemies are those who would confuse and cloud the vision with party politics or emotional "worldview" rhetoric.

The army grows, and as it does, the architects of Utopia sense the need for a NATIONAL THOUGHT to express the collective goal. It must be succinct and meaningful to endure 200 years as a catchword for cohesive effort. It must pierce the national psyche and, by its very sound, enforce each believer's commitment.

On farms, racetracks, sportsfields. . . in homes, factories and offices across the land, the National Thought is this: FOR YOU, FOR ME — FOR EAP!

The technocrat army exists in Australia today. It has between 4000 and 5000 members and calls itself the Engineered Australia Party (EAP). In 1979, the army's blueprint for existence was published in the form of a slim hardcover book, *Man Made Mountain,* by Sydney engineer, Laurie Hogan.

The book is difficult to summarise briefly because it calls for a public works program that would literally transform the face and guts of Australia. A program beside which the Great Wall of China and the pyramids seem modest achievements.

Man Made Mountain outlines a 200-year plan to transform the arid heart of the nation into verdant farms and forests, to construct 48 cities of one million souls each, to lay 44,000km of highway linking the cities, to construct a man-made mountain 1780km long and 2km high stretching north-south across the spine of the continent at longitude 130°.

In the air-conditioned bowels of the mountain, great furnaces would smelt Australia's enormous mineral reserves into a storable nest-egg against which the nation's new economy would be based. . . together with a 10-year supply of stored grain: insurance against starvation if nuclear war forced the population into the mountain's luxurious fall-out shelters.

As a symbol of the plan, man-made mountain would also change weather patterns to assist with transformation of deserts to gardens and farms whose produce will feed us — and the world's needy — for centuries. The Hogan plan envisages a silicon chip democracy in which closed-circuit television modules would be fitted to every home. At the push of a button, citizens would vote out lazy or self-seeking politicians, or express their views on current issues.

To construct the steel and concrete framework for Utopia, the EAP would bring in 400,000 migrants a year until the year 2178, when projected population would be 90 million.

These are but the barebones of history's most extravagant political platform. . . election promises unrivalled by Churchill, Roosevelt and Adolf Hitler.

But when the EAP stands its first candidates in our next Federal elections, they will not be directly promising any of these engineered wonders in return for your vote. In the straight-talking, colloquial language of their ilk, the engineers, surveyors, plumbers and draughtsmen of EAP will implore decent, clear-thinking Australians to accept their plan as the *basis* of salvation from the consequences of no plan at all.

In the air-conditioned bowels of the mountain, great furnaces would smelt Australia's mineral reserves into a storable nest-egg.

To make the plan work, they will follow the pattern of five years of televised propaganda (from loosely-connected sources) which has nagged Australians to "have a go", "be in it", "do the right thing" and so on.

Patriotism is essential; if the plausible action men of EAP can win the hearts of Australians — make them *feel* this plan is a "goer" — the winning of minds (and who can make his mind up anymore?) won't matter.

FOR YOU, FOR ME — FOR EAP! is a projected slogan, but there are other slogans being used now, very effectively, by the EAP recruiting machine: "A Plan for all Australians — the Needy and the Greedy! A Country of Haves and Have-Mores, Instead of Haves and Have-Nots!"

At its inception, EAP stood for Engineered Australia Plan — and in 1979, when Laurie Hogan's book drew widespread (but brief) media interest, Hogan believed existing political parties would be interested in the plan. To a man, they were not. So Hogan changed Plan to Party and a new slogan was born: Bugger You — We'll Start Our Own Party!

For more than a year, Hogan and four 10-man "administration boards" of grass roots EAP supporters have worked to establish promotional and legal bases in Sydney, Melbourne and Brisbane. In late November last year, Hogan addressed a group of Wollongong iron workers, suggesting there were better ways to secure their futures than kicking down the doors of Parliament House. He has won support for EAP from prominent business leaders and miraculously, some union leaders.

Now, with a Federal election looming, Hogan is organising large-scale public rallies up and down the eastern seaboard. . . still with the belief that spontaneous public support for EAP will convince incumbent pollies to take up the cause.

With recession lurching toward depression, and seers predicting a slow and painful recovery (for reasons few seem to understand), EAP's push into the public eye is timely but not coincidental. Businesses large and small are closing; the hallowed *Women's Weekly* has become the women's monthly and highly-paid US economists are cruising the lecture circuit forecasting the collapse of the Australian banking system this year. Under these conditions, it's easy to imagine a groundswell of support for the technocrat army and its no-nonsense theme of self-help to achieve Utopia. God knows how, but Laurie Hogan, 52, combines his planning for EAP with full-time employment as a civil engineer with Sydney's Willoughby Municipal Council. His workplace — the council works depot in Artarmon — is entirely appropriate as EAP Headquarters: a massive smoke and grease-stained building of crashing machinery, acrid welding vapors and boiler-suited men.

Overlooking the ant-like toilers from his office on an upper level, Hogan is tall and fleshy in a badly cut (but sensibly comfortable) two-piece suit. His appearance, speech and mannerisms confirm a middle-class Australian of working class origins. . . a "doer", as he will often remind you, whose blunt language and practicality don't always conceal the dreamer whose grandiose vision would change the world.

When I arrived at the works depot, Hogan ushered me into a meeting chamber, turned on a 10-minute introductory EAP tape and vanished. Soft electronic music tinkled, a calm and well-modulated voice described European settlement in Australia as "the batting of an eyelid" in measured time, spoke of "the bronzed and lean young men who fought and who died so that this country would fulfill its destiny". . . "undeveloped wealth. . . can finance a plan to advance Australia into greatness". . .

Downstairs in the depot, machines crashed. The soothing voice flowed on: "The right wing bears left and the left wing bears right. . . they meet in the middle to advance on the path to a new and prosperous Australia. . . the finance for EAP is down there, our mineral wealth, coupled with the muscle of Australians (guitar chords). Our next step is Man Made Mountain (dramatic pause). . . now this is PRETTY BIG. . . symbol of the whole project (music builds and peaks as the tape ends and Laurie Hogan clumps into the chamber and settles at the end of the big oval table).

Hogan summarises The Plan on the hypothesis that EAP would begin to function the following week:

Step One — every union in the country (about 300) is represented at an open forum where government, industry and union bosses set about establishing a national wage, based on minimum rates bolstered by margins of skill. When unions have agreed on a national wage, they are asked to reduce their numbers drastically — to perhaps 10 unions. This will be tricky, Hogan concedes, and will depend upon massive support for The Plan among rank and file workers (FOR YOU, FOR ME — FOR EAP!).

Step Two — this phase is for gearing up and structuring an entirely new economic system around the base wage. The economy would be split into two sections: A and B. "A" economy runs as it is at present, covering all aspects of trade and commerce, to be known as the EXTERNAL ECONOMY. "B" economy is the internal financial system, running to the EAP plan for an economy based on the muscle and undeveloped wealth of the nation. Like Jack Lang (former NSW Premier) and Major C.H. Douglas (father of "social credit") Hogan envisages a money system based on a goods, not a gold, standard.

This simply means that money is a claim to goods, of no intrinsic value itself. Its value derives from the production of goods (employment) and the existence in adequate quantities of the goods (consumer and natural resources) to which money is a claim. "B" economy money will have two stripes across the bills, indicating they are of no value outside Australian territory, with the effect that all materials used in the EAP project would be of local origin.

Step Three — while a "prime pump" of "B" economy money is introduced to the system, government-backed orders for unprecedented amounts of steel would go out to local producers, including multinational companies if they choose to remain within the two-economy system.

Government planners following the EAP blueprint would order construction of dams (equivalent to about nine more Snowy River schemes) right along the eastern coast, and the channelling of water reserves inland to begin the greening of deserts.

At this stage, according to The Plan, unemployment has been wiped out. Work has commenced on the recycling of waste products and the conversion of sewage waste to fertiliser for newly arable inland areas. Also under construction are 44,000 km of highway to link up (much later in the 200-year plan) 48 cities built around central lakes and each specialising in a particular type of industry: Vehicle City, Wool City, Aviation City, Electronics City. . . and so on.

Most major construction projects would follow a vast grid-pattern drilling of the continent to gauge — and then mine — mineral resources. Mining would be done by Australian companies financed by government loans. . . labor, by this stage, is bolstered by an immigration program attracting new settlers from Europe (for expertise) and Asian countries.

As mining finishes on each site, other experts move in to create, with latest technology, 180,000 farms of 2000ha each to help feed the nation and to contribute to stockpiles of non-perishable tucker (grain, etc) inside Man Made Mountain — a mind-boggling earth-moving project that would rise from the one-time deserts across the continent's spine in pace with the rest of The Plan.

The mountain represents Hogan's view of Fortress Australia and an underground city of stored resources and manufacturing industries. . .it is, he emphasises, the symbol of The Plan and "the most vital segment of EAP".

There is much more to EAP than we've just summarised. But let's not overdose on engineering. . . The Plan itself is of little interest unless it, or something like it, might one day suit the mood and needs of Oz. From a technical viewpoint, I'm told, The Plan — in all its magnificent detail and dovetailing facets — is brilliant, one of the most intelligently researched 'gameplans' ever devised for survival in the space age. But it is somehow *disturbing,* even when you've pondered the thing long enough to accept, in theory, the enormity of its scope.

The Plan requires a national commitment as awesome and binding as the public works program it espouses. There is no overall precedent.

What concerns me — a nitpicker from way back — is the human element, how humans would fare spiritually as apparent adjuncts to engineering's brave new world. Hogan and his technocrats are action men. Their language is peppered with references to "whacking a dam in here" or "ramming a road through there" etc. In these times of incomprehensible technology, when world events flash and fade like strobe lights but illuminate nothing, a government of engineers with a solid plan for material Utopia sounds just the shot.

But naturally The Plan requires a national commitment as awesome and binding as the public works program it espouses. Hogan says there is no overall precedent for EAP, only for parts of it. A precedent for cohesive human commitment to a vision, he adds, is how Hitler took Germany from nothing to creation of the most formidable war machine ever known.

Hogan says he is not concerned that this example represents a fascist regime; he cites it only to show what central planning can achieve. . . "if you can get people to think along one direction." Hogan seems a sane and decent man who refers often to the importance of increased freedoms for individuals. But his own examples of national unity involved nightmares of persecution and organised thuggery in the name of maintaining that unity. . . and of course Hogan's lifespan is such that he, and the rest of us, would be dust long before The Plan was halfway complete.

National unity as an eroder of individual freedoms is in no way a fascist monopoly: totalitarianism works as well for socialist economies as it does for free enterprise regimes. If Hogan is reading this, you can bet he'll be rolling his eyes at my petty inability to see the broad view; details, for a man who would "set an example for the world" are an understandable irritant. To be specific, then, these are the aspects of EAP that don't sit well:

- National service for EAP: "All young Australian (school-leavers) would spend two years working totally for the EAP. . . everyone is totally committed and made aware of what we are doing to make this island continent work for us.

"Everybody is made to feel excited about the prospect of turning arid wilderness into fruitful gardens, to feel the *magic* of what we are doing, so that at the end of each day every single person engaged in the EAP has that most wonderful of all feelings: I have achieved something today. . .

". . . Every single person is aware of the contribution that every other person is making to the EAP and it engenders total co-operation because everyone wants to play a part and be a part of the making of this great new nation."

- Hogan's reference to the need for a NATIONAL THOUGHT for cohesive action. Perhaps in the future these things will be seen differently: right now I would hate to share in any such hype.
- Likewise, Hogan's expressed belief that identity cards are inevitable. He may be right — but let's not line up for labelling until we have to.
- Hogan's comment: "We don't want to see any unemployment in Australia. . . don't want the mentality where people expect to be born on to earth, do nothing and leave it. To become consumers of food and exuders of excreta."
- Hogan estimates that to succeed, The Plan would require participation by 60 percent of the population. . . "the others could go their own way. They would have to come up with their own alternative. If you run on to the field wearing a guernsey, you gotta play on the team. If you don't you can bugger off. . . go back somewhere."

The problem with this — an admittedly tiny detail at this early stage — is that all the

(continued on page 112)

LIVING ON THE DEFAULT LINE

can't make those repayments? don't worry about it — nor can the rest of the world

UNTIL SEPTEMBER 10 of 1970 I was a banker, head of a group of banks in Basel, Zurich, Geneva, Lugano and Luxemburg, with joint ventures brewing in Scandinavia and the Far East, all this affiliated with the eighth largest banking entity in the United States. Heady stuff for a 38-year-old fellow. By noon of the same day it was all over. The Swiss police had arrested me. The charge, at least the eventual charge: my bank had lost US$50 million in unauthorised speculation in precious metals and commodities. Since I had both founded the bank and run it as CEO, the theory was that I had engineered this financial misadventure. So I spent the next 10 months in a medieval dungeon while they tried to prove it. After they let me out, I left Switzerland hurriedly and banking permanently and embarked upon a new life as a novelist, first in England, then in California. Almost every day now somebody comes up to me and says, "Erdman, that was the best thing that ever happened to you." They're probably right. Banking has become a highly dangerous profession. I was warned early on that being a Swiss banker meant you always had one foot in jail. If I were to issue a warning to bankers today, it would be that being a banker *anywhere* means that you have one foot in the bankruptcy court. Someone wittier than I has

article by paul erdman

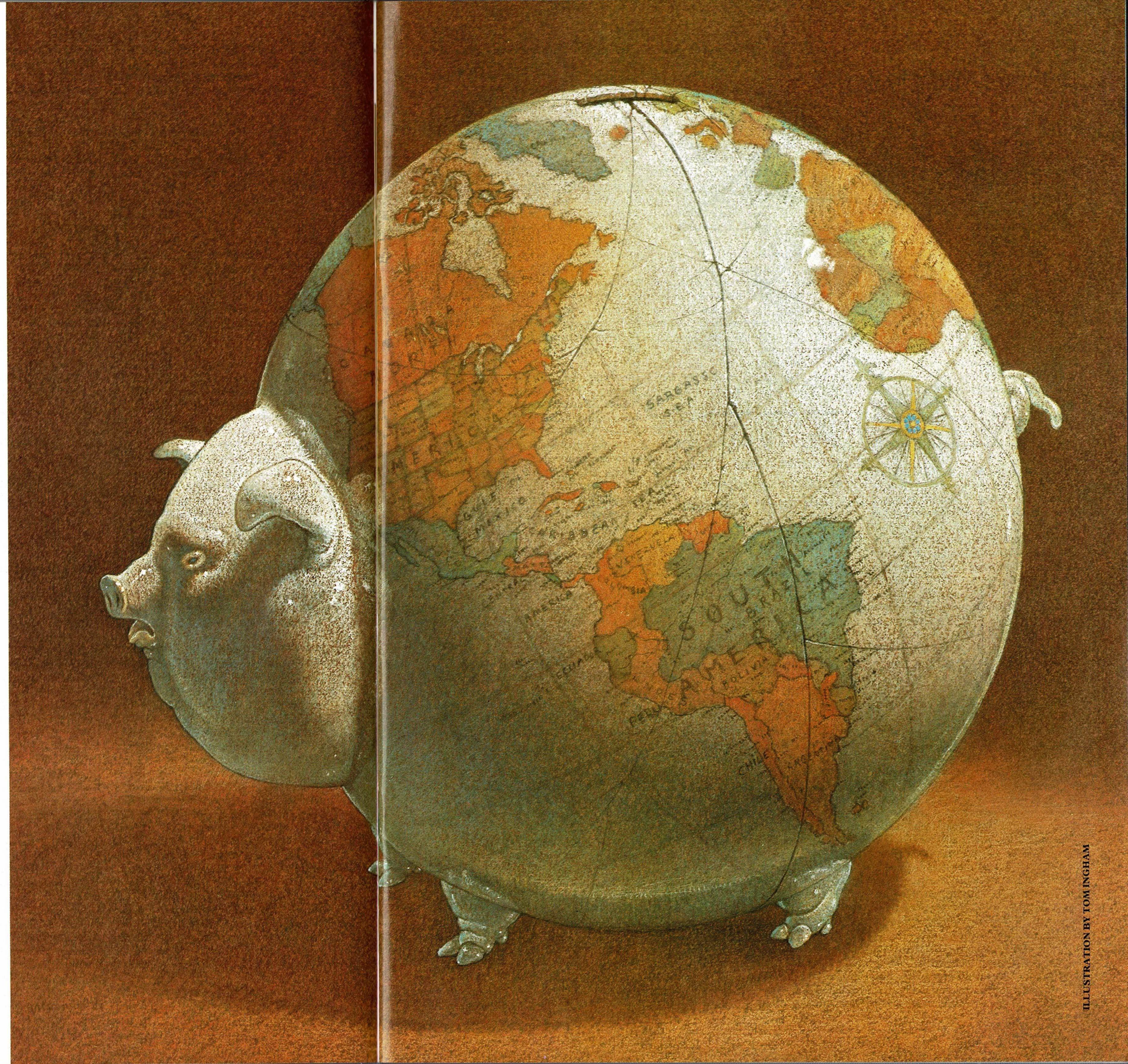

ILLUSTRATION BY TOM INGHAM

suggested that today's global banking situation is one in which the world's great financial institutions have come to the edge of a great abyss and are about to take a giant step forward. The ugly word that haunts every banker on every continent these days is *default*.

The size of potential defaults facing the men running Chase Manhattan of New York or Continental Bank of Chicago or the Royal Bank of Canada in Toronto or the Dresdner Bank in Frankfurt are of such staggering proportions that it makes the little accident I had with my bank in Switzerland, involving a lousy $50 million, look *literally* like peanuts. Yet in 1970, mine was the biggest banking scandal in the entire world.

To put the *current* situation into perspective, if just one more major country — Brazil, a borderline case — were to join three other countries already in *de facto* default — namely Mexico, Argentina and Poland — the endangered loans by the Western financial system to this foursome alone would total US$231 billion. If you add up the amounts which all of the Third World and Eastern Europe owe to us (both of those regions being regarded as potential cases), you end up with a grand total of $735 billion.

American banks are probably on the line for a third of that. And it is the 10 largest banks in the United States, the so-called money centre banks, which have lent the lion's share. To get an idea of how exposed they are, consider this: the total *combined* capital, or shareholders' equity, of those 10 banks as of the end of last year was $22.6 billion. If you lose your capital, you must close your doors as a bank. One country alone, Mexico, owes those 10 banks $12.9 billion, or almost exactly 57 percent of that buffer which stands between them and bankruptcy. Mexico is broke. Which is why a lot of bankers today wish they were novelists.

•

How did the world's banks get into this state of global crisis? As with so many of our current woes, it started in 1973 with oil. When the price went from $2 to $10 a barrel, a lot of countries got very rich overnight — countries such as Saudi Arabia and Kuwait and Venezuela and Nigeria, ie, the lesser-developed countries (LDCs) *with* oil. A lot of other nations got poor or poorer — such as Zaire and Argentina and Pakistan, ie, the LDCs *without* oil. The countries of the former group were piling up oil income much faster than they could spend it, while the latter countries were suddenly paying energy import bills five times the size they had been used to, draining even further their limited foreign exchange resources.

The obvious solution would have been for the rich LDCs with oil to lend some of their surplus dollars to the poor LDCs. But that would have been too logical. Plus the fact that the Arabs aren't dumb. Why take the risk of lending money to basket cases?

Enter creative financing, masterminded by the hotshots from Chase and Citibank and Manufacturers Hanover. Lend the money to us, they told the fellows in Riyahd, and *we* will lend it to the basket cases. Sovereign loans are what they called them. And their reasoning was this: people go broke, companies go broke, even banks, God help us, sometimes go broke — but countries *never* do. Right? How safe can you get? And to whom else can you lend billions at one crack and thus save an enormous amount of paperwork. Only countries, that's who.

So the immense supply of surplus petrodollars created its own demand in the form of sovereign loans. The money poured into the banks from OPEC countries and the men in their pin-stripe suits got onto Pan Am and headed for darkest Africa, remotest Latin America, searching for sovereign nations who would take some of those billions off their hands — at at least a percentage point over the rate they were paying the Arabs, plus enormous front-end

Today's global banking situation is one in which the world's great financial institutions have come to an abyss and are about to step forward.

fees. They found them quickly enough. Peru took a couple of billion. Brazil took a couple of tens of billions. Zaire, Argentina, Costa Rica, Pakistan — the list never ended. Then the bankers of Germany, fearing that their greedy American competitors were in the process of wrapping up the whole world, discovered Eastern Europe. Hell, if Brazil was good for $40 billion, Poland must be good for at least $20 billion. And if Poland was good for $20 billion, then Rumania and Hungary had to be good for half that.

So it went between 1973 and 1977. By the end of that period, Western bank loans to LDCs and Eastern Europe had gone from almost scratch to over $250 billion. Then came the second oil "shock". The price of crude, which seemingly had stablised in the $10 range, suddenly zoomed to $20 a barrel, then $30, then $40. The OPEC surpluses quadrupled. And there was not an energy expert on earth who was not firmly, indisputably, irrevocably forecasting that $60 and then $80 and then $100 a barrel were inevitable, probably by as early as the mid-1980s. Which meant that there would be money galore gushing out of the Arabian peninsula into the hands of the world's bankers *ad infinitum*. So they scrambled around the world ever faster, lining up takers willing to pledge their country, maybe now for the tenth time, as collateral for yet another sovereign loan. Result: between 1977 and 1980 the banks *doubled* their borrowings from the Arabs and also *doubled* their lendings to the LDCs and Communist Europe — bringing the grand total to well over one half trillion dollars.

Then came a new wrinkle. Heretofore the oil-producing LDCs had been the *suppliers* of funds to the banks and the non-oil producing LDCs had been the borrowers of the same funds from the same banks. Beginning in 1979, that changed. Nigeria, Mexico, Venezuela — oil-rich nations if there ever were such — suddenly decided that if the price of oil was inevitably headed toward $100 a barrel, then they might as well lie back and enjoy it. Emulate the Yankees' formula for success: buy now, pay later.

So they embarked upon massive development programs financed 50-50 cash/debt — one half coming from their current oil income, the other half financed by borrowing dollars from the banks of the developed world. Mexico borrowed $81 billion; Venezuela took $36 billion; Indonesia, $22 billion; the Philippines, $18 billion; Nigeria, $10 billion.

As a result, Mexico became the fastest-growing nation on earth. Venezuela was second. Everybody was happy, especially the bankers. What better borrowers could be found than sovereign states with the highest economic growth rates on earth and hundreds of billions of dollars worth of oil in the ground?

And then came the oil glut.

Instead of soaring from $40 a barrel to $60 a barrel like everybody said it would, the oil price went back down to $35 and then $32. The projected oil income of the oil-producing LDCs collapsed along with the price. The resulting problem was compounded by the fact that these countries had borrowed short-term even though the development projects they were financing were, by definition, long-term. Thus, in 1982 alone, Mexico was committed to repay the banks of the developed world $29.2 billion in the form of either interest or short-term debt which had already come due. As a result of capital flight from the country, Mexico had lost all its gold and dollar reserves, and its oil income in 1982 was only $14 billion. So the Mexican government had no choice but to join the list of nations that already had gone into default in that critical year of 1982, when the global financial house started to fall apart.

In order of the magnitude of their *de facto* default, the countries then in chapter II were: Mexico, Argentina, Poland, Rumania, Peru, Vietnam, Costa Rica, Sudan, Zaire, Bolivia, Pakistan, Togo, Senegal, Honduras, Madagascar, Guyana, Malawi, Sierra Leone, Uganda, Liberia and the Central African Republic.

To give you an idea of how rapidly such a

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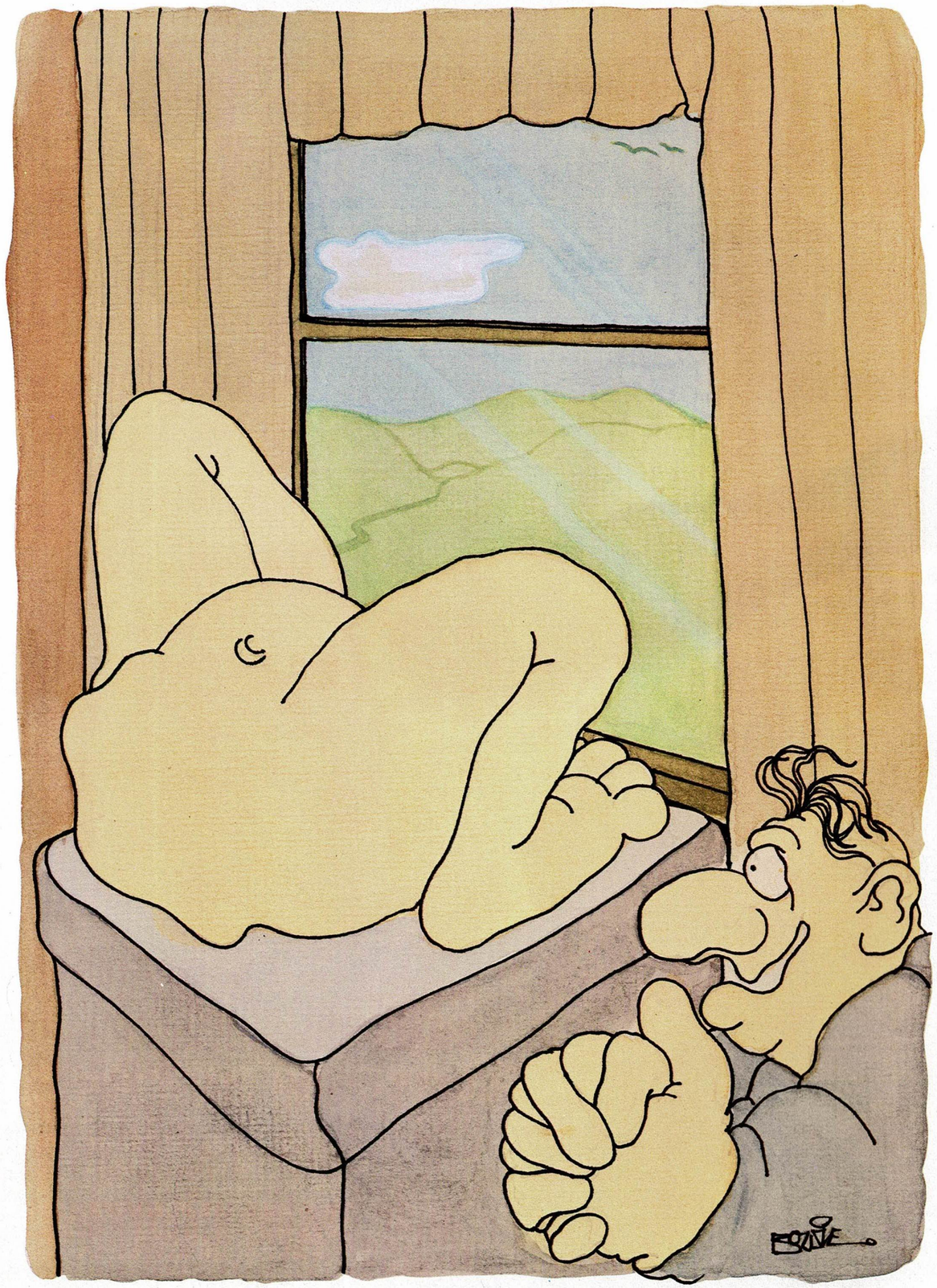


"Oh, boy! What I've always wanted. . . a womb with a view."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ROWAN FOTHERINGHAM

MISSION IMPOSSIBLE PART TWO: THE PAIN CONTINUES

down, but not out, playboy's arthritic athletes are running out of time

article by phil jarratt and allan moult

I'VE JUST come back from my run. Nothing special, just a regular training run like I've been doing almost every day for the past 15 weeks. In fact today was a short run day — just a five-miler, eight kilometres around the hilly backstreets where I live. Why then do I feel like crying tears of blood? Like hacking my legs off at the source of all this pain and happily coming to terms with life in bed? Why do I hate my wife and kids because they don't understand me, and why do they hate me just because I yell, scream, throw tantrums and never smile? Hey, because

I'm a Marathon Man, that's why. I'm in training and when you're in training it's okay to be an arsehole.

No one ever said it was going to be easy, but when I entered into this marathon madness I must confess I hadn't given much thought to the toll such an effort takes from the body of a non-athlete like myself. Let me give you a brief history.

Having devastated the field to finish 5313th in the Sydney City to Surf, I gave myself a well-earned two days off. On the third day, still a little stiff, I hit the road again. Halfway through the run I started to feel pain under my left kneecap. Having read all the books and ignored most of the advice, I was able to serve up an immediate self-diagnosis — runner's knee. There is a simple remedy for this common affliction. You stop running until it goes away. However, cranked up and raring to go, needing all the training I could squeeze in, I didn't regard this as an option for me. I kept running. By the end of the week I pulled up lame. I had to stop running and hobble home.

My chiropractor, acupuncturist and dietary advisor, Dean Rainer, stuck needles in my kneecap and told me to develop a longer stride. Acupuncture actually helped for a few days but I ran myself back into trouble. I was so terrified of seeing big fat ugly noughts on my running log, that I ran on days when I should have rested the knee. The pain began to depress me and I first started exhibiting the symptoms of intense marathon arsehole-itis. I was a pig to live with, but fortunately I wasn't home much. I was out on the road, clocking up the ks. First week after the City to Surf I managed a miserable 30k. The next week 51, the next 60 and the next 66.

Crook knee and all, I was grinding on towards my first goal — 80 kilometres a week. According to the sporting medico types with letters after their names, this magical figure represents the bare minimum training effort necessary for the completion of a marathon. Every expert has his own theory about how this works, but most agree that the "collapse point" in marathon running comes at the point in the race when you've run half your weekly total during the eight weeks of training leading up to the race. At 80ks a week average, that would mean I'd only have to stumble over the last 2.2ks to finish.

There's another theory — put about by hardcore masochists — that I chose to ignore. This is the theory that the collapse point is roughly equal to three times your daily average over those all-important last eight weeks. By this equation, I'm stuffed. I'm due to collapse with nine kilometres still stretched out in front of me. So we'll ignore it.

The weeks sped by and I tried to live a relatively normal life, in which my only deviation was constant stress and exhaustion. I ran from my home in Avalon, north of Sydney, to the Palm Beach lighthouse and back; I ran from Hastings Street, Noosa Heads, to Tewantin and back, then up through the national park to Alexandra Bay; I ran through Darwin's northern suburbs and along the beachfront parks to Casuarina; I ran from Legian Beach, Bali, down past the Oberoi Hotel then back along the jungle paths to the airport and down the beach to Legian again; I ran from Towradgi to Bellambi and back four times. I ran from Torquay to Bells Beach and along to Point Addis and back along the ridges to Torquay; I ran 24 laps of Whale Beach while the tide went out and started to come in again; I ran, I ran, I ran. And when I didn't run, I hobbled.

Halfway through my training program I began to have serious doubts about my ability to continue. Back I went to Dean Rainer. Rainer asked me what I was doing to compensate for the energy I was using up. I told him I'd cut down the booze and was eating a regular meal at least every second day. "You're an idiot," Rainer said, and gave me an orthomolecular diet plan. I sat down and read it and nearly puked. Holy shit. Six eggs a day, half a loaf of wholemeal bread, raw goat's milk, as much yoghurt as I could keep down, raw veges and mountains of fruit, lean meat and endless bowls of muesli.

The collapse point is roughly equal to three times your daily average. By this equation, I'm stuffed. So we'll ignore it.

"Rainer, this is clearly designed to turn me into a fat pig, thereby rendering null and void all the hard work I've done," I spluttered.

"Listen, stupid," he said, adopting the bedside manner which has made him justly famous, "you're on a suicide program. You're starving your body, and every time you run a few kilometres and use up your energy, your body starts feeding off itself."

Well, I'd never heard anything so ridiculous, but in my totally listless state I had nowhere to go but up. My wife stocked the house with the kind of food you see in restaurants around Nimbin. My secretary stocked my bar fridge with fruit salad and buttermilk. Jesus, just writing about it makes me want to gag. I started partaking of six meals a day. When I wasn't running I was eating. This made my friends and associates very happy because it's hard to vocalise your arseholiness with your mouth full of food. My day began like this: get up, stretch for five minutes and do gut wheels on the living room floor, then I'd run for maybe an hour. Five-minute kilometres up hill and down dale, thinking all the while that there was probably something important I should have been doing. . . like sleeping. Then I'd shower and sit down to a huge bowl of muesli, a handful of Healthy Life tablets, half a grapefruit, fruit juice, eggs and toast. I could smell the coffee but it was off my list. No coffee, tea or booze. Well, two out of three ain't bad. After this snack I'd storm out the door, abusing my family for making me late, and drive at great speed to Dean Rainer's surgery in order for him to put my back in place. Then on to the office, where a meal of fruit salad and yoghurt would be waiting for me.

Despite Rainer's assurances, I began to put weight back on, but at the same time I could feel my stamina building. My runs got longer. Sixteen kilometres, then 20, then 24. The 15-miler, a significant milestone and I did the first one hard, the second one not so. Somewhere between 20 and 22 kilometres I felt what may have been my own personal "wall". I ran through it but I suddenly realised that the next step, the 20-miler, was going to be a tough one.

At the time of writing — just three weeks away from the Honolulu Marathon — I still haven't run a 20-miler. Tomorrow, Sunday, the temperature is expected to be in the high 20s with very high humidity. Hawaiian weather. Tomorrow I'm going to run 20 miles, and tomorrow night I'll have a pretty good idea of my chances for the marathon. My plan is to run three 20-milers before the event. Two to get the feel of the distance, and the last one to record a reasonable time. Right now I can run 15 miles in two hours so I expect to do 20 in around 2 hours 45. Just about on target for a 3 hours 30 marathon.

There's just a slight problem: I can't walk. My legs are both shot to pieces and I'm beginning to think I've got serious disc problems. Against all advice, I think the best plan at this stage is to put on blinkers and go for it. Pain is only a state of mind. I can do it, of course I can. Last odds? A thousand to one, and blowing out fast.

— PHIL JARRATT

TRAINING? WHAT TRAINING?

IN ARDY FRIEBERG'S no-nonsense book *How To Run Your First Marathon* he outlines a 100-day program guaranteed to get any social jogger into shape. All it calls for, he claims, is about 75 hours of running spread over 100 training days. No sweat!

Having been conned into running the 1982 Honolulu Marathon so that this esteemed magazine can run a first-person report on each agonising kilometre, each strained pace, I've been trying to fit in my 100 days of training.

So far, with just over a month to go. I've barely managed to get in 100 minutes of top quality running! Instead, through circumstances and injury, I've had to train in other ways . For some weeks now I've been substituting swimming for running to keep pressure off a strained knee ligament. Aerobically, it's been a great help, but will it get me through 42 kilometres of hard road?

My training has been weird to say the least, and has included hard slogs up New Zealand mountains, cross country skiing, sailboarding, bicycling and just plain walking. I've been doing weight training with my 25kg camera bag on assignments in Africa, New Zealand and the Snowy Mountains. Lots of action — but no running.

Mentally, I'm prepared and ready. Physically, too — except for a little too much weight. Socially, it's been interesting. Thanks to Rob de Castella's mighty win at the Commonwealth Games, everyone now knows what a marathon is, even if they remain confused about the distance — and when I say no to the second steak or seventh beer because I'm in training for the marathon, I get a lot of sympathy.

And a lot of strange looks, bolstered by encouraging remarks such as: "Are you mad?", "Better you than me, mate. I want to live, not end up in a screaming heap," and "Why?"

Thinking back on my training schedule and the agony to come in Honolulu, I'm not sure why. Perhaps, it is a basic desire to get fit again. Permanently taped on my home office wall is the slogan "Think trim, taut and terrific." Perhaps after Honolulu it could read "Think tanned, trim, taut and terrific."

I've been there before. There was a long summer in Africa in the 60s. For eight months I followed the sun across the southern continent — from the long, lazy beaches of the Natal coast to the bleak, mist-laden shores of the Skeleton Coast. Fitness was part of the reward of being young and travelling light and broke.

Is that what I'm doing. . . seeking a lost youth? I think not. Since then I've discovered something else, the pleasures of the mind that go with the pleasures of the body. And if there was something missing in that hedonist long-ago African summer it was the journey of my mind. For eight months it was cut off as that fit young body did its thing with the mindless enthusiasm of a rutting stallion.

No, I'm not seeking a lost youth. It appears I am on a longer journey — back to childhood: those days when the mind and body seemed fused together and enjoyed one another. Dr George Sheehan, the ultimate running guru if ever there was one, once described his running as an activity without purpose.

He explained: "Joy comes at the peak of an experience and then always as a surprise. I cannot have joy on demand. At best, I go where I have felt it before. And that is mostly on the river road, moving at a pace I could hold forever and my mind running free. . . then I have that fusion where it all is play and I am capable of anything. I become a child." In his best seller *On Running And Being,* he quotes Norman Brown: "Man is that species of animal which has as its immortal project the recovering of its childhood." And Dr Sheehan then writes: "I will not apologise, therefore, for an activity that makes me a child. An activity that takes me away from women and business, pleasure and passion. An activity that is its own meaning. An activity without purpose."

And let's face it — running a marathon, for me at least — is an activity without purpose. I wish I could believe Olympian Frank Shorter, who claims: "Running a marathon is just like reading a good book. After a while you're just not conscious of the physical act of reading."

My training run today, before I limped to my desk to write this, was exactly one forty-second as long as that marathon due to be run next month. And it felt like I was reading *War And Peace* in Russian, with the original leather-bound and brass-cornered edition hanging from a butcher's hook in my left knee. It was the first run in three weeks — I strained the ligament running down some stairs. So, tomorrow it's back to the pool for 20 solitary laps of aerobic flip-flopping.

One blessing of the march of time is hindsight. I stopped running today when I felt the knee was being pushed too early. During long-ago summers I would have tried to run through the pain. Now I avoid the agony, and sidestep the training program; still determined to stay fit but taking a route that does not aggravate the injury. And I've got reason enough.

I've seen the agony of the marathon many times. I've heard of the wall you hit at 20 miles; the terror of the last six miles which makes the first 20 seem like a jog to the corner store by comparison. I'm in no hurry to reach the wall in training. There's a month to go before I stand with 16,000 other nervous dreamers in the pale pink light of a Honolulu dawn, waiting for the starter's gun at 6am. The 20-mile mark is somewhere along the Kalanianaole Highway. That's when I want to hurt for the first time.

I end with the thoughts of British coach Tom McNab, author of *Flanagan's Run* — the delightful best-selling book of a footrace from Los Angeles to New York in 1928, the eve of the Depression (shades of '82?) — who put the marathon in perspective for me.

"Athletics," said McNab, "is a series of fantasies bound by rigid rules, and of that series, the marathon is the greatest fantasy of all."

— ALLAN MOULT

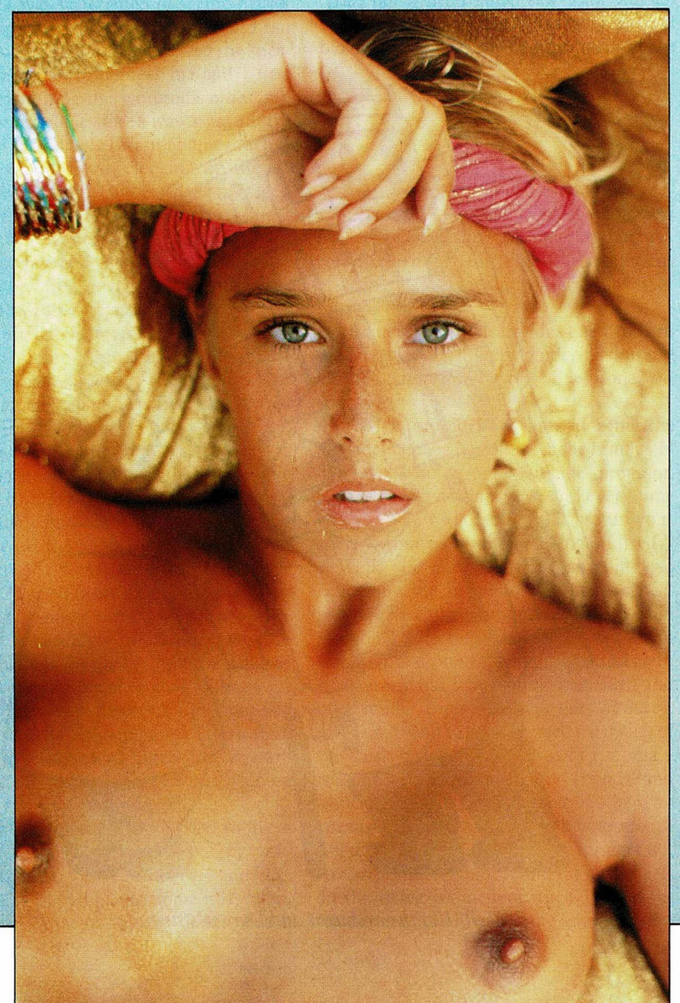
Australian Playboy's Honolulu Marathon attempt is sponsored by Pan Am and Walshes World Funrunner Tours.

"Well, I'm the architect and I say it's straight!"

UP, UP AND AWAY

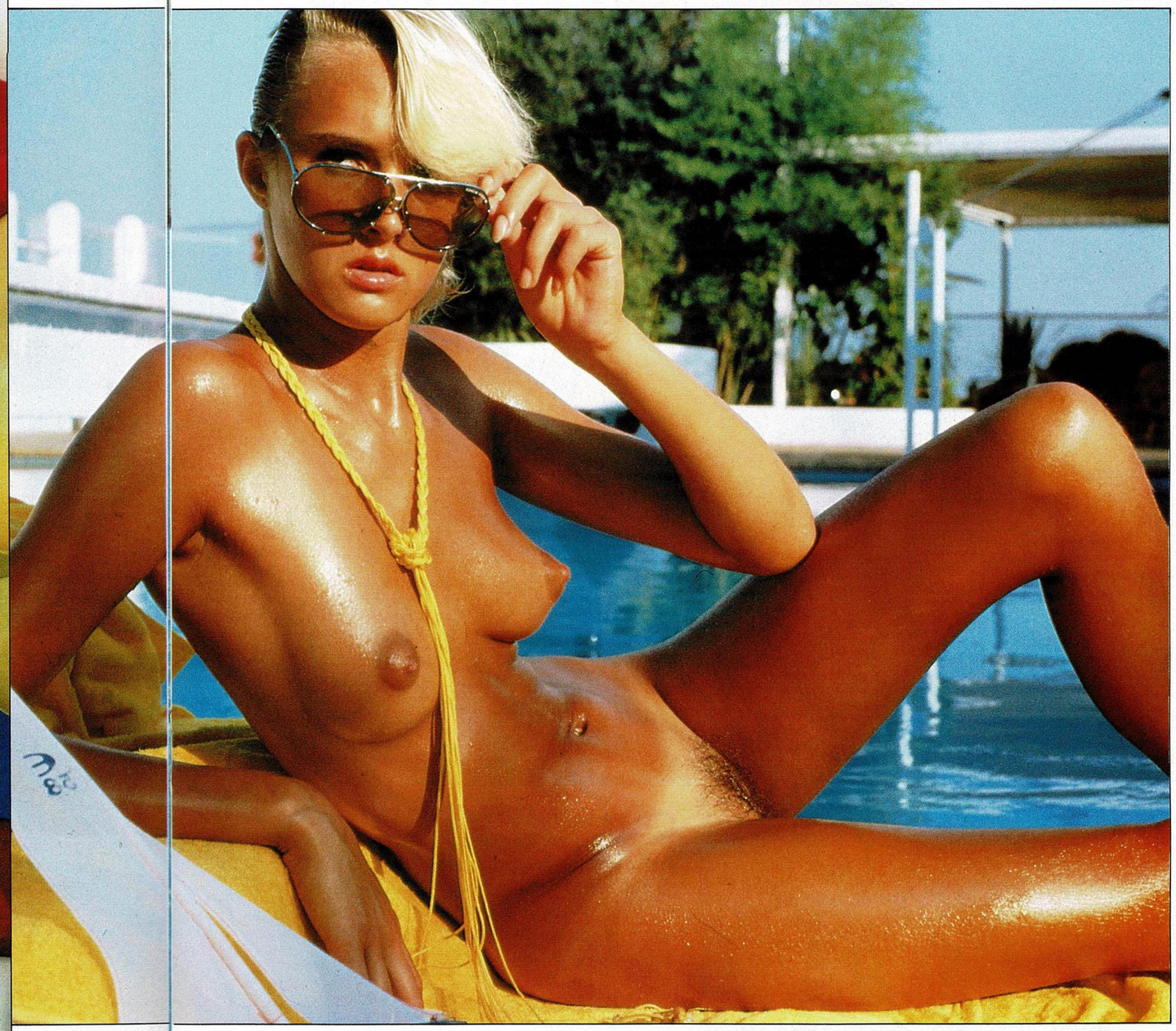
Playmate Barbara Riemer reckons that hot air is okay in balloons, but not in men. "I move fast, and meet people from all parts of the world," says this German-born Fraulein. "If someone doesn't excite me right away, then I'm done with him!" That's nothing if not encouraging — right, guys?

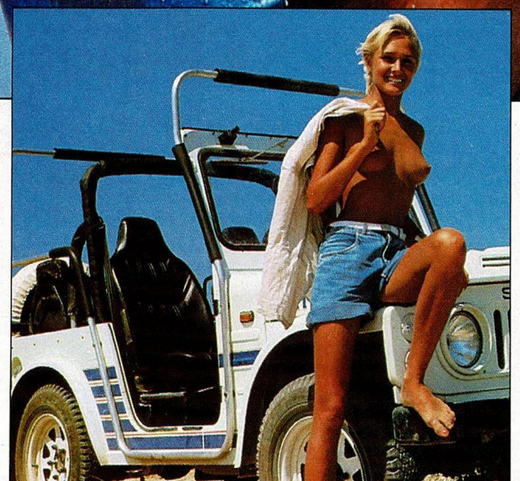
PHOTOGRAPHY BY OTTO R. WEISSER



Speaking of encouragement: "I'm always coming in second," Babs laments. "In the voting for Miss Germany 1981, and worse yet, even in my handball league! But it hasn't frustrated me, it's kept my vanity in check. And now, being in PLAYBOY, it's happened: at last, I feel like number one."

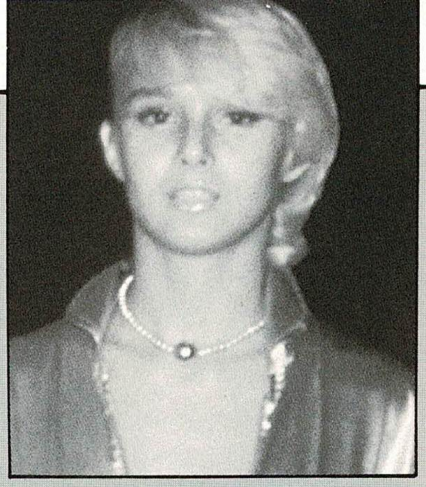
Speaking of numbers: "I'm only 19, so I'm still searching the globe for my dream man. He has to measure up physically to me, because I don't want to be looking at the top of his head. At five-feet-nine, I'm not exactly short. But height isn't my only preference."





Speaking of preferences: "Seeing myself in the magazine makes me want to continue travelling and working as a photographer's model. . . I'm terribly romantic, and would rather have lived in the 18th Century, as a princess in beautiful finery. But if you can't have everything, do you settle for nothing? Or. . ."

MISS MARCH
PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH
Barbara Riemer



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Barbara Riemer

BUST: 36 WAIST: 23 HIPS: 36

HEIGHT: 5'9" WEIGHT: 9st. SIGN: Sagittarius

BIRTH DATE: 4.12.63 BIRTHPLACE: West Germany

AMBITIONS: Top fashion model

TURN-ONS: Honesty, good music, crazy fashions, aesthetics

TURN-OFFS: Spitting, intolerance, pill poppers & punks.

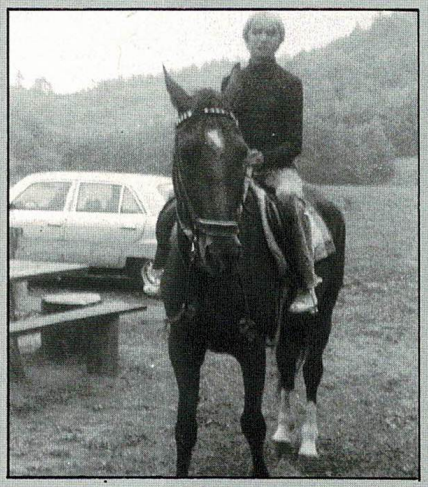
FAVORITE BOOKS: Georgette Heyer books, good detective novels like Agatha Christie

FAVORITE PERFORMERS: Jack Nicholson & Elton John.

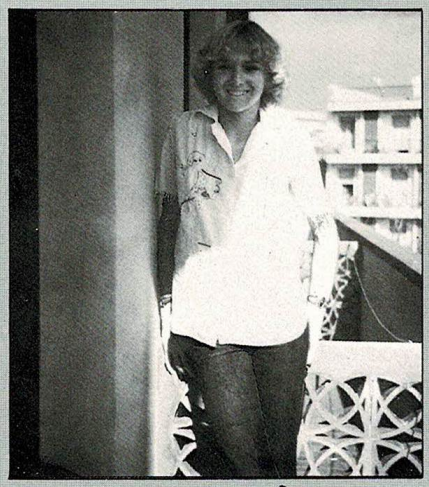
FAVORITE SPORTS: Tennis, swimming & horse-riding

IDEAL MAN: A lover who is also a friend

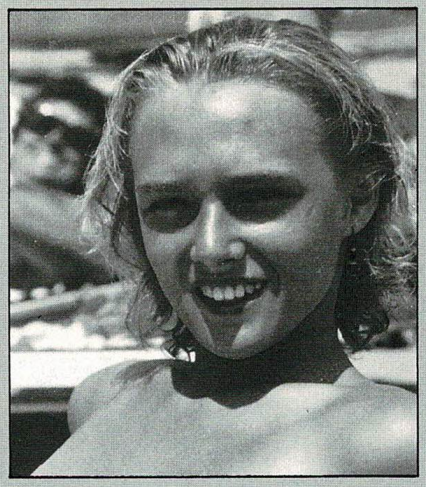
SECRET FANTASY: To have lived in the 18th century.



Age 14: In the Mountains



Age 16: At home.



Age 16 - on holiday

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

An orgasmic young sex star named Sue
Was a hit as she writhed to a screw.
Her climactic fame spread
With an ad blitz that said:
"Coming Soon at a Theatre Near You!"

Pierre, the international celebrity, had just arrived at the airport terminal and was busily brushing off the throngs of reporters who always hassled him in public.

One of the newsmen pushed his way forward and shoved a microphone at Pierre. "Why do they call you Pierre the cocksucker?" he demanded.

Impatiently, Pierre decided to hold an impromptu press conference. "I must settle this infamy once and for all," he declared.

"Look," he began, "I have played international rugby for my country on many occasions. But, do they call me Pierre the great footballer? Oh, mais non!

"And another thing," he continued, "I have played Davis Cup tennis for France on many occasions. But do they call me Pierre the great tennis champion? Never!

"And what about my entries in the Admirals' Cup? How many times did I sail for my country? And do they call me Pierre the great yachtsman? Of course not!

"But," he said in a slow, deliberate manner, "I suck one cock. . ."

A man and his wife were making passionate love in their very old house which was being supported by one large beam. Suddenly, a strong gust of wind blew the beam over and the house fell down. The husband became trapped under the beam and yelled to his wife to get some help. She replied that she couldn't go out naked.

The man then spotted a shoe and told her that she would have to make do with that. So she put his shoe over her pussy and ran down to the local police station.

"Help, help!" she cried, "my husband's stuck!"

The police sergeant surveyed her with amusement and replied, "Well if he's in that far lady, I don't think I can do anything about it!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *life* as a sexually-transmitted terminal disease.

Two old World War I diggers were having a quiet drink after the Anzac Day march and reminiscing about the army.

"What was that stuff they used to put in our tea to stop us getting randy?" said one.

"Bromide," replied his mate.

"Yes, that's it. You know something Charlie, I think the bloody stuff's beginning to work!"

It's rumored that a new patent medicine will soon appear on the market. It's called Preparation A and is especially designed for video-game addicts who have asteriods.

The executive who had just been found responsible in a costly paternity suit was heard to comment, "There's no such thing as a free lunge."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *lubricated condoms* as bedroom slippers.

The patient ushered into the doctor's surgery was a buxom young woman with a baby in her arms.

"What's the problem?" asked the doctor.

"It's the baby," she replied, "we think he's a little underweight."

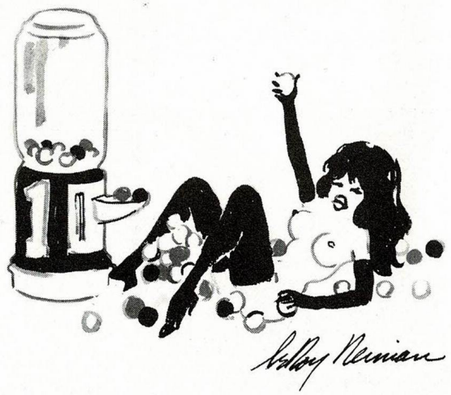
"Is he bottle- or breast-fed?" the medico enquired.

When the woman replied that the baby was being breast-fed, the doctor decided he had better do an examination. He checked the baby and then said to the patient, "I think I'd better examine you as well. Please strip to the waist."

The woman looked rather embarrassed but did as she was told, revealing a magnificent pair of very curvaceous breasts. The doctor carefully felt each breast in turn, gently lifting and squeezing them. Then he pulled on each nipple.

"That's the answer," he announced, "you're not producing any milk."

"I'm not surprised," came the reply, "I'm the baby's aunt. But I'm very glad I came."



It had snowed, and the man in the drift
Flagged her down and asked, "Give me a lift?"
They sat in her Bentley. . .
She fondled him gently. . .
And the lift that he'd asked for was swift!

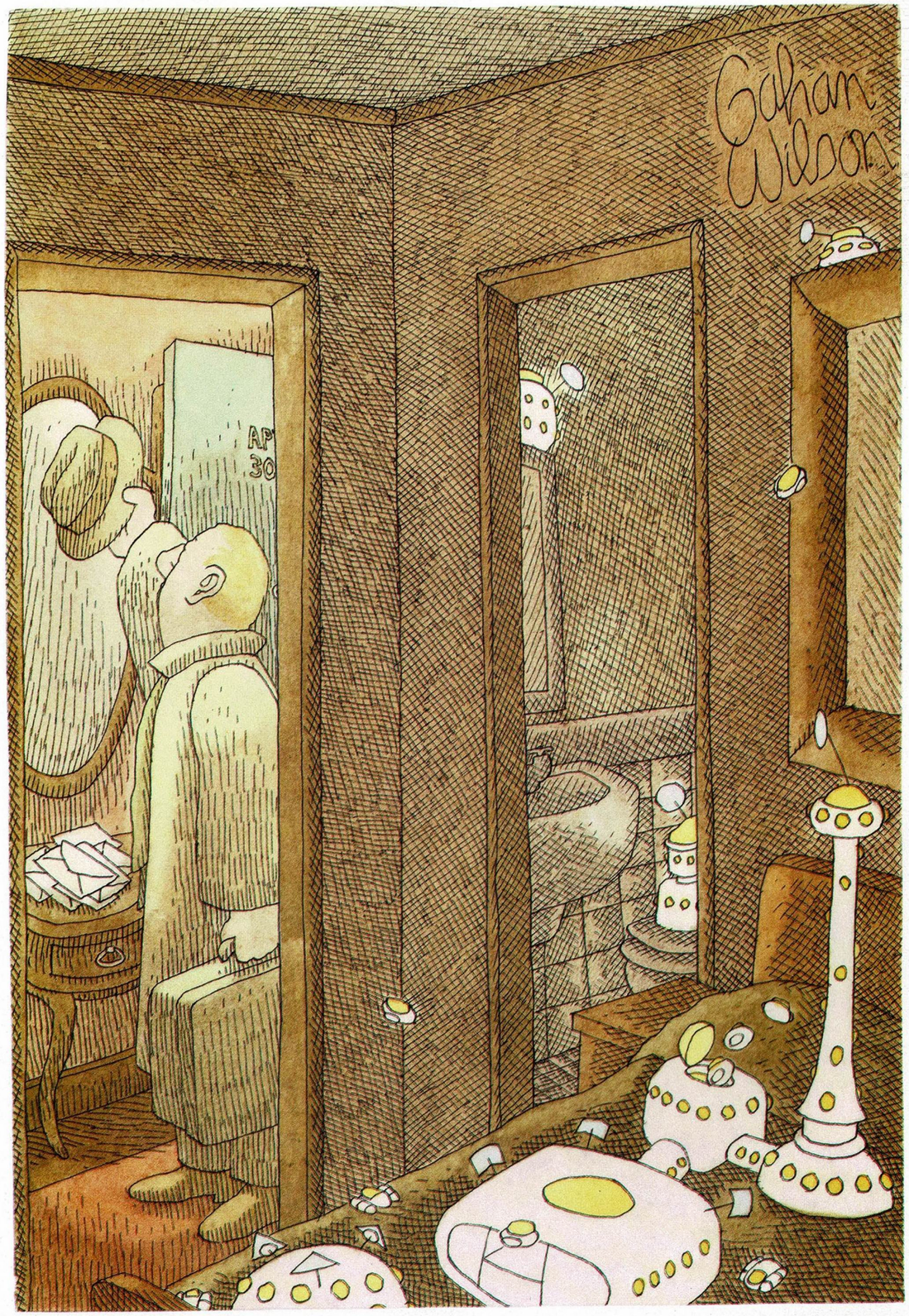
The Pope was deliberating over a crossword puzzle and called on his monsignor for help.

"What's a four-letter word relating to women which ends in UNT?" he enquired.

"Ahem, I think that would have to be AUNT," replied the monsignor.

"Yes, of course," murmured the Pope, "do you have an eraser that I could borrow?"

Heard a good one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, PO Box 746, Darlinghurst, 2010. We'll pay $25 for each joke used.



"Sensors report alien invasion of Sector R-12!"

SAILBOARDING AWAY

call it what you will, boardsailing, sailboarding, windsurfing, this new sport is taking off

AT LAST COUNT there were some 15 or 20 World Championships of Windsurfing. Or should that be Boardsailing? Or Sailboarding? Well, it doesn't really matter, because all the ones of consequence — that is, with some kind of international standing, or conducted in some place with actual wind and water — have been won by the same guy. A guy who turns 20 this year, is built (as they say) like a brick shithouse and who will go close to making half a million dollars this season. And, if the sport is a little, shall we say, flaky — in that it hasn't worked out what its name is nor what its rules are, and in that its inventor is currently suing the arse off many of the world's largest equipment manufacturers — then its main man, its Numero Uno, is rock solid in every respect. Robbie Naish was just 14 years old when he won his first world title. That was in the Bahamas in 1976. The sport was just taking off in a big way around the world. There wasn't too much opposition. Robbie, who was born with water wings, creamed the field. Now, of course sailboarding is different in every respect, except one. There is big money at stake, a world circuit of regattas, new technology has revolutionised equipment, there are new styles, new events

article by clyde strange

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PETER CRAWFORD

and hot up-and-comers around every headland. And Robbie Naish is still creaming the field. Sailboarders do it standing up, the car stickers say. Robbie Naish does it every which way but loose. This kid can do stuff on a tiny board with a sail stuck to it that defies the far parameters of believability. I don't want to give him too much of a wrap, but if there was a regatta on the Red Sea and he was in it, I'd be prepared to walk back to the starting line.

Robbie Naish can step off the beach on to his racing board and be round the first buoy while most of the opposition are still pushing out of the shallows. He can perform a radical jibe faster and cleaner than anyone. He can wave jump higher and speed track faster than anyone in the sport, ever. His domination of his chosen sport is so total, so all-encompassing that it makes Bradman look like a flash-in-the-pan, Hoad mediocre. For all intents and purposes, certainly as far as the commercial world is concerned, Robbie Naish *is* sailboarding. So, would you like to meet this amazing young man? Come with me. First we must saunter along The Esplanade, Torquay, on Victoria's part-rugged, part-quaint west coast, past the Zeally Bay picnic grounds and along to the area near Point Danger where a thousand signs become as one, and spell out: HOLIDAY FLATS TO LET. On this November morning a low grey cloud mass has blown over from Port Phillip Bay, but the wind that carried it has disappeared and what remains is a bleak and airless day on which, needless to say, sailboarding is not only not much fun but not possible.

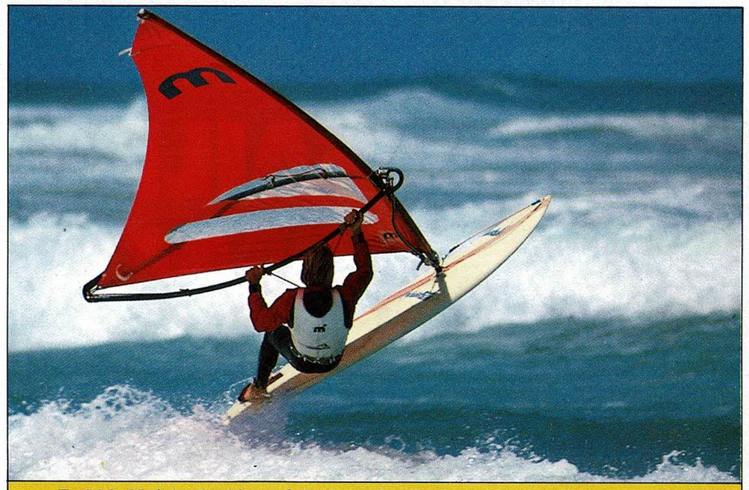
We enter a doorway hidden behind a Hertz rent-a-car and announce our presence to some sleeping bodies, one of which grunts, and we take that as an invitation. On closer inspection there are bodies everywhere. Most of them wear Sony Walkman sets (does this mean they wake up every 20 minutes to change the side?) and are either male or females — sleeping bags make such distinctions difficult.

There are three rooms in this holiday flat, two of them bedrooms, one of them not. We are in the one that is not, and the people asleep on the floor are, in the world of sailboarding, the also rans. The champ and a few of the chosen have real beds. So, ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the world of professional sport.

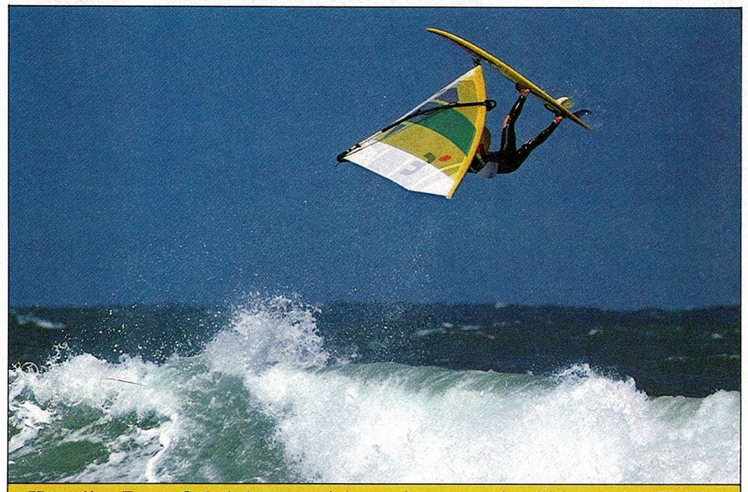
But the hierarchy is not as clearly defined as all that. In sailboarding everyone aspires to be Number Two. The Big Gong is unassailable right now, and being the Next Best Thing is what's left. Listen to what the contenders say about that.

Fraser Black, who lives in Hawaii but represents Britain: "Coming second in this game is a bit like winning, you see. Oh, you'll see him beaten in the odd event —and he doesn't like that much — but overall, Robbie always wins."

Peter Cabrinha, seen by many as the likely successor, and also from Hawaii: "Robbie has phenomenonal ability. None



Robbie Naish, the king of the boards, displays his almost unbeatable technique.



Hawaiian Peter Cabrinha goes airborne in yet another bid to unseat Naish as sailboarding's best.

Australia's Mark Paul (background) and Peter Cabrinha go head to head in a recent competition.

of us dispute that." Australia's Mark Paul: "He'll be toppled eventually, but the stranglehold he has on the sport is unparallelled."

Randy Naish, Robbie's madcap older brother: "Robbie's a fucking joke. The kid's unfucking beatable. I used to be better than him, but something happened."

Across the room, taking in every word spoken but feigning disinterest, a big, beefy blond kid sits dabbing at his nose with a Kleenex. This is Robbie Naish, oh, and that's hay fever. No, really, he gets it every year in Torquay. Naish has hair like wire and a body which is not unlike the after part of a Charles Atlas ad. He speaks softly with a nasal whine and seems to get bored very quickly. Seems to get bored. In fact he doesn't miss a phrase, a nuance or a beat. He's been giving interviews since he was 13 and he's not about to be fucked over.

"These days it's a fulltime job, you know? It used to be just fun after school and win all the contests, but it's getting tougher all the time and I have to work at it."

What he has to work at is exquisitely clear — keeping 63 miles ahead of the pack. In 1982 the kid won just over $30,000 in purses, and that included $15,000 for the Japan Cup. It covers airfares but it's not exactly tennis, right? The real bucks come from Naish's marketing position, which is a monopoly on winning. An impressionable kid wants to buy a tennis racquet, he'll have a look at what McEnroe, Lendl and Borg are endorsing. Maybe even Connors. If he wants to buy a sailboard it's unlikely, in America at least, that he'll look beyond Robbie Naish. And Naish's uncanny ability to fly over the waves attracts photographers like flies.

Hence the huge price tag on Naish's endorsement and, considering the limited development of the sport, his enormous money-earning potential.

So what's a nice, well-to-do boy like Naish doing in an overcrowded holiday flat in Torquay? He, brother Randy, Peter Cabrinha, Fraser Black, France's Marc Nieubourg and all the rest of the heavyweight second-tier heroes are here for Australia's contribution to the world circuit of sailboarding, the Rip Curl Quiksilver $20,000 Wave Classic, which takes place here at Point Danger and right out there on Zeally Bay. Here at the holiday flat, as morning turns into later-in-the-morning, Sony headsets have given way to small, hi-tech stereo systems which make a lot of noise (Men At Work, Moving Pictures, you know, ethnic music) and seem to be everywhere. As we mentioned earlier, there is no real wind and, in the world of sailboarding that means there is nothing to do but lie in your sleeping bag and dream of howling gales.

Robbie Naish, who is not big on just sitting around, pushes open the backdoor to reveal a rotary clothes hoist and a large, L-shaped lawn completely covered with sailboards and pieces of sailboards. There is more hardware on this lawn than you'd see in any but the biggest sail shop. I estimate $20,000, maybe $30,000 worth of state-of-the-art equipment. Each of the pros living in this hovel paid more than $1000 in excess to fly their equipment in. (Cort Larned, from Florida, paid the excess and got his boards and sails the day after the contest.) You begin to understand why they economise on accommodation. And what about coming and going? A nightmare at every airport. The top pros never travel with fewer than two boards — a racer and a shorter wave performance board — and on this occasion Robbie Naish has five.

"We travel all year, so we're pretty well organised," says Naish.

●

Competitive windsurfing, to give the sport its most common, but by no means official name, has changed dramatically since its inception less than a decade ago. Where once it was a form of yacht racing performed standing up on a surfboard that resembled half a Hobie cat, now it is more like snow skiing, with different events to test different skills and the winner being decided by points aggregate. The common contest, or regatta format is based on four events — triangle racing, slalom, marathon racing and wave performance. Triangles and marathons are basic tests of speed and manoeuvrability; slalom, or ins and outs (in this sport there are two names for everything) and wave performance emphasise the newer and more radical aspects of the sport. But it is wave performance — the art of sailing in, through and over the waves — that gets the cameras clicking, and the crowds on the cliff oohing and aahing. And, with the exception of some older boardsailors who have graduated from bigger craft, the best exponents of the sport prefer to compete in the waves.

Sailboarding entrepreneurs are shit scared of the new, ocean-oriented direction the sport has taken, because such isolation cuts huge holes in the market.

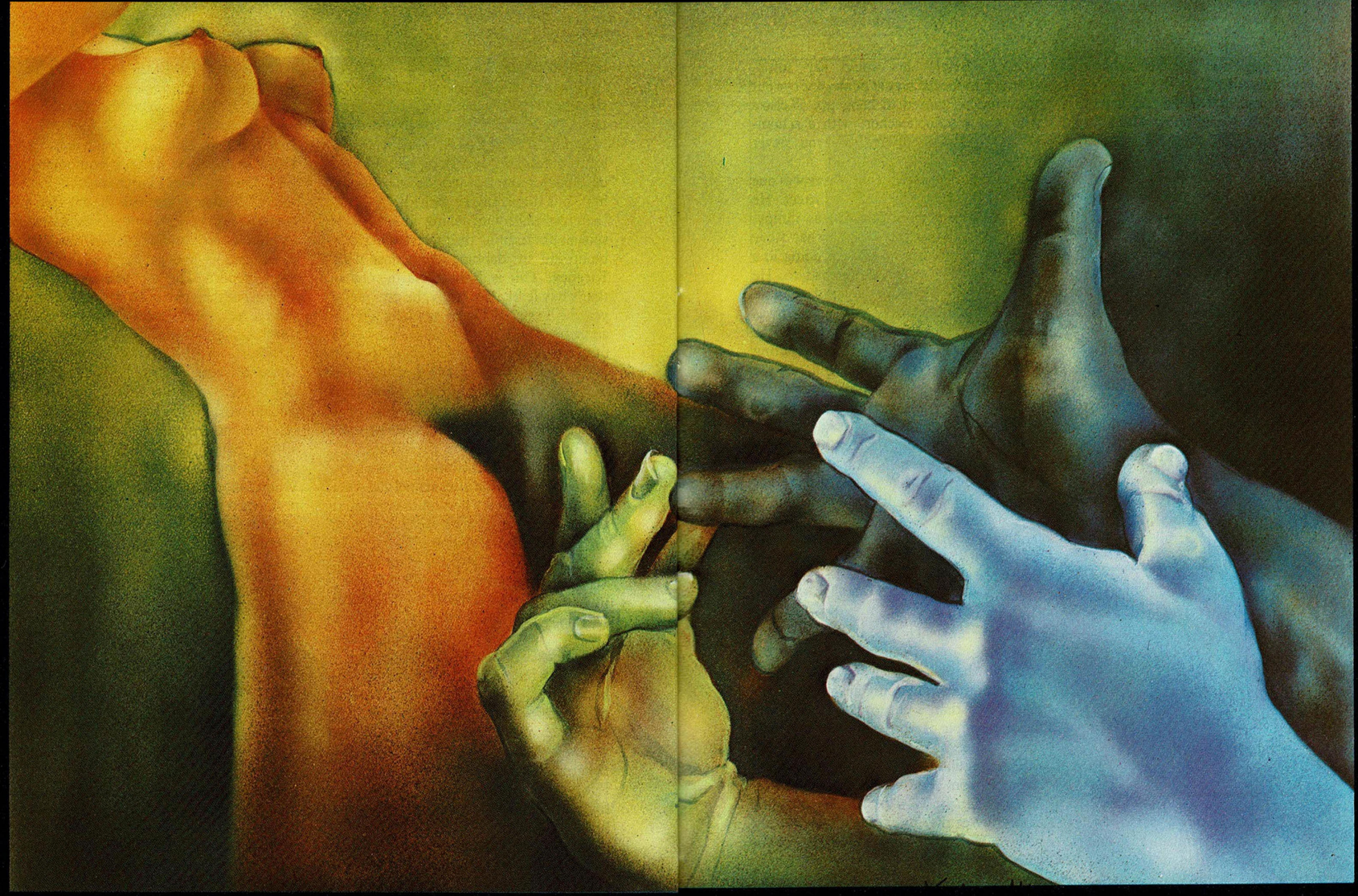
But, of course, the whole world is not blessed with ocean waves, and they are not stupid, these boys who ride the wind. There are 15 sailboard magazines in Europe alone, several in Japan and four at last count in continental USA. Without question, wave jumping and wave performance provide the photographic appeal in each publication, but tucked away behind the dramatic stuff there is invariably page after page about the wonders of Lake Placid or the Upper Volta. This is because sailboarding entrepreneurs are shit scared of the new, ocean-oriented direction the sport has taken, because such geographic isolation cuts huge holes in the market potential. In other words, if all the media tells you is that sailboarding has something to do with jumping over ocean waves, then you won't bother outlaying $1000 for one of these wonderful machines if you happen to live in Dubbo or Tennant Creek.

The pro sailboarders are well aware of the need to bolster the flat water side of the sport to keep the money rolling in, but they can't help aligning themselves with the real action. Says Peter Cabrinha: "The sport is for everybody of course, not just those who live on coastlines, but I can't think of what I do as sailboarding. I don't sail a board, I windsurf."

This subtle business of names goes right back to the origins of the sport, when a gentleman named Hoyle Schweitzer designed and patented a surfboard with a sail attached to it by a universal joint and manipulated with a wishbone boom. He called it a windsurfer. Since then Schweitzer has required a licence fee for the right to manufacture sailcraft of these specifications. Some see this as his inalienable right, while others see it as an unenforceable and almighty pain in the arse. Certainly there are companies all over the world building sailboards without a Schweitzer licence, and in Britain the patent has been overthrown. Whatever, as "windsurfer" has been a registered trademark for so long, the term "sailboard" has become popular, particularly in Europe. In Australia, however, we've covered all bases. "Sailboard" is also a registered trademark, being the local licensee of Windsurfer. Confused? Never mind, the whole sport is confused. At a trade show in Melbourne late last year, several sailboard manufacturers withdrew their exhibits when a Schweitzer licence raid was rumored.

●

But if the sport is confused, Robbie Naish is not. Consider this: day one of the Wave Classic at Torquay and the wind is strong. No, it's very strong, and as the competitors line up for the start of the triangle race around marker buoys out in Zeally Bay, Naish sticks a wet finger up and declares it to be nearing gale force offshore. While the others are swept out to sea awaiting the starter gun, Naish is back on the beach changing his sail for a smaller one, the smallest he has. Twenty minutes after the gun, with the rescue boats in hot pursuit of New Zealand bound competitors, Naish steps onto his board and streaks around the course in record time, passing the six or seven others from a field of 50 world class sailors who managed to finish. In true bureaucratic form, the organisers later cancel the event on a technicality, but for Naish it doesn't really matter. He knows and they know. There's only one world champion in this sport.



KELSO'S LADY

kelso's in love... with a shocker. he can't take her anywhere. she's tearing him to pieces.

fiction by morris lurie

IT WAS DANGEROUS to take her anywhere. It was insanity. It was madness. It tore him to pieces. He could hardly breathe. Whip her into a restaurant, say, and nowhere special either, nothing big deal, nowhere anyone went, in fact the opposite, the dullest place, utterly ordinary, and the gloomier the better, it made no difference. Straight away she would fly into action, that handsome fellow at the table over there, or that one by the wall, or that one, that one, that one, there was always someone, and they didn't have to be handsome either, the bald one, the fat one, that sleazy number with the used-car-dealer's face, whoever, whatever, those big deepset wide blue eyes of hers instantly clicking into that helpless, beseeching look, the parted lips, the tilted chin, her whole face shooting out a clear, unmistakable message — oh God — of availability. And, at the end of the meal when she excused herself to attend to the necessary, then it was even worse, intolerable, he would have to watch her like a hawk but still she would manage — it tore him to pieces, he could hardly breathe — exchanging names, slipping out phone numbers, theirs, hers, making her secret little arrangements.

Listen, don't be crazy, Kelso said. It's just a lunch.

Who's crazy? Kelso replied. You've seen her eyes. That questing look.

Big deal, so she looks around a bit, likes to see who's there. Relax.

What's to relax? I'm dead.

He talked to himself a lot, this Kelso. Anywhere. Everywhere. Day and night. In his head he was always holding discussions, making conversations, asking questions, this way, that way, mouthing words, sounding things out. Alone, in company, he was not to be stopped. Kelso talked to Kelso. But no aberration here, no simple bad habit, though it may have begun that way. Talking was his work, his life. For this was Norman Kelso, the playwright, celebrated by the critics as writing the liveliest dialogue in the business, sure, his plots may be a little stagey, a little forced, his characters a touch lumpy here and there, sure, sure, but just listen to those *words*.

Absolutely, says Kelso, throwing in a hand movement as well. You said it. Never a truer word.

Which is how he met her, how it began. Because he was Norman Kelso. Because he was a playwright.

Dr Leonard Greenfeld phoned. Dr Greenfeld of the courts, the pool, the sauna, the everyday Maserati. Lenny. His great and good friend Lenny, the rich society doctor.

"Listen," said Lenny, after they'd talked about this and that, joked, the usual, blah blah, "I've got someone wants to meet you."

"Oh?" said Kelso, antennae rising, instantly wary.

For he was a collector, this great and good friend Dr Leonard Greenfeld. Of paintings, first editions, antiques, fine wines, the usual cliches, as befitted a rich doctor's station and self-image. But a collector of more than that, than those. His real collection was otherwise. For this was of painters, poets, novelists, sculptors. (Kelso was his playwright.) A collector, in short, of those possessors of the magic creativity he, Greenfeld, felt himself to lack. And like all collectors, he liked occasionally to exhibit.

"She's writing." Lenny said. "Trying to write. I told her I knew you."

Uh-oh, Kelso thought. Seeing at once, heart sinking, yet another of those legion of eager women, nice, yes, terribly nice, positively charming, eyes shining, oozing admiration, doting on your every wise word, and then you turn to go and they're like a sack of sand sitting on your throat.

"Lenny," Kelso said, "I don't need."

"Shut up," Greenfeld said, his voice instantly turning from friend to doctor. "You know the trouble with you, Kelso, why your plays are so lousy? You don't meet enough people!"

"Hey, thanks," Kelso said.

"I mean it," the doctor barked.

"Great," Kelso bounced back.

"Aw, come on," Lenny said. "Don't be like that. Look, you home Sunday, Sunday afternoon?"

"Well, I don't know," Kelso said, watching himself weaken.

"Fine, I'll bring her around then."

"Lenny," Kelso said.

"Ah, stop it," Lenny said. "She's gorgeous. You'll love her."

●

So Greenfeld brought her around. A summer Sunday, windows open, drapes billowing, warm gentle air. This was in the front room, the lounge. Kelso's wife served coffee. There were some other people there too, though to this day Kelso can't recall who they were. She sat on the end of the settee, bare-legged, sandals, legs crossed, her head slightly to the one side, cupping her chin with her hand, smoking cigarettes. Alert, listening, taking it all in. Whoever was talking, whatever was said. Kelso said 10 words to her all afternoon, if that. All he knew was that when she left, the light went out of the room, the house, the day, his life.

But she had left her play. Her playlet. Seven badly-typed thin foolscap pages hammered out with a dead ribbon and stapled together inconveniently in three places along the top. His wife sitting opposite, all their guests gone now, Kelso lit a cigarette, gave it his undivided best critical attention.

It was one scene, a one-actor, a monologue. A woman sits at her dressing table, brushing her hair. She awaits her lover. It is a new affair. She has never made love to this man before. The play is her thoughts, her desires, her description of how it will be, physically, emotionally, all spoken to her face in the mirror as she brushes her hair. Words, words. Stroke, stroke. She wears a black negligee. The lobes of her ears are touched with scent. The playlet ends with a tap on the door, the woman rising with a rush.

"Hey, this isn't too bad," Kelso said to his wife.

"Oh?" his wife said, looking slowly up, regarding Kelso over the top of the glasses she wore when she read. "Do you think so?"

So she had read it already! Spotted her enemy as quickly as that! Kelso ducked.

"Well, yeah," he said, hiding himself quickly in the flimsy pages, a lecturer fumbling for a misplaced quote. "I mean, I'm not saying it's perfect, but there's a certain feel here, a kind of intuitive thing . . ."

His wife didn't pursue it. Kelso did. Phoned her. Her number at the top of the playlet, together with her name and address, a little clump of single-spaced personal information, the ribbon so dead by now it was almost illegible, but Kelso could read it, Kelso had no trouble.

"Hey, I think it's great," he said. "Full of good things. I'm honestly surprised."

His wife was in the kitchen, preparing dinner.

"Maybe I should come over," he hurried on. "Talk to you, go over it . . .not really possible over the phone."

He went after dinner.

"Won't be long," he said to his wife, already half out the door.

ILLUSTRATION BY KATHY ALTMAN

She was waiting. Offered him whiskey, coffee. They sat down. She lit a cigarette, crossed her legs, tilted her head in that way he already knew by heart. Her face alert, listening, waiting.

Kelso the lecturer, Kelso the authority.

He told her what he liked about her play, what was wonky, who she should read. He listed authors, titles.

She looked helpless.

"Most libraries," he said. "Anywhere."

Her eyes seemed to grow even bigger, deeper.

"Okay, okay," he said, laughing quickly. "I'll lend you mine."

So he came again. And again. Dropped in. This book. That book. Any excuse. And sometimes no excuse at all. Just there. Soft summer nights. Warm gentle air.

She would tell him later that it took exactly two weeks, two weeks from when they met — that Sunday afternoon in his house, brought there by his friend the doctor — and he would shake his head. "Really?" he would say. "Just two weeks?" For it seemed to him longer, slower, a much more gradual and careful and calibrated and complicated passing of time, before, finally, one evening in her house, in the front room, by the light of a dim globe shining through parchment, the lamp she used, as she put it, for atmosphere, he ran at last out of words, out of authors, out of titles, and instead took her into his arms.

Two weeks? Just two weeks? He had never done this kind of thing before. And looking up, then, that time, that first time, he had happened upon them in a mirror, the heavy antique gold-framed mirror — elaborate with angels and clustered grapes — above the fireplace, had seen himself framed there with her as in a painting, his hands welcoming her breasts tumbling from her opened blouse, her eyes closed, her soft throat catching the parchment light, a Renaissance chiaroscuro needing only a title, and this he supplied — *Adultery!* — before quickly reburying his astonished face.

•

Was she gorgeous? Was she truly gorgeous? She was 33 years old (Kelso was 38), divorced, one child, smoked too many cigarettes, drank too much coffee, slept badly, in the mornings looked battered under those big deep-set wide blue eyes, lived in a house of ivied brick behind a high wall in a good street in a best suburb and drove a white Mercedes and had paintings all over the walls, including in the second loo a wonderfully audacious explicitly-spread nude, and she wasn't rich at all and was always worrying about money — the ivy was pulling down the house, she said, the Mercedes was full of rattles, the paintings were just things by friends — and her hair was black in bushy springs which she wore either to her shoulders loose and swinging or all piled up high in a careless cloud, save for the odd stray tendril, one uncurling before each ear, plus one or two escaped in back, to artfully offset the silken alabaster of her prettily naked nape.

The marriage that failed had been to a politician. (You would know who if I told you.) The child, of course, madly spoilt. A little girl. Not yet beautiful, but in that special way that great beauties always begin.

Well, said Kelso proudly. Just look at her mother. Tallish, the mother, pertly breasted, slim hipped, a *derriere* to celebrate (the only word to describe it was saucy), that lilting, dancing walk.

And all that just the start, the first impression. Now there were the details. The way her lips curved. The line of her throat when she threw back her head, when she laughed. The movement of her hands, her fingers.

She had long, narrow feet with perfect toes and crossing the bone of the inner ankle a tender blue vein that for some unknown reason it made him, Kelso, almost weep to see.

Great in jeans. In skirts. Tight stuff, loose, she knew how to handle it. Fabulous even in the old baggy overalls — a T-shirt

Kelso enrolled in that curriculum of lies and deception, anxiety and joy that is the regular course of the married man's affair.

under — she watered her garden in, darting from bush to bush, fiendishly impatient, wanting it over with, done, her springy hair tied hard with a scarf.

But was she gorgeous? Was she truly gorgeous? Kelso was besotted, bedazzled, enslaved and ensnared, couldn't believe his good fortune, in public with her was a mixture of being so proud and the fear of discovery by someone he knew, his whole being singing like a wire in the wind.

Gorgeous? Truly gorgeous? Kelso was the last person to ask.

The first time he penetrated her — on the carpet, on the floor — her pupils slipped away upwards to be replaced by two white crescent moons of rapture. And then she drove him urgently home — further, firmly! — with the tucked-up heel of her long narrow adorable right foot. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before. Nothing in his whole life.

•

So Kelso enrolled in that curriculum of lies and deception, stolen phone-calls, cherished moments, falsehood and pounding heart, anxiety and joy, that is the regular course of the married man's affair.

He saw her every day, had to see her every day, or anyway tried to, and if not in person then at least her voice, the sound of her voice. "Hello?" he would say softly, standing in the hallway at home, one eye out the window, poised to hang up. (Kelso's wife was a schoolteacher, with a schoolteacher's regular hours, but you never know.)

Public phones were safer. There was one at the corner. Another up the street. He used them both, but felt just as jumpy. What if his wife drove past, what story could he concoct, what was he doing in a public phone booth? But he had to. He couldn't stop. It were as though he had no say in the matter. He was powerless. It was outside his control. Trotting up to the corner shop to buy milk — his wife waiting with the coffee at home — he would eye the phone there and feverishly debate could he risk a moment, did he dare, just a quick call, just to say hello.

And he had, in all probability, already spoken to her that day, probably seen her too, maybe even been in her bed. It was madness. It was insanity.

And the number of times he drove there too, without prior arrangement, just on the off chance she'd be home. (She did part-time work in an office, went shopping, went to see her parents, friends, had to take her child to and from school.) And when she wasn't there, which was usual, he would wait 10 minutes, which would become 20, 30, two hours, and when she finally appeared, they might only have 10 minutes together, if that, a cup of coffee if he was lucky, a couple of words, but the next day, the day after, he'd do it again.

Their regular day was Thursday, Thursday afternoon. He'd take her to lunch first, an early lunch, 12 o'clock, over by one-thirty, two at the latest, then it was into her bed, a Queen-size brass-bedsteaded affair with matching apricot pillows and sheets, from which she would leap at three o'clock, throw on her clothes, a slash of lipstick, tear a comb through her impossible hair — "God, I must look awful!" her invariable cry — and then into the white Mercedes, gravel scattering as she took off down the drive, to fetch from school her waiting, neglected, poor little girl.

But you want to know how she was in bed, how it was between those silky apricot sheets.

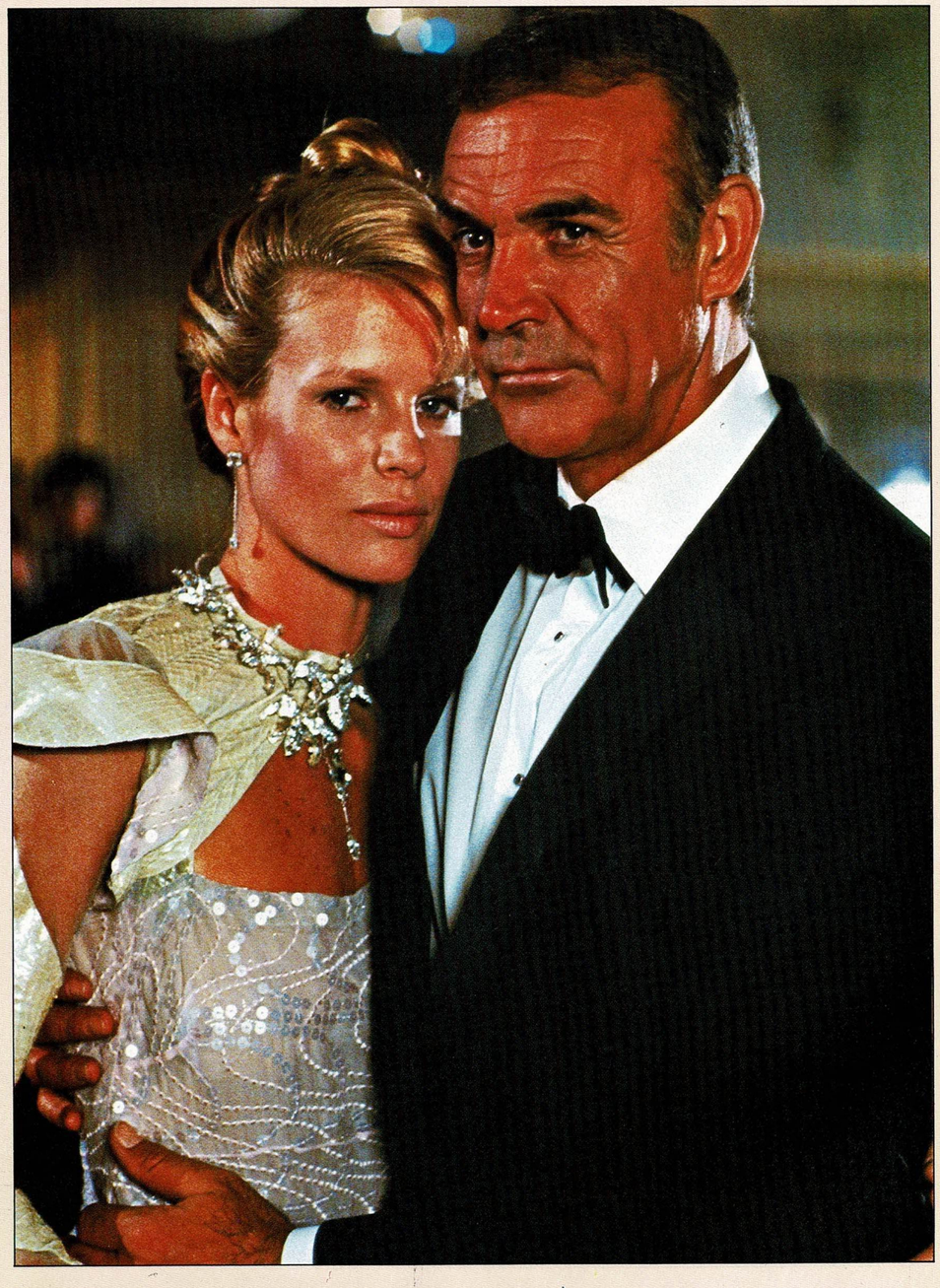
Kelso counted the days from Thursday to Thursday, the hours, the minutes, his mind in endless rehearsal and replay, endlessly undressing her (though in real life she preferred to do most of that herself), and then holding her, adoring her, the touch of her skin, standing together, bending, kneeling, doing all those special things she liked, he liked, the ways they had got used to, the ways he so far had never dared.

Waiting for Thursday. Interminable torture. A flash of heaven. Then torture again.

Which is not to say there were not other times too — Kelso ever hopeful, ever alert.

His pal Lenny had to go interstate, would

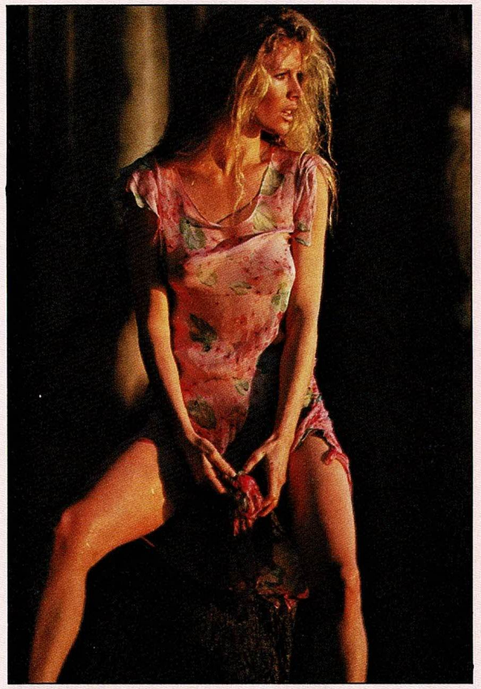
(continued on page 128)



NEVER SAY NEVER

Blonde, blue-eyed Kim Basinger — who plays Sean Connery's ladylove in the James Bond newie, *Never Say Never Again* — is a luscious young lady with an impressive list of credits. Beauty queen, poetess, cover girl and actress. . . sexy Miss Basinger is more than just a pretty face.

Kim grew up in a family of seven children and describes herself as "a rebellious loner and painfully shy girl" who spent much of her childhood composing poetry. After winning a local beauty contest and becoming a model in New York, Kim says she "made lots of money, lots of music and lots of mistakes."



Next stop for Kim was Hollywood where she turned down an offer to join *Charlie's Angels* because she didn't want her wings clipped by a long-term contract. Roles in several hit TV movies followed, and her appearance in the 007 movie is sure to consolidate an acting career for Kim.

BALI:

ST. TROPEZ GOES TROPPO

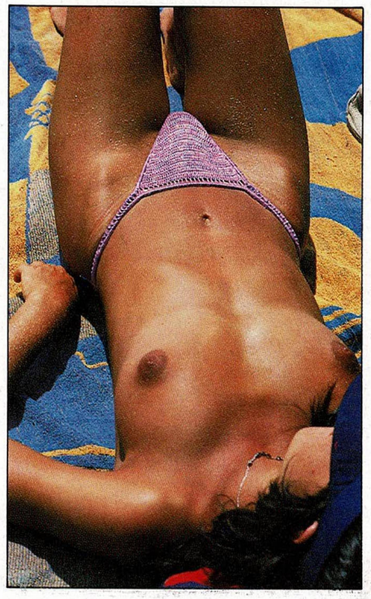
the tropical paradise to our north has become the last touch down for the jet-set ● words and photos by rennie ellis

LIKE KEEPING a chilled cask of riesling in the fridge or eating out at a bistro, a visit to Bali is fast becoming another one of those shared experiences that are part of the normal expectations of middle-class Australia.

If you can't relate a few Bali stories at a dinner party, or while you're waiting around for the waves to come up, you can suffer a mild sense of cultural deprivation. Complete strangers find common ground discussing the Friday night scene at Kayu Api, the relative qualities of the massage ladies on the beach near Jalan Padma or close shaves with their rented Suzuki 100s on the Legian Road.

Bali has become a focal point for travel-wise Australians; the reasons for this popularity are both exotic and economic. This jewel of a tropical island in the Indonesian chain has enjoyed legendary status for many years, but it is only in the last decade that it has become really accessible. Adventurous travellers who journeyed to Bali in the late-60s without the benefit of today's package deals, came back entranced, and embroidered the legend with stories so compelling and captivating that it was inevitable that the travel industry would find a way of putting it within everyone's reach.

Bali's essence is its spiritual aura — a subtle but pervading energy that manifests itself in graceful people and the ordered tradition of their many temple ceremonies



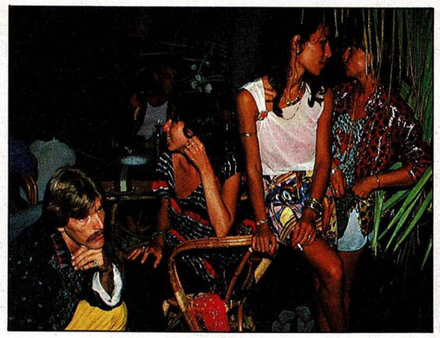
and daily communion with their gods. For those travellers whose antennae are tuned, the rhythms are compelling.

But the ethnic culture of Bali, the supremely beautiful and often spectacular landscape, and the friendly nature of the people are only part of the magnetism that draws people to the island in the 80s. Within this magical landscape, Westerners and quick-on-the-uptake Balinese have created an environment and a lifestyle tailored to the fantasies of the youthful holiday hedonist. The epicentre is the Kuta Legian axis — a four kilometre strip of palm-flanked surf beach and its adjacent conglomeration of bars, restaurants, boutiques, discos, losmens and hotels.

Life here is a laid-back idyll where time ceases to matter, the beach beckons every day and the living is cheap and effortless. The Kuta/Legian strip accommodates the tastes of everyone from the Narrabeen surf rat and his push to the travel-at-whim Frenchman who moves with the inter-national set. Many visitors never get out of this enclave, which is a shame as the rest of Bali offers great rewards for those who take the time to look further.

In the daytime, life at Kuta/Legian revolves around the beach with occasional forays into the open-fronted shops for a sarong, a bag or a multi-colored Jacpak, which today symbolises Bali as much as anything else.

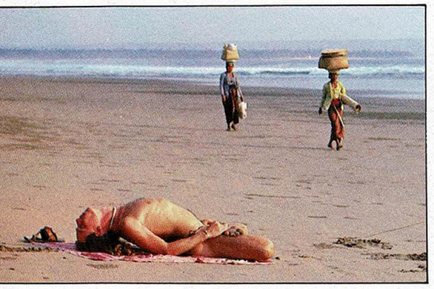
In the bars, cold Bintang or San Miguel beer or a tequila sunrise is always available, accompanied, incessantly, by the rock beat from wall speakers. If you're not into promenading, just hang by the surf; everything, eventually, will come to you. The hawkers and traders on the beach make sure of that — earrings, shells, bikinis, sarongs, beach mats, carvings, rings, coconuts, cold drinks and massages are offered to you by a constant stream of junior and senior traffickers. You soon develop your own circle of suppliers who will



welcome you by name every day, giggle at your Western ways and drive hard bargains.

Tourism has overturned the Balinese value system. A sum once earned by a week's work can now be made in one afternoon of persistent selling. And the Balinese are unflagging in their devotion to the persistent sell, which explains why, as Speedo-clad, sweaty and panting, you near the end of a three-mile run along the beach only to find a local gentleman on a motor bike purring

Photos, left to right: Moses, an 11 year-old institution around Kuta, with a fistful of fast talk; the geometrics of a Bali beach scene; a party at the Blue Ocean Bar; the right sort of sunset.



along beside you offering you an eight-inch, penis-shaped bong "por a good price, my pren, ya hab look, how much you want?" Jesus!

A run along the wide beach and you see it all — the frisbee and yoga freaks, the Balinese surf gremmies slicing up the shore break with their ocker mates, the lone sunbakers, the honeymooners and the lovers on their trysts, groups of earnest Aussie girls baring their breasts, prostrate and oil-glistening bodies relaxing under the powerful, massaging fingers of a petite *perumpwan pigit*. And then swooping down out of the sky and banking high above the waves of the outer reef, the Garuda jet makes its approach to the airport, offering another cargo of Australians their first, or maybe their second or third, glimpse of the island of the gods.

As one foxy surf spunk who sat beside me on my flight from Melbourne put it, "I used to go to Queensland for my holidays but it's better value coming here. I'm going to let my hair down and have a bloody good time."

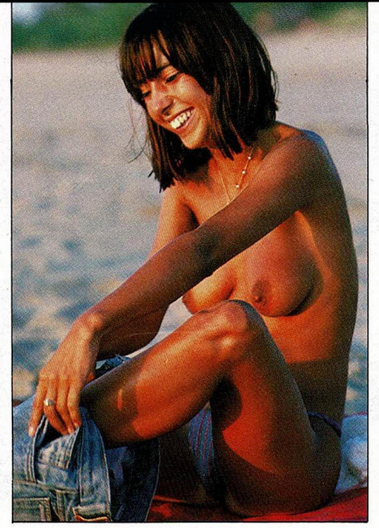
The Blue Ocean Bar and Restaurant sits a few yards back off the beach, about half-way between the red and yellow surf flags at Legian (the economy travellers' rallying point), and the walled Bali Oberoi Hotel, that beautifully designed and monstrously expensive holiday haven. The habitues of the Blue Ocean, and the strip of beach that fronts it, are drawn from both ends of the travel market. The one thing they have in common is a sense of style. It's the way they wear their clothes (whether army disposal or YSL), to the topics of conversation and the subtle signals of their body language.

If you eavesdrop, and providing you have an ear for three or four key languages, you will soon catch on that these people have been around — Rio, St Tropez, Mykonos, Goa, Paris and New York. The men are good-looking and confident, exuding an air of intent that, to the outsider, does not encourage familiarity. The women make you think immediately of French movies; they're ambivalent creatures, an amalgam of brooding intrigue and insouciance. Most of them are beautiful, but even the ones that aren't have a fetching panache, a way of presenting themselves that gives your libido a sharp nudge.

On the beach they wear G-strings, or sometimes they don't bother at all. In the airy restaurant — part walled courtyard and part bar — they affect loosely-tied sarongs to preserve decorum. Flashes of breasts, thighs and nut-brown arses are palpable evidence of a very special ambiance.

Some of these beautiful people live cheaply for weeks in nearby losmens while others rent rather luxurious houses hidden away across the rice fields behind stands of palm trees. Most of them are old Bali hands, and they know one another from other visits, other islands, other countries. They are Italian, Brazilian, Swedish, Colombian, French, American, German, occasionally English and often Australian. In the season, as they like to call it (roughly July through to September), there are flamboyant parties every week.

There are Balinese banquets with smoked *bebek* and *babi guling*, *tuak* punch, iced San Miguel and champagne, and mountains of exotic fruit salad. The dancing is as extroverted and idiosyncratic as the people themselves: you can hear the music all night across the rice fields, otherwise silent except for the croak of frogs and the fractured snarl of motor bikes.



Bali nights are special. They start with the sunset-watching ritual: the huge pink globe slides down the cycloramic sky and into the sea, bringing with it a peculiar calm. The smell of incense from the villagers' twilight offerings to the gods, permeates the still air and mixes with the familiar clove odor of the local kretek cigarettes. The beguiling gongs of the local gamelan orchestra can be faintly heard in the background. The dark comes quickly and the lights of the shops and restaurants bring a different atmosphere to the streets. Near Poppies Lane, Koplin, the *tuak* maker, arrives at his stand with his brew, a stimulating alcoholic drink made daily from the juice of the palm flower. You can join the locals and sit cross-legged on the ground and prime yourself for the evening for a mere 20 cents.

At the Kuta night market — the *pasar malam* — the woks are greased and flames lit as people filter into the food stalls to savor frogs' legs in black bean and garlic, or *fuyung hai* — a crab meat omelette in sweet and sour

Photos, clockwise from top left: contrasting balancing acts at Legian Beach, Kuta; an Asian ingenue in traditional garb (centre); casting off the unnecessary; the peaceful coexistence of cultures; "intrigue and insouciance" in white. Opposite page, top: the Balinese are unflagging in their devotion to the sell. Bottom: a private house party during the "season".

sauce — or, for the intrepid, abalone and pig's bladder soup.

Popular restaurants like the Bali Indah, Poppies and the renowned Mades on Jalan Pantai offer spicy Indonesian and Chinese food as well as fresh grilled lobster, crab and prawns.

As the evening progresses, the bars fill up. The Casablanca bar, intimate, with a spiral staircase, has a Timorese guitarist and harmonica player doing an excellent Bob

Dylan rendition. The Pink Panther Club, the latest edition to Legian Road, has a bar in the centre of a swimming pool, and you may if you wish, swim to your bar stool. At the Waltzing Matilda, there's a ritzy fashion parade by Cocorico, a chic local design house. On Friday nights, the ladies can enter a wet T-shirt competition and the blokes can participate in the beer-drinking contest.

The Waltzing Matilda likes to think of itself as a home-away-from-home for Aussies but that dubious title really ought to go to the Bali Sand Bar. The exterior is shaped something like an Aztec pyramid. On the inside you find the type of social graces and confronting ocker bravado you experience at say, the Broadbeach pub on the Gold Coast. Thongs, Stubbies, shorts and T-shirts, preferably saying something like Uluwatu Surf Team, are *de rigeur*. Loud

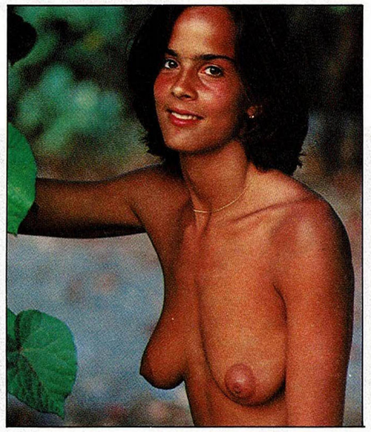
Australian accents predominate as gormless Aussie lads and slim-hipped Joe Cools from Bali vie for the favors of shrill sheilas in mini-skirts. It's quite a scene, if you like that sort of thing.

Next door, at My Place, a popular island-style bar, the mood is rather more relaxed, the dancing a little less predatory. Diana Duncan, the American astrologer, is arranging to do someone's horoscope. She has a PhD in psychology and has studied with the Tibetan lamas. Like so many others who come to Bali out of curiosity, she now sees it as her spiritual home.

Along Legian Road, the boutiques and cassette shops that sell pirate tapes of the latest albums for $1.50, are beginning to close up for the night but the bemos are still shuttling people-in-search-of-a-good-time backwards and forwards between Kuta and Legian.

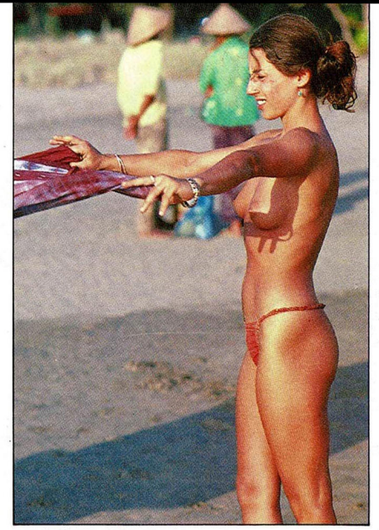
Moses, a diminutive, fast-talking, cigarette-smoking, tattooed 11-year-old with dyed yellow hair, a dazzling smile and a great sense of the theatrical, is chatting up girls and demonstrating his own disco dance, Kung Fu kick. Moses, an orphan from Timor, is an institution round Kuta: an energetic scammer with built-in style.

The word is, Moses confides, that the



Maxi Bar and Rum Jungle are having quiet nights and the best action is up at Kayu Api. Like all Bali's disco bars, the Kayu Api is big on Australian music. "You from Land-ununder?" a Balinese hotshot in a T-shirt asks a leggy sweat-glistening girl whose skirt keeps riding up to navel level as she bends and dips to the resurrected *Eagle Rock*.

The bar is of the open pavilion kind common in Bali. A wall topped by broken glass discourages unlawful entry. Multi-colored lights flash with the music beat and ceiling fans attempt to keep the heavy night air under assault. Motor bikes are stacked 10 and 20 deep outside and temporary food



stalls bathed in the light of oil lamps churn out soup and sates. There is a black '68 Chevy resplendent with sheriff's star on the door, fat tyres and a police roof-light. On the bonnet is an air brush painting of a helmeted, iron-fisted ghoul. There are two of the old-style Harley Davidsons which belong to Indonesians in chains and leathers. Yes, Bali *is* changing.

The barman has a light sprinkle of glitter on his dark face; on the dance floor, a stunning woman with tattooed chest pirouettes between spaced-out long-hair Indons who look like they got caught in the Haight Ashbury timewarp. Kayu Api is a trip: the women ranging from vulpine femme fatales to frivolous dolly birds in outrageous and mannered dress; the men from macho muscle to macho gay.

By about two am the crowd is thinning, liaisons have been made (and Bali is a good place to make them), and bike riders who arrived alone are revving into the night, their pillions graced by tanned thighs that squeeze at their buttocks and direct them to darkened losmens down darkened lanes.

Only next morning, revived by a pineapple and papaya juice or a banana pancake and a hit of yoghurt, will they really know if disco desire has blossomed into holiday romance.

Photos, top left: hawkers and traders are ever-present on the beach. Top right and centre: so are the earnest beauties baring their breasts. Bottom, left to right: local lovelies get into the act; more or less "live" music at Kayu Api. Opposite page: a sharp nudge to the libido.

WHERE WERE YOU IN 69?

if you're over 30 and remember the name of that old guy who sounds like dire straits, this quiz is for you

BETWEEN 1959 and 1970 were good years called "the happening". For others who didn't groove through them, they were just the plain-old 60s. But, for the mods, hippies and yippies amongst us, they were far-out, unreal and too much! If you don't believe me, let's get a check list going here. They gave us the Beatles, *My Favorite Martian*,

humor by perry vlahos

ILLUSTRATION BY CHRIS PAYNE

the GT Ford, pollution, revolution, Spiro Agnew, LSD (the "limited slip diff"), turtle-neck shirts, Hare Krishnas, love-ins, herpes, long hair, free love and the pill. What more could you ask for! The influence of the 60s is still being felt, and at the moment perhaps more strongly than ever. Especially in music.

Everything we did in the 60s was reflected in music. In this not-quite-forgotten decade of decadence, life was music and music was our life. Everything we did, we did with music. At the anti-Vietnam demonstrations we sang Country Joe's Fixing to Die Rag. At campus sit-ins we sang Country Joe's Fixing to Die Rag. In the shower we sang Country Joe's Fixing to Die Rag. Our repertoire was limited but we sang with a lot of gusto!

So what we're really saying here, man, is that if you don't know the music of the 60s, then brother, you didn't live at all! So, what we've got here is a little quiz to see whether you were actually kicking between '59 and '70. Are you ready? Here we go:

1. If you were going to San Francisco, what should you have worn?
- a) Tan shoes and pink shoe-laces, and a big Panama with a purple hat band.
- b) A white sports coat and a pink carnation.
- c) If you were over 6'6" and 20 stone, anything you wanted.
- d) Some flowers in your hair.
- e) Your heart on your sleeve

2. In A Whiter Shade of Pale, the 16 vestal virgins were headed for. . .
- a) a nunnery.
- b) a monastery.
- c) Surf City.
- d) a Go Go.
- e) the coast.

3. Paul, John, George and Ringo passed this way but only once. The biggest crowd they drew was. . .
- a) in Adelaide.
- b) at Tullamarine Airport.
- c) at a private party at Molly's after taping *Countdown*.
- d) in Upper Cumbucta West.
- e) This is a trick question. *The Mamas and Papas* never came to Australia.

4. When Russell Morris sang about The Real Thing, he said the meaning. . .
- a) was cosmic, man.
- b) didn't really mean a thing.
- c) echoed the teachings of a Chinese philosopher called Oo Mao Ma Mao.
- d) was really a commercial for Coca-Cola.
- e) was about real coke, man.

5. Bob Dylan's real name was. . .
- a) Robert Dylan.
- b) Robert Zimmerman.
- c) Donovan.
- d) Yasser Arafat.
- e) Mama Cass.

6. Smashing guitars became very chic in the mid-60s. The first guitarist to smash his guitar was. . .
- a) Eric Clapton, when he fell on it after tripping on a guitar cord.
- b) Jeff Beck, who saw Clapton fall and thought it would be great for his own act.
- c) Pete Townsend, who didn't see either of them.
- d) Andre Segovia, after hearing Townsend.
- e) Leo Fender, over Japanese guitar designers' heads for copying his designs.

7. Stewie Spears was. . .
- a) an Australian javelin throwing champion.
- b) Anne Spears' uncle.
- c) Lloyd Bridges' diving partner in *Sea Hunt*.
- d) Max Merritt's uncle and personally handled Max's affairs and groupies.
- e) drummer for The Meteors.

Everything we did in the 60s was reflected in music. In this decade of decadence, life was music and music was our life.

8. Rod Stewart gained notice in the late 60s as singer with the notorious Jeff Beck Group. They have been regarded by some as the first heavy rock band. On the group's first LP Rod sang which old classic?
- a) The 1812 Overture.
- b) Old Man River.
- c) Surfer Joe.
- d) Love Me Tender.
- e) Old Shep.

9. Complete the following line from a Beatles' song: "Black, white, green, red. . ."
- a) ". . .give me something for my head."
- b) ". . .is the color of my true love's hair."
- c) ". . .only when she gives me head."
- d) ". . .only when he gives me head."
- e) ". . .can I take my friend to bed?"

10. Which of the following big names came out of John Mayall's various groups
- a) Englebert Humperdink.
- b) Roberto Carlos Jose Manuel Santa-gada-Gomez.
- c) Mick Fleetwood and John McVie.
- d) Simon and Garfunkel.
- e) Meatloaf.

11. The "Easies" were. . .
- a) the Easybeats.
- b) Australian girls, as referred to by American soldiers on R&R from Vietnam.
- c) one part Scottish, two parts Dutch and two parts English. Stirred well.
- d) that gut feeling in your stomach when you had to ask a girl out.
- e) Harry, George, Snowy, Dick, and Stevie.

12. In the 60s, "gas" was. . .
- a) discovered.
- b) cheaper than electricity.
- c) a synonym for "fantastic".
- d) an antonym for "fantastic".
- e) same as always, what you get after eating baked beans.

13. What did you get when you kissed a girl?
- a) Another day older and deeper in debt.
- b) Enough germs to catch pneumonia.
- c) Physical.
- d) Glandular fever.
- e) Pubes caught in your teeth.

14. More song lyrics: "She was afraid to come out of the water. . ."
- a) ". . . because most of the sharks were on the beach."
- b) ". . .because she had a tattoo on her tummy."
- c) because she wore "an itsy-bitsy, teenie-weenie, yellow polka dot bikini."
- d) because the sign said, "Please don't talk to the life-guard."
- e) 'cause she was waiting for her ". . .blond-headed, stompie-wompie, real gone surfer boy."

15. Complete the following: "There she goes just a-walking down the street, singing. . ."
- a) "doo wah diddy diddy dum diddy doo."
- b) "it's hard to say I love you, when you're sitting on my face."
- c) "Everybody Loves Somebody Sometime."
- d) "Supercalafragilisticexpialadocious."
- e) "Why don't we do it in the road?"

16. Which profound words came to us via Oliver's lips, from *Hair*?
- a) Git it, git it, git it, git it Oh! Gitarzan.
- b) Mashed Potato Yeah! Yeah! Yeah! Oh Yeah, Yeah, Yeah Yeah, Yeah!
- c) Sock it to me, baby.
- d) Gliddy glup gloopy, nibby nabby noopy, la la la lo lo.
- e) *Sont le mots qui vont tres bien ensemble, tres bien ensemble.*

17. Who was "Tall and tan and young and lovely"?
- a) The Leader of the Pack.
- b) Nikita Kruschev.
- c) The Girl From Ipanema.
- d) Charlie Watts.
- e) Delilah.

18. When The Beatles arrived in Australia in '64, they had four singles in the Top 20, but they couldn't get to the Number One spot because of. . .
- a) an electric fence.
- b) Poison Ivy.
- c) the fact that the Australian Top 20 was not numbered in order.
- d) radio stations "fixing" the charts.
- e) the fact that they refused to sleep with a certain, well-known disc jockey.

19. Who were Archie's friends?
- a) Jumpin' Jack Flash and Ruby Tuesday.
- b) Dave Dee, Dozy, Beaky, Mick and Tich.
- c) Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello.
- d) Jughead, Veronica, Reggie and Betty.
- e) Archie was an arsehole, he didn't have any friends.

20. Jimmy Page, late of Led Zep, was responsible for the guitar parts on many of the English records of the 60s. He played on. . .
- a) the Beatles' With a Little Help From My Friends.
- b) regardless of the tomatoes being thrown from the audience.
- c) Joe Cocker's Wiff ah Little Halp Frum Me Frenz.
- d) Organ Au Go Go.
- e) a portable platform, he was very short.

21. The biggest Australian hit of '65 was.
- a) Que Sera Sera by Normie Rowe.
- b) Organ Au Go Go by Jimmy Page.
- c) 178 not out by young Ian Chappell against Pakistan.
- d) Step Back by Johnny Young.
- e) flat and round with a hole in the middle.

22. Cream was. . .
- a) what you did to your pants the first time you put your hand on a girl's tits.
- b) what you did to your pants waiting outside the principal's office.
- c) Pink Floyd's original name.
- d) a three-piece English supergroup.
- e) a three-piece English suit.

23. Who sang, "Every time I make a move to love you — one, two, three, red light, you stop me"?
- a) Wilbur Post to Mr Ed.
- b) The Cufflinks.
- c) The 1910 Fruitgum Company.
- d) Batman to Robin.
- e) Every guy Marie Osmond ever went out with.

24. The 60s had their fair share of silly group names. Which of the following is not a group name?
- a) Fat Mattress.
- b) The Electric Prunes.
- c) The Running Jumping Standing Still.
- d) The Rusty Can Openers.
- e) Moby Grape.

25. The chick-backing-vocal parts used on Jan and Dean records were sung by. . .
- a) Jan, because she could do the girl parts better than Dean.
- b) This is a sneaky question to see if we know that Jan and Dean were both girls.
- c) Only Jan, Dean and their producer know.
- d) Jim Morrison and some of the Beach Boys.
- e) Jan and Dean never used girls. They were both good Catholic boys.

(For answers and how you scored, turn to page 136.)

YORKSHIRE PUDDING

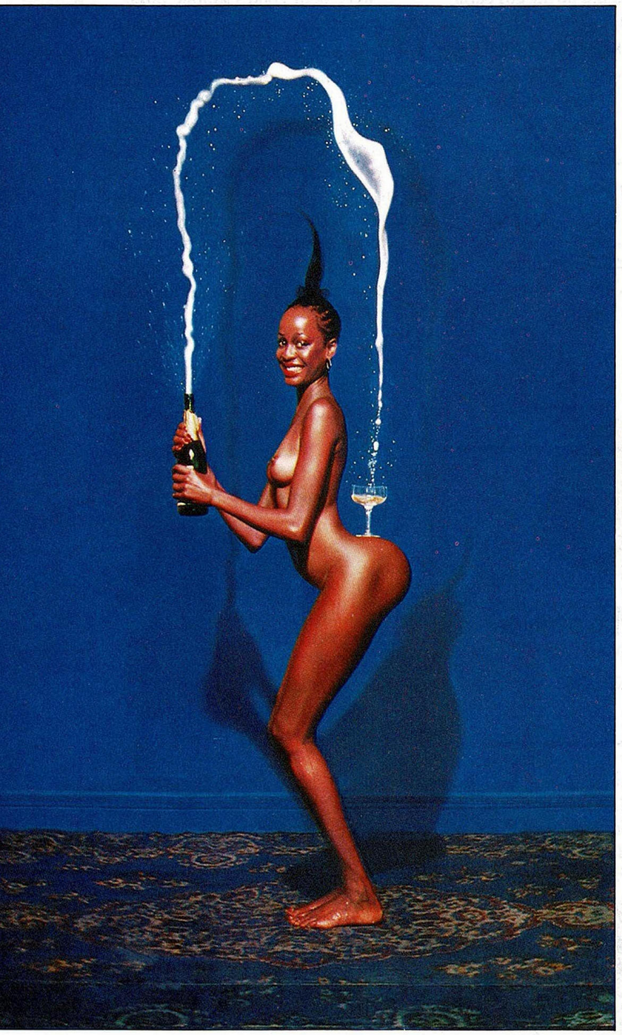
YORKSHIRE RIPPER

YORKSHIRE PUDDING RIPPER

Sternberg
(YORKSHIRE SIGNATURE)

JUNGLE FEVER

in which the artist's inspiration comes from amazing grace jones

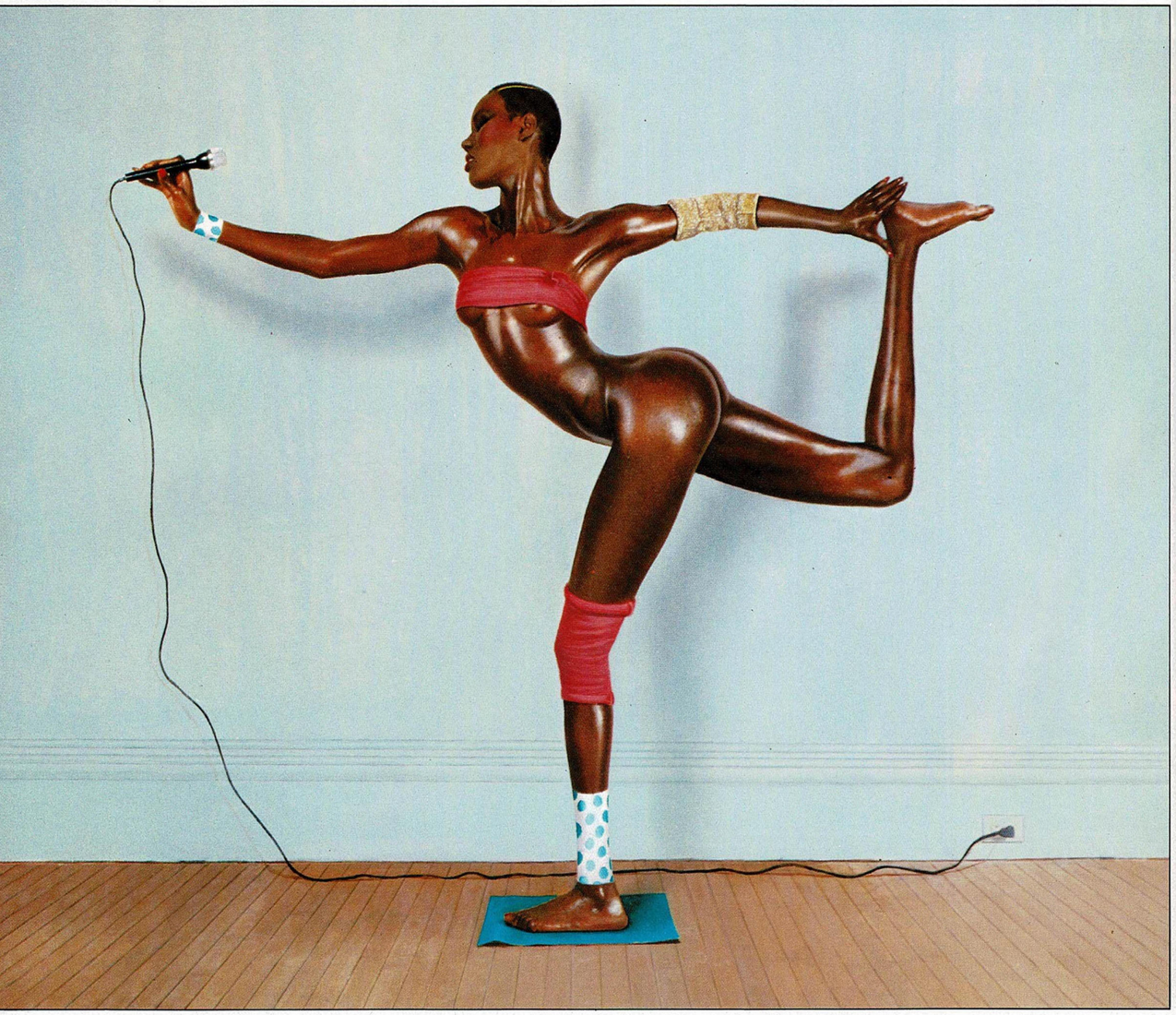


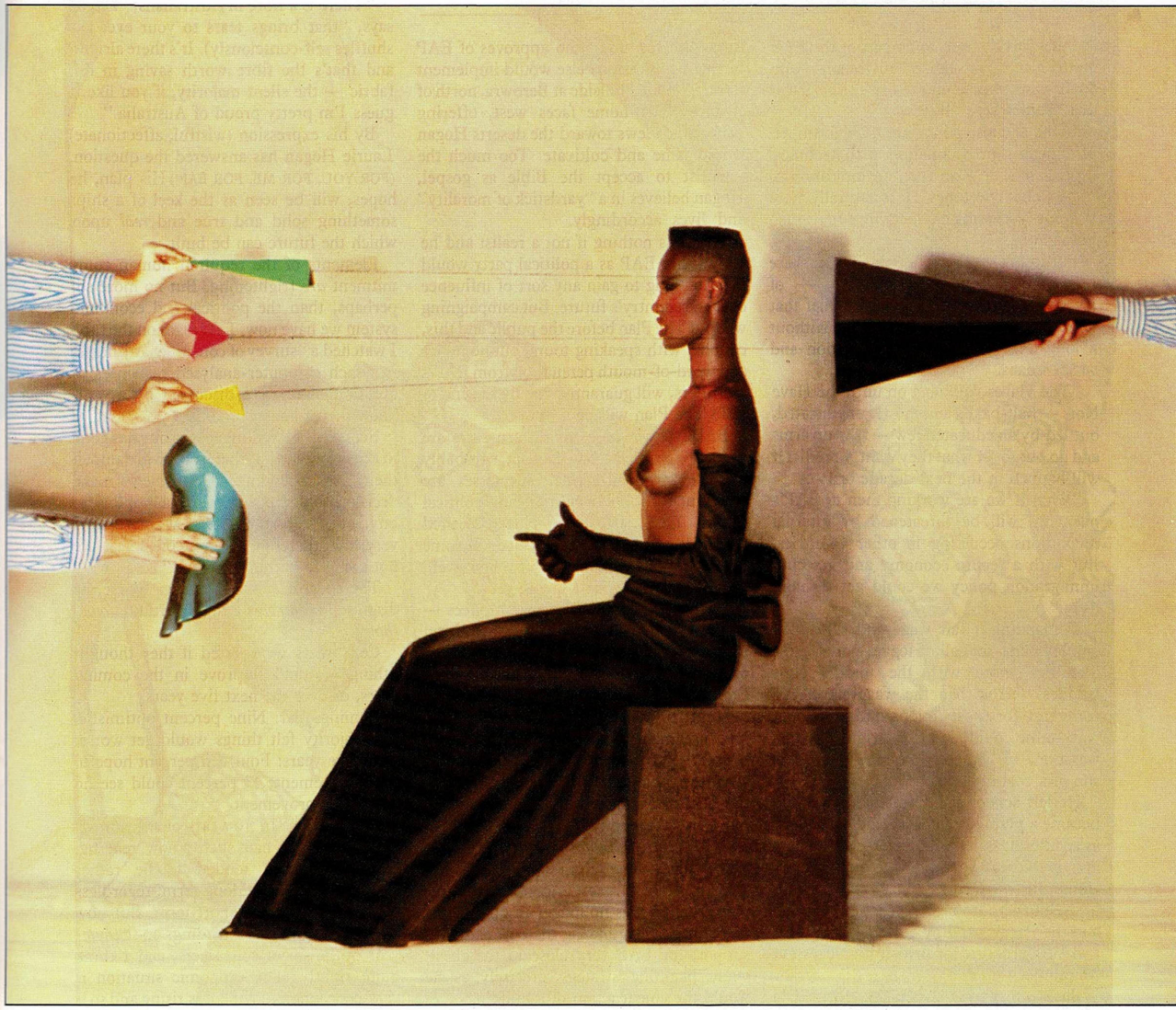
TEXT AND PICTURES
BY JEAN-PAUL GOUDE

My grandfather was a famous French designer. He died when he was 29 from overwork. His wife died one year later from despair and there was no family left to care for my father and his brother, who were sent to an orphanage. They shave your head and you learn a trade, and at 14 they release you into the world. My father and his brother came out knowing absolutely nothing about life — about girls, nothing. My father became an apprentice working on elevators.

I always thought that fashion shows were potentially a wonderful form of theatre. Consequently, I was amazed when I first saw Grace Jones perform because no matter how crude her attempts at style may have seemed, she was the first to take radical fashion out of its predictable Parisian context, to bring it to the music scene where I had always thought it belonged — pure entertainment.

DO NOT FEED THE ANIMAL





The strength of her image is that it swings constantly from the near grotesque — from the organ grinder's monkey — to the great African beauty. You are constantly looking at her and wondering if she's beautiful or grotesque, or both, and how can she be one if she's the other? An early portrait of Grace suggests what I am trying to say. First I photographed her in different positions — to get all my references, which I combined in a cut-up version of the picture.

Then I started painting, joining up all those pieces to give the illusion that Grace Jones actually posed for the photograph and that only she could assume such a position. (I know a ballerina with the Joffrey Company who is still trying to imitate it!) If you study it, the pose is anatomically impossible. Grace calls this picture "Nigger Arabesque".

UTOPIA *(continued from page 59)*

By 2178, when The Plan concludes, its architect believes humans will be living in other galaxies.

"somewheres" seem to be part of the EAP masterplan. For those Australians who don't want to play on the team, where will that "somewhere" be?

Some of these points are more examples of Hogan's preoccupation with technical aspects of The Plan than an indication of Big Brother overtones. He is naturally more at home discussing engineering details than human ones.

Putting aside such qualms, there are thousands — possibly millions — of Australians who share Hogan's belief that the consequences of blundering on without a long-term plan will be revolution and social chaos.

"The Haves will hang on until the Have Nots — half-baked and mostly uneducated, but led by an educated few — take up arms and go out to *get* what they want. I predict it will happen in the next decade or two.

"Even if we are working then to EAP's plan, we will be threatened by internal revolutions occurring in other countries. But with a secure economy and a secure immigration policy we could get through okay."

Demanding a fair wage and continued employment for all, Hogan nonetheless identifies more with the middle class business sector than the wage slave. His contempt for most unions and a strident work ethic could cloud his origins: Hogan was born in Lithgow, western NSW, the son of a coal miner.

He left school at intermediate level and became a plumber, later joining the RAAF as an aircraft skin designer and serving here and in Korea. Qualifying as an engineer along the way, Hogan made a name for himself in aerodrome construction (Darwin and the Pacific) and by building the towers and infrastructure for British atomic tests at Maralinga.

Back on civvy street, he formed a construction company then sold out and spent several years as an engineer with the Wollongong City Council. Later Hogan supervised construction of the Chevron Hotel in Sydney and, after another stint with the council in Wollongong, returned to Sydney to start four construction companies and a subsidiary plastics company.

Hogan voted for Whitlam. . . and by 1975, with his wages bill up 32 percent and no help available from the banks, managing director Hogan was forced to sell his companies to offset trading deficits. It was a bitter lesson, he says, and right then — in 1975 — Hogan began researching a stabilising plan for Australia's future.

Married with two grown offspring, he lives with his wife (who approves of EAP but wishes someone else would implement it) on a wooded hillside at Berowra, north of Sydney. The home faces west, offering panoramic views toward the deserts Hogan would tame and cultivate. Too much the scientist to accept the Bible as gospel, Hogan believes in a "yardstick of morality" and lives accordingly.

Hogan is nothing if not a realist and he knows that EAP as a political party would take too long to gain any sort of influence over the country's future. But campaigning will put The Plan before the public and this, coupled with speaking tours, public rallies and word-of-mouth persuasion from EAP's recruiters, will guarantee that by the end of 1983 The Plan will be a byword.

EAP's power bases in eastern cities are vaguely defined by Hogan, probably because most influential businesses are reluctant to publicly support any political group. Late last year, Hogan visited Queensland and was well received in some important boardrooms — just how well, and by whom, he isn't saying yet.

EAP is financed by membership fees — $10 to join and $10 a year, pensioners and the unemployed, $2 a year — and is based on a complex power structure. There's an executive administration board (Hogan and his four, 10-man recruiting and PR teams) main segment boards and sub-segment boards. As membership increases, the executive board will be rejuvenated with the best of available talent — others will move back through the ranks.

Hogan says he is "working to a precise plan" and "marching forward to the starting point". . . as though EAP's implementation was no longer in doubt, just the timing. He's playing the true extent of support for EAP very close to the chest, while planning strategy precisely as he would the construction of a building.

I have spoken to other engineers, mining equipment retailers, journalists, entrepreneurs and politicians about Hogan and his 200-year packaged vision. Most of them thought it was emphatically a *goer!* Politicians and journalists, though, had difficulty imagining how Australians could be induced to support The Plan. . . how they could be collectively galvanised down the *Critical Path*. Me too. Practical folk, like Hogan, disregard such obstacles in favor of blissful contemplation of *The Project*.

By the year 2178, when The Plan concludes, its architect believes humans will be living in other galaxies. He isn't keen to discuss this ("It's too Star Warish, right now we need more practical speculation.") but he adds: "We'll move off this planet for dead bloody sure. If not for survival, then for advantage in defence or war."

Does Hogan truly believe Australians can make EAP work? Does he think they give enough of a damn to even try?

"There is a fibre in Australians," Hogan says, "that brings tears to your eyes (he shuffles self-consciously). It's there alright, and that's the fibre worth saving in our fabric — the silent majority, if you like. I guess I'm pretty proud of Australia."

By his expression (wistful, affectionate) Laurie Hogan has answered the question. (FOR YOU, FOR ME, FOR EAP!) His plan, he hopes, will be seen as the keel of a ship: something solid and true and *real* upon which the future can be built.

Elements of the required human commitment *are* frightening. But no more so, perhaps, than the political and economic system we have now. Last night on the tube I watched a "survey of consumer attitudes" in which computer-analysed responses to questionnaires were discussed by a well-known Australian economist.

Economist: "Willingness to buy has gone to a new low and, er, that factor will dampen their, er, spending. Consumers make decisions based not only on their ability to buy, but their willingness. Willingness is very low, therefore I think consumers are not going to be big spenders."

The economist said nothing. Worse, he disguised *nothing* as a highly erudite *something*.

Consumers were asked if they thought "things" would improve in the coming years, or over the next five years.

Coming year: Nine percent optimistic, the majority felt things would get worse. Next five years: Fourteen percent hopeful of improvement; 43 percent could see no hope of improvement.

Economist: "In 10 years of measuring, we have never had such a low reading. Australians have tended to be rather optimistic about the long term, regardless of doubts about the short term. But now we're getting very low readings on the five-year optimism of consumers, and I think quite rightly. The economic situation is very poor, unemployment is rising and so is inflation."

What does it mean? *The five-year optimism of consumers*. . . sentences like this are alarming; they lead to the unavoidable conclusion that economics have long since exceeded the comprehension of economists. And that the role of economists, publicly, is to *pretend* amid much throat clearing, that everything is thoroughly understood. . . but mysteriously beyond redemption.

The 200-year optimism of consumers sought by Laurie Hogan may take shape out of a realisation that the ship of state lacks not only a keel but also a rudder.

THE EDGE

(continued from page 46)

He pictured himself entering her, up against the observation windows; a stress-test for the glass.

pervading the apartment where he now lived, the apartment he had leased until he could decide what his next step should be He'd taken to playing her album a lot of late, every song touching him anew each time.

Having cracked a can of beer, he drifted to a window and leaned there watching the dreamy passage of ferries on the harbor, the settlement of night upon the city. Just as some people respond to the surge of the ocean and others to the pressure of large dams, he had discovered over the past few days that he could no longer ignore the drawing power of the Sydney Tower, could no longer deny the allure of such a lofty edifice.

His eyes were drawn again to the Tower, floodlit against a rich indigo backdrop, a backdrop which deepened slowly, almost imperceptibly to ebony, reminding him of how the house lights had dimmed in the magnificent movie palaces of his youth. They were all but gone now.

Certainties, he felt, were rapidly slipping away. For him, the centre was no longer holding. *The words of the prophets are written on the subway walls.* But where were they now, those soothsayers of the '60s? he wondered. How many of them, like him, travelled again the backroads of their pasts trying to figure out where optimism first eluded them.

Even the ringing phone had a hollow faraway sound. He was slow to answer it.

"I was beginning to think you'd left for Guatemala," Julia said. "Every time I've called, there's been no answer."

"I don't remember being specific about my plans," he shot back.

"Specifics have long since ceased to be among your finer points," she said. "But Guatemala seemed, to me, a likely choice. They tell me gun-running can be a lucrative operation."

He pictured her sitting alone in the living room of their rambling house, sitting there curled up in a chair, a glass in her hand, the room dark except for the crossed-spots on the Donald Friend. That she was alone he had no doubt. Solitude moved people to make calls they normally would not make.

"I heard you're going to stay at Keith and Larry's house while they're in Hawaii," he said. Keith and Larry were a gay couple who'd been around so long they surely had an arrangement with the Almighty.

"I haven't given them a definite answer yet," she said and then hesitated for a moment before adding, "One morning recently, Larry discovered a girl, a total stranger, sitting in their living room. Just sitting there, staring at him. When he questioned her she said 'You may not know me now but you soon will'."

"Maybe she needed to talk with someone," Dane said.

"Maybe she needed to talk with someone. . . and maybe she was crazy," Julia replied. "She got away before Larry had time to find out."

Dane said,"I suppose it goes without saying that Sam will keep you company at Keith and Larry's."

"You can't get to me that way," Julia replied and he could detect no rancor in her voice. He heard what sounded like the clink of ice-cubes in a glass before she continued. "Sam's been receiving some very strange, very disturbing letters. We're considering turning them over to the police. Tell me that doesn't concern you."

"I follow her career with interest," he retorted.

"You sound like Randolph Hearst trying to be glib about Patty," Julia said. "Trying but not succeeding."

Dog-tired and emotionally unwound, Dane sighed the sigh of a man who feels irreversible numbness setting in.

"Why don't you come home to us," Julia said, her voice betraying how close she was to tears.

"Because certain images still run regularly through my mind like. . . (he couldn't resist saying it). . . like a home movie." After a long pause he said, "Anyway, haven't you heard? You can't go home again."

"You've been reading too much Patrick White," she said. "We need each other. The three of us. Together we're better protected."

"Against what? The sound of canned laughter on television?" he said, his gaze returning to the city skyline. "Against the proposition that maybe these leapers have unscrambled a code that the rest of us aren't even apprehending?"

"Against the stranger you might find sitting in your living room, the crazy with the icy stare and the concealed carving knife," Julia said. Then, very softly, "And against the idea that certain sexual grievances, whether real or imagined, can never be resolved."

Dane crushed the empty beer can in his hand. "Just for the record, it wasn't Patrick White," he said.

"What?" she asked vaguely.

"*You Can't Go Home Again,*" he said. "It was Thomas Wolfe."

"Maybe Thomas Wolfe didn't know what we know," Julia said. "Maybe he hadn't travelled as far as we have."

Just before she hung up, Dane thought he heard her start to cry.

Next day the Sydney Tower proved irresistible. He had, of course, known all along that eventually it would win.

Despite the view from the top, the fleeting, fanciful impression that there, on a clear day, you just might see forever, it was, ultimately, the people roaming the observation decks who held his interest. Japanese tourists wielding cameras as if they were extensions of their bodies. Country visitors vying with their suburban counterparts for Ugly Australian awards. Americans in town (a Jaycees' convention? An orthodontists' conference?) eyeing covetously the Yashica-extremities of the Japanese, while Italian families, whose own children they had dressed like ageing midgets, stared incredulously at two eccentric old gals, Baby Jane clones in cheer-leader skirts.

It quickly became apparent to Dane that the Tower's designers had determined from the outset to thwart jumpers. Security was tight and the observation decks were obviously constructed to prevent not only break-out but also to deflect break-in by anything up to the order of an out-of-control Cessna. That he should be checking those points did not strike him as being the actions of a man with an ulterior motive for being there.

The girl moved into his consciousness in an insinuative way, hovering, as she did, on the edge of his vision no matter where he walked. She wore large, dark glasses which hid not only her eyes but much of her face and yet he found himself becoming intrigued by her and by what he began to see as her interest in him.

He moved closer to the windows and looked down. Far below, the streets swarmed with ant-like creatures, toy-like vehicles. All those faces longing to be upturned, he thought. All those breaths waiting to be held. There had not been a leaper for the past two days. How much longer could their craving go unappeased?

When he lifted his gaze, when he turned his head from the window, he saw her standing no more than 10 feet away. She, too, had her gaze fixed intently on the streets. Watching her like that, with she seemingly oblivious to his stare, touched off in him a fantasy-fuse. He thought about how it would be to have her, right then and there, 1000 feet above the ground.

He pictured himself entering her, up against the observation windows; he saw the steady, driving build-up, the eventual acceleration to a frantic thrusting and thrashing which, if nothing else, would be a worthy stress-test for the glass. He could imagine her with her legs wrapped around his waist, her head thrown back, her teeth bared, as they raced together towards climax, while below and beyond them the great sprawling metropolis provided an awesome backdrop to such an abandoned encounter.

Christ! He was getting a hard-on. When it came to visualising a concept, he certainly

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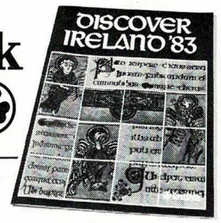

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knew his business. An entire storyboard in a matter of moments. His cock continued to stiffen, straining against the barrier of his briefs. Then, almost before he realised it, she was turning from the window and walking away from him. Satisfied that she had not lost interest but was merely prolonging the game, he followed, nonchalant, casual in his pursuit. She ascended the stairs to the upper observation deck. He trailed her, his fuse still burning.

She had practically completed a circuit of the second deck when suddenly she glanced over her shoulder in his direction. The Baby Jane clones chose that instant to materialise by his side and ask him some ridiculous question about the safety of the Tower in the event of earthquake. When he looked again for the girl, she was darting into an almost-full elevator.

He reached the elevator only seconds behind her but the attendant was barring the further intake of passengers. In those few moments before the doors slid shut she reached up and, with the deliberation of a stripper divesting herself of the final G-string, removed her dark glasses.

What Dane saw caused his fantasies to fade to black and his tumescence to quickly subside. Her face was waxen-like, expressionless, but in her eyes, which met his, held his for seconds that seemed to slide into slow-motion minutes, he glimpsed something he had seen before, something chilling perceived in the eyes of Manson, of Hinckley, of Chapman, a blankness from which, it seemed, reason had irrevocably flown. Only later did he realise that she'd been dressed in a manner reminiscent of Samantha's distinctive style. Only later did it occur to him that her hair was the same color and cut as that of his daughter.

Following three days of leaper-free lunch hours, it was assumed by the media that the flurry was over. Finished. Kaput. No longer was the public interested in why so many people had answered an inner-calling to cash in their chips.

In the beautiful city-on-the-harbor, where no malevolent wind blows and where it is inadvisable to dwell at length upon the past, readers and viewers and listeners alike turned their thoughts to new diversions, secure in the knowledge that they would not, for long, be left wanting, that the next compelling headline might be only a day away.

Dane sat on the patio gazing down at the moonlit swimming pool and, around and beyond it, the jungle-like garden. The air was heavy with an intoxicating mix of odors. Jasmine. Leaf mould. Chlorine. His eyes narrowed as he concentrated upon the darker extremities of the grounds, recesses whose shadows had about them now a deceptive depth, an ominous stillness.

Behind him he could hear Julia and Samantha moving around inside the house.

So far there had been no mention of, or allusion to, why he had moved out. As to why he had returned, the only reference, oblique and jocular, had come from him.

"The bottom fell out of the gun-running business," he had said.

"Sounds like a line from some Bogart movie," Sam had said but he knew she had not missed the look which passed between him and Julia.

Alone now on the patio he heard again Lloyd Floyd's word. "When it's dead it's dead." Even then, that day in the restaurant, Dane had known he was hearing the words of a man who understood nothing of the intricate turns a relationship might take, a man dealing badly with the shortening of days and the fragility of illusions. Not that Dane had forgotten his own recent preoccupation with slipping certainties and lost optimism; the anxiety, undreamed of at 20, taking root now at 40. But for the first time in a long while, he felt removed from such thoughts, felt unaccountably rejuvenated, exhilarated even.

Presently Julia and, soon after, Samantha drifted out of the house. Passing through the light-spill from the living-room, they joined him, sat with him in the softer penumbra where fallen frangipani blooms were turning brown.

"Larry discovered a girl, a total stranger, sitting in their living-room. Just sitting there. . .staring at him," Julia had told him over the phone.

"Maybe she needed to talk with someone."

"Maybe she needed to talk with someone. . . and maybe she was crazy," Julia had retorted.

In retrospect, those words seemed, to Dane, to have taken on additional freight. He reached out and drew the two women closer to him, Julia on one side, Samantha on the other.

At that moment something dropped into the pool, something fallen, perhaps, from an overhanging tree. It caused only a light splash, a rippling of the reflected moon but it was enough. He reacted instantly, his body tensing, his hands balling into fists.

He watched, waited, adrenalin pumping. Nothing. Of course nothing, he told himself. On such a night, sultry and almost unnaturally still, the imagination too readily works overtime. Soon the waters of the pool were calm once more.

Before long, the garden's peripheral shadows began to bleed further into the tiled surrounds of the pool, crept closer to the patio. Julia touched her fingertips to Dane's cheek, traced the contour of his jaw. Samantha took his hand, linking her fingers through his. He drew a deep breath and tightened his hold on them. And the brooding silence, as if unable to contain itself any longer, let loose the sound of cicadas, an endless scream filling the hot, summer dark.

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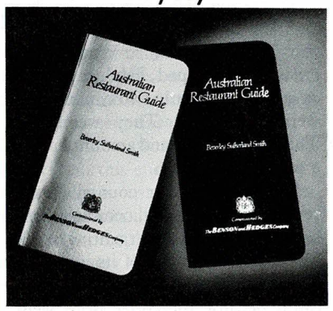

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DEFAULT

(continued from page 62)

"There are few recorded instances of any government actually getting out of debt."

crisis has developed, I should point out that as late as 1978, only two countries on earth were in default. They were Peru and Turkey, and the grand amount involved was a paltry $2.3 billion.

The *reasons* each country has had to renege on its financial commitments are all somewhat different: Argentina because of a war, Poland because of its vast misguided overinvestment in heavy industry, Honduras because the coffee price went sour, Zaire because nobody in the government there has a clue as to how to run a country. But the result was the same in all cases: they no longer have sufficient dollar income and/or reserves to service their dollar debts.

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Are they ever going to be able to repay? If not, who or what is going to bail them out? If there is no bailout, which banks in which countries are going to be in danger of going belly up?

Let's answer the last question first. The American banks that have lent the most to the weakest are the biggest: Citibank, Chase Manhattan, Continental Illinois, Bank of America, J.P. Morgan, Manufacturers Hanover, Chemical Bank, First Interstate, Security Pacific, Bankers Trust. Why? First, simply because they are the 10 biggest banks in the United States. And because of their size, they were automatically on the list of the 50 largest banks in the world, those banks the Arabs considered eligible to receive almost unlimited amounts of petrodollar deposits. The vast supply of money put at those banks' disposal created its own pressure to create demand for equal amounts. That's why we see the proliferation of sovereign loans on such an immense scale by so few banks. The other reason: greed. Every one of those banks today makes half of its profits abroad, give or take a few percentage points. Ten years ago, not one did.

Now to the bailout issue. What if things suddenly get worse? For instance, what if everybody in the developing world plus most of Eastern Europe decided to get on the default bandwagon simultaneously, openly, and defiantly; or on a much less flamboyant level, what if some bank examiner, somewhere, overcome by conscience, decides to declare these bank loans as what they are — bad loans — thus forcing one of the big banks in New York or London or Frankfurt to the wall. Will Uncle Sam simply stand aside and let Citibank or Chase or Continental Illinois go broke? Will the Bank of England deliberately allow a Barclays or a National Westminster or a Lloyds to go belly up? Will the Bundesbank let the Deutsche Bank and Dresdner Bank and the Westdeutsche Landesbank Girozentrale go down the drain? Because all of those big international banks are also in the global top 50, all have been doing the same things as Chase or Citibank (except for the Japanese banks, naturally) and so they are all similarly exposed.

The answer is: of course not. The reason can be found in one shared memory, that of the Creditanstalt. The Creditanstalt was the huge Austrian bank that was allowed to go broke in 1931, leading to a domino toppling of financial institutions around the world — including the closing in the USA of 10,000 banks that would never reopen their doors. That event — not the famous New York stock market Crash of 1929 — was the single financial happening that turned the *recession,* which began in the autumn in 1929, into the Great *Depression* that lasted until 1940. No government is going to allow that to happen again. In fact, no American government is going to allow any *other* government to ever let it happen again.

How?

Well, first of all by looking the other way as the commercial banks of the world throw good money after bad in order to preclude the *de facto* defaults on sovereign loans turning into *de jure* defaults. If Poland can't pay interest on its old loans, the banks simply process a new loan so that it can. Ditto when the principal comes due. A lot of people in describing this process, use the old joke about rearranging the deck chairs on the Titanic.

As a result, increasing numbers of investors in the United States have joined the "flight to quality" by moving their funds out of certificates of deposit with the large American banks into Treasury bills, notes and bonds of the United States government. Abroad, this capital flight has taken the form of a renewed move into gold. The banks and bankers pretend not to be worried. Walter Wriston, chairman of Citicorp, has suggested that the debts of the LDCs and Eastern Europe should be considered more or less like the trillion dollar national debt here in the United States — one that must be constantly "rolled over", since it will never be paid back. "There are few recorded instances in history," he wrote in the Op-Ed page of *The New York Times,* "of government — any government — actually getting out of debt." What Wriston did *not* point out was that while his government can print any amount of dollars it needs in order to service the national debt, since "we owe it to ourselves", the governments of Mexico or Argentina cannot. Unfortunately for them and for their international bankers, they owe dollars but they can only print pesos.

So where will the dollars eventually have to come from when the re-scheduling process breaks down — as it ultimately must? We already know the answer: the World Bank and the International Monetry Fund. The United States government and the governments of Western Europe and Japan will have to increase the capital of those international lending institutions by tens of billions of dollars (the funds ultimately coming from the pockets of the developed world's taxpayers). Those institutions themselves will then be able to borrow additional tens of billions in the world's capital markets (contributing to high interest rates for the rest of us). And, as the various sovereign loan default crises arise, the huge sums thus accumulated will be lent to the treasuries and central banks of the basket-case nations so that they can, in turn, pay back the money they owe Chase and Bank of America and Lloyds and the Dresdner Bank. By maintaining the solvency of the basket-case nations, we preclude a re-run of the Creditanstalt collapse and its aftermath.

The United States government already has proposed a variation on that theme: the establishment of a special "standby" facility, a safety net with potential funding of somewhere between $10 billion and $25 billion, that could be activated literally overnight if a real biggie, like say, Brazil, went to the wall. The probable outcome will be a mixture of both. But even that process has its limits. At some point, the parliaments and taxpayers of the world will finally refuse to continue footing the bill for the bailout of the world's private banks.

The ominous default situation is by no means restricted to sovereign loans in the process of going from bad to worse. The same banks whose necks are stuck out a mile vis-a-vis countries around the world often have very serious problems at home as well. In the United States, that point was underscored last summer by the collapse of Drysdale Securities, an obscure dealer in government securities. When Drysdale suddenly went under, Chase Manhattan which had been involved in the financing of Drysdale's inventory of securities was just as suddenly out a quarter of a billion dollars. Then came the collapse of an equally obscure financial institution in Oklahoma City, the Penn Square Bank. Not only did large depositors in that bank lose a couple of hundred million dollars but it turned out that Penn Square had "sold" to such northern banks as Continental Illinois of Chicago and Seafirst bank of Seattle more than a billion dollars in loan to oil exploration companies — loans which, for the most part, will never be repaid. Lurking in the wings is International Harvester, a company that must repay the big banks $1.6 billion by December 15, 1983. At present, it's difficult to see how Harvester can possibly meet that payment. Its net worth is already down to $500 million and the company is still losing money like crazy every month. Or did you ever hear of a company called GHR? It's in the oil and gas business, and because of what's happened to the oil business as a result of the oil glut, it's experiencing serious financial difficulties. This Good Hope, Louisiana company owes Continental of Illinois $165 million; it owes Chase $125 million; it even owes a French bank, the Banque de Paris et Pays-Base, $250 million. How much of that they will ever get back remains to be seen.

Not that the United States situation is by any means unique. Take Canada — staid, steady Canada. Its banks are in even greater trouble. The reason is that *each* of the top five Canadian banks has loaned over *half* of all its capital and reserves to just *one* company — Dome Petroleum (something no American bank could do, by the way, since by law no amount greater than 10 percent of a bank's capital can be lent to one borrower. In Canada, there are no limits). But following the "Canadianisation" policy of Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau where his country's energy industry was concerned, Dome Petroleum was encouraged to borrow billions in order to be able to buy out foreign interests in a number of Canadian oil companies, especially Hudson's Bay Oil. It seemed like a sure thing because, after all, the oil price was going from $40 a barrel to $60 to $100. Remember? Well, wrong again. As a result of the oil glut, Dome Petroleum's income (like Mexico's) is way below what it expected; its debts (like Mexico's) enormous, over $7 billion. Consequently Dome (like Mexico) has been forced to already renege on a payment of $1.3 billion due the banks at the end of September, and it is a foregone conclusion in financial circles that the company will also fail to meet the repayment of another billion due this coming June. If this default becomes total, who will bail out the Canadian banks?

Had enough? Well, just one more country: Germany, supposedly the country that serves as the model for the rest of us because of its fiscal and monetary conservatism, its hard currency and its solid banks. No more. Teetering on the edge of bankruptcy is one of Germany's largest corporations, the Algemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft (AEG), equivalent of our General Electric. It owes the big German banks 2.2 billion marks. The Wienerwald restaurant empire, Deutschland's closest counterpart to America's McDonald's (in terms of importance in the restaurant business of the country, not the cuisine), is in equally bad shape. Another half billion. One of the country's biggest construction firms, Neue Heimat, is apparently also broke: it is into the banks for 1.2 billion marks. All this comes on top of Poland, where the German banks are far more exposed to potential massive defaults than any other group of banks. The result is that now *American* banks are yanking *their* money out of the *German* banks because they consider them unsafe!

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How will all this end?

There really is just one, and only one, "ultimate" solution: that which would be provided by a broadly-based and sustained economic recovery throughout the Western World, starting in 1983. If the three locomotives of global economic growth, the United States, West Germany and Japan, really get going again, they'll lift the whole world up with them in the future, just as they've done repeatedly in the past. Demand for, and the prices of, everything from copper to cocoa to sugar to oil will recover. So will demand for International Harvester's trucks and AEG's washing machines, perhaps bailing them out, if it doesn't come too late. But most important of all, in the pull of such a recovery, the foreign trade income of all the debtor nations will revive and they will once again have sufficient dollars to service their external debts. At least for a while.

If, however, the 1983 economic recovery fizzles, especially if it fizzles soon, these teetering corporations and those destitute debtor nations will have no chance. The banks will have to foreclose at home. And abroad, the World Bank and the IMF will soon run out of financial bandaids. The "temporary cash flow" problems of the Third World and Eastern Europe will then be recognised for what they really are: deep-seated *structural* problems of such a magnitude that they are unsolvable in our generation.

The world would then face a default situation dwarfing that which began in 1931. If the realisation of this should suddenly spread, the world's banks — literally all of them — could become suspect overnight. Everybody would try to get his money out at the same time. It could all happen so fast that before the governments of the world could respond by "reliquifying" the banks with "new" money, the worst would have already occurred. My guess is that we will know the answer to all this no later than 1985.

To be sure, no doubt there is a great temptation to view all this with a good amount of gloating. After all, when were moneychangers ever the most beloved among us? My suggestion however, is that you be nice to your banker. Sympathise with him. Buy him a drink now and then. Be *supportive*. Because let's face it — if *he* goes, we *all* go.

EXPOSURE OF THE TEN LARGEST AMERICAN BANKS IN MEXICO

Bank	Loans Outstanding	Shareholders' Equity	Mexican Exposure as Percentage of Shareholders' Equity
Citicorp	$2.3	$4.3	53.5
Bank of America	2.4	4.1	58.5
Chase Manhattan	1.5	2.6	57.7
J.P. Morgan	1.1	2.4	45.5
Manufacturers Hanover	1.7	1.9	89.5
Continental Illinois	0.6	1.7	35.3
Chemical	1.3	1.6	81.2
First Interstate	0.7	1.6	43.7
Security Pacific	0.5	1.3	38.5
Bankers Trust	0.8	1.2	66.6

THE WORLD'S BIGGEST DEBTORS (IN BILLIONS OF DOLLARS)

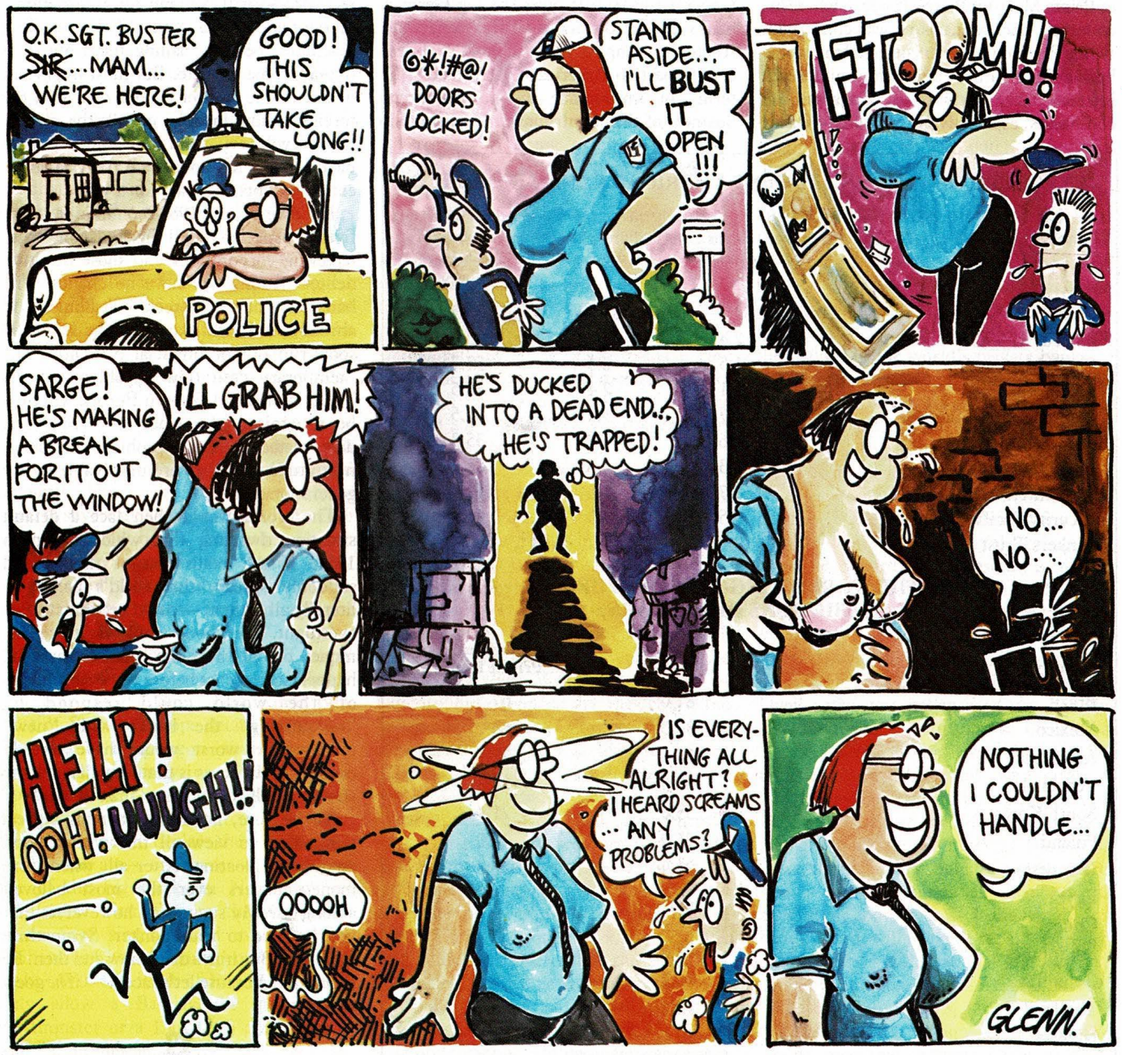
Country	Total Debt	Loans from Private Banks
Brazil	87.0	67.5
Mexico	81.0	68.0
Argentina	36.6	27.5
Venezuela	35.5	29.0
South Korea	35.0	21.4
Poland	26.0	24.0
Indonesia	21.9	9.6
Egypt	19.0	5.5
Chile	18.2	12.0
Philippines	18.0	11.6
Columbia	10.5	6.4
Thailand	10.2	6.0
Nigeria	10.0	8.0

PLAYBOY FUNNIES

PARNELL

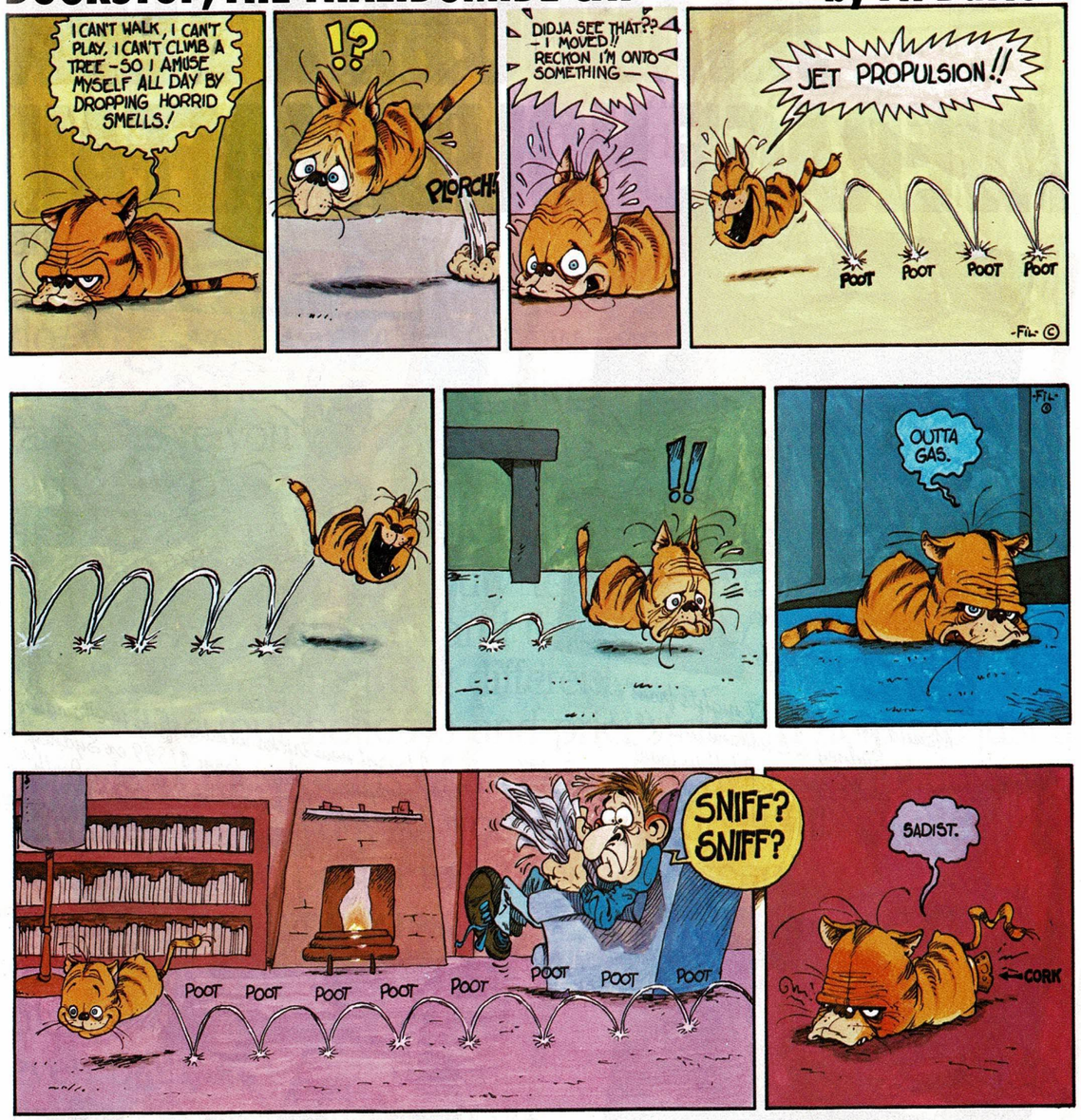
BUSTER

BY GLENN TODD



DOORSTOP, THE THALIDOMIDE CAT

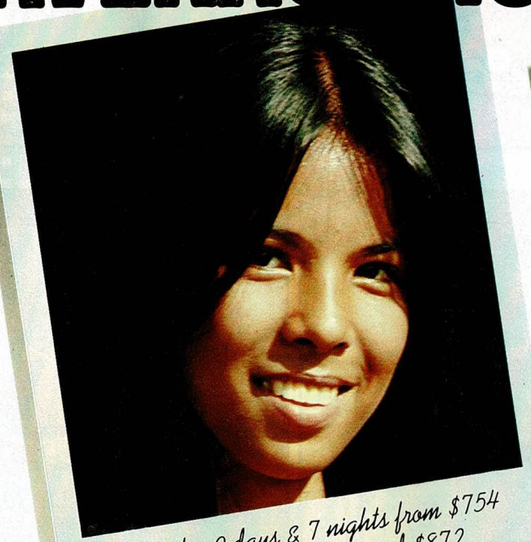
by Fil Barlow



Porkette

BY MARTIN TRENGOVE

JETABOUT'S ALTERNATIVES TO THE AVERAGE HOLIDAY AFFAIR.

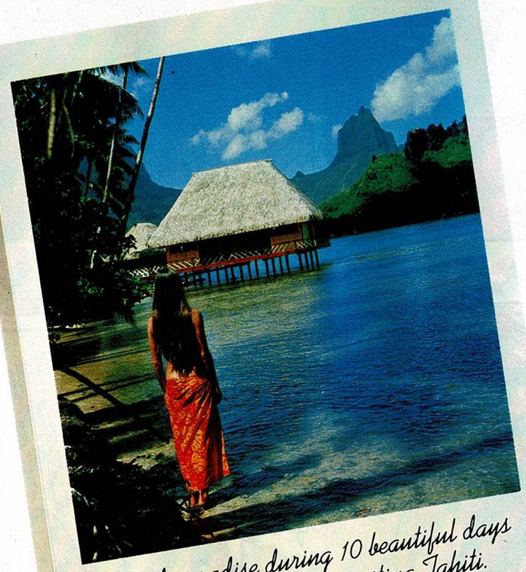


*Manila for 9 days & 7 nights from $754 ex Sydney & Brisbane and $872 ex Melbourne. I fell in love!**

QH1708

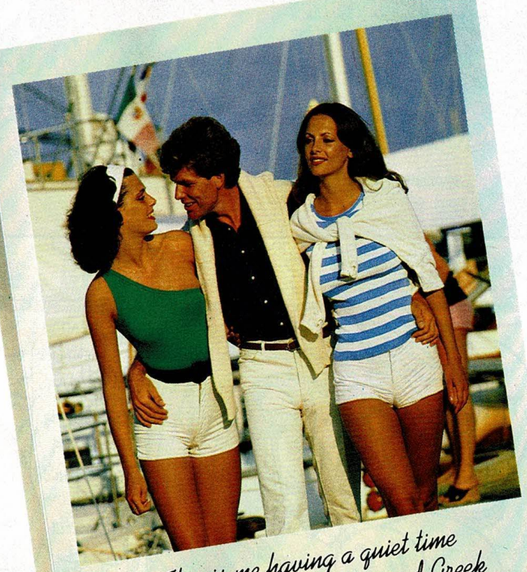
*I learnt new tricks windsurfing in Hawaii—imagine 16 days—from $1399 ex Sydney, $1451 ex Melbourne and $1541 ex Perth.**

QH1306



*I found paradise during 10 beautiful days and 8 glorious nights visiting Tahiti. From $800 ex Sydney.**

QH1602



This is me having a quiet time during my 8 day Athens and Greek Island cruise—from only $636.

QH1147

QFJ 2873/L

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JETABOUT

HOLIDAYS YOU WILL ALWAYS FEEL GOOD ABOUT

QFJ 2873/R

PHOTOS BY IAN SMITH

HEY, LITTLE COBRA

rob luck drives the machine that started it all — the sports car made to "beat the ass off ferrari".

WHAT you're looking at here is a Cult Car of the 60s. The automotive focal point of an era when kids got their kicks dropping 100-proof gas, not acid. This is the car that spawned the speed themes of the Sunburnt Generation. The Hey Little Cobra that sent a million guys and gals stomping the boardwalks looking for a little high-octane action. This was the stuff of teenage surfside fever. Sexual symbolism cast in a heavy metal monster with explosive performance and sensual lines. But underneath the Sunset Boulevard tan, it was something else. Something brave and fearsome, full of angst and anger. A champion of the motor racing arena. A charger on which to mount a country's automotive pride. America gambled its international competition fortunes on this vehicle. This car and its long line of aggressive successors: a dynasty of heart-stirring machines that humbled the European fighting force and stamped the American flag in Continental motor racing annals for the first time. The goals were the greatest names in sports car racing: Le Mans, The World Championship of Grand Touring Cars. This is the car that started it all. The year was 1962, and America's best sports car was a thumbs-down cafe rumbler called the Chevrolet Corvette. Carroll Shelby, who had wheeled a British-built Aston Martin to victory lane in Le Mans in 1959, shuffled from door to automotive door trying to flog his dream — a US sports car to "beat the ass off Ferrari". GM slammed the door shut. They had the Vette. Ford asked him to step inside. Shelby was not to know, but GM had a new super-Vette set down for '63. GM was not to know, but Ford and Shelby were about to blow their ears off. For Henry Ford wanted precisely what Carroll Shelby

wanted. He wanted to kick Ferrari's ass. Shelby was going to do it for him.

Neither Ford nor Shelby had a sports car. . . so they snitched one. Shelby had got aboard a couple of British AC Bristol sports cars years before and remembered the Brit had potential. The Bristol aircraft company had just pulled the plug on their alloy six-engine project leaving a mighty hole in the AC Aces lined-up at Thames Ditton in Surrey. Shelby aimed to fill it with Yank hardware.

Shelby didn't mint the idea. English constructors had such wild animals carefully tethered in their race shops. Brabham occasionally let his out to bark at the other wild things, but never got around to breeding a litter. So, Shelby was the surgeon who did the first production heart transplant. Muscled-up editions of the John Tojeiro-designed chassis and body (loosely franked off the Ferrari 166 Mille Miglia) were beefed up in the AC bodybuilding gym in the UK and freighted to Shelby's airport garage in LA. Shelby simply shoehorned the small-block Ford into the front cavity and hit it with a speed needle.

The Shelby Cobra was a bomb looking for somewhere to go off. With around 300 American horses in a car weighing only 2100lbs, the thing was practically lethal. When they hit The Strip they gave Corvettes and E-types tail-light displays from the moment they boiled tar. When the Cobra had hit 60 from rest, the Corvette was just grabbing 40. Even the E-type, a bit of a goer, was barely scratching 50. After that, the trad sportscars got to lunch on the Cobra's exhaust and tyresmoke. And the Cobra still had three gears left.

The Cobra was a bit more than the sling-shot sensation of Santa Monica Beach Boulevard. It was built to run with racers and it had the muscle-tone of a champion. Even in its first raw form, it had four-wheel independent suspension, four-wheel discs, four-speed close-ratio box, slippery diff, big wheels and fat bags.

The alloy skin that wowed them on the boulevard, weighed about the same as a big box of groceries (50lb) and one mechanic could lift the ladder-frame chassis. Yet it was stiff and strong, so that a jack slid under one end could lift the whole side. It drew the horsepower gnomes like a magnet.

It pulled the heavies too. Auto fiddlers like Dean Moon (whose "mellow yellow" speedshop trademark is perpetuated in the color of the car you see here), Holman Moody, Dan Gurney (US F1 Champ), the stayers (Parnelli Jones and A.J. Foyt) and the players (Lance "Revlon" Reventlow and Briggs Cunningham).

Also there were those serious Euro-racers to bolster up the somewhat lightweight Yankee talent Ford sometimes had behind the wheel. Expatriot-Oz, Frank Gardner, was there, nailing hairy, nasty, angry Cobras together and driving them in long-range races from Nassau to Nurburgring. Fifteen years down a pretty scary road, the terrifying Cobras still stand out in his mind. . .

"The bloody things were never straight in the wet, and in the dry they had non-sliding, sliding half-shafts that locked-up and turned the thing sideways about when you got her up to 150mph, which is about where it was all getting pretty interesting anyway," says Gardner.

"Shelby's basic philosophy was that if a car didn't go, it must be the driver so you screwed another one in. Since the cars only went in a straight line, they developed a special breed of drivers with a gigantic set of balls which they kept between their teeth. What sheared off, they beefed-up and bolted back on until it sheared off again. The only things that kept the cars on the tracks were the size of the bags — on the wheels and in the driver's seat."

Shelby never got it quite right in the handling and it was Fomoco's Klaus Arning who finally got the things to aim straight. He masterminded the layouts for the Daytona Coupes which were bred up out of the roadsters to claim the World GT Championship for the first time. And he went on to produce the legendary GT40s which took Le Mans away from Ferrari, with civilised handling developed before wings and ground effects.

For some inexplicable reason, Kevin gave me his Cobra to drive. He also gave me instructions to drive it very, very hard.

This is car No. COB 043, probably one of the first 100 series AC contracted to build for Shelby so that he could race for Ford. This car was built in 1964, and it was rather special because the engine was shipped over to England to mate with the body in Thames Ditton. If you subscribe to the perpetuating British-American rivalry that surrounds these cars, you would call this an AC Cobra, rather than a Shelby Cobra.

The important thing is that it got the first of the 289 V8 Fords, the toughened-up edition of the 260 small-block, and an engine which is widely regarded as Ford's best-ever. It also has the leaf-spring independent suspension, and rack and pinion steering. Plus the AC hand-crafted trim, 72-spoke knockoff wire wheels, big tank and full instrumentation.

Five souls have claimed it over the years, the fourth of whom transported it from The Olde Dart to Down Under, redid the makeup yellow, and undertook certain renovations. This was Ken Thane, sometime property entrepreneur, who reportedly sacrificed it at auction to promote a then current project. He is now presumably falling on his drawing scalpel.

The Yella Terra is now owned by Melbourne black doughnut magnate Kevin Donellan, who gave Victoria a new form of air pollution with his TV jingles for discount tyres. Donellan is better known among those-in-the-know for importing rare and useful brands of rubber at extraordinarily decent prices to suit rare and exotic machinery. And for things other people covet. Like a Concourse-nick 500cc 1946 Vintage Gilera two-wheeler which he rides malevolently, an MG TC and MG TF. . . need I go on?

For some inexplicable reason, Kevin gave me his Cobra to drive. He also gave me instructions to drive it very, very hard. He also gave me his flatcap to wear. It's a drop-in cockpit with bum-on-the-ground seating so the driver's eyes are about knee-height on a mini-skirt. Just right. The cockpit looks pretty boulevard-utilitarian at first view, but a couple of things give the game away. One is a groundspeed indicator that doesn't tail off until 200mph, and another is the tacho that reads to 10,000rpm. The brace of business-like gauges triangulated into centre dash include dials that give out information usually only required on race cars (like oil temperature) and there's an evil-looking USAC-style ratio exchanger with crossbar liftout for reverse.

The single hoop rollbar skinned in yellow leather hovers above the head, a constant reminder that when the engine is spun hard, the body feels like it wants to rotate like a chicken on a rotisserie. On idle, the engine grumbles agreeably. But prodding the throttle is like poking a gorilla in a cage. It snarls and bellows and roars, and it seems a long while after you've left it alone that it finally settles back to something like a friendly breathing rhythm.

Getting the gorilla to go out for a bit of a lunge is something else again. You need power arms and legs to wrestle it out the door, and boot it up the street. It gets easier when the thing is worked up to a quick trot but then it still feels like a primitive animal to ride. It's so firm and bouncy it seems like someone climbed underneath and took all the suspension out. It follows tramlines, regardless of the driver's aim, and it makes the most fearful noises.

Some of this is reassuring. The clanking in the mid-rear section is the Detroit Locker working hard to administer an equal thrashing to the tarmac with each back wheel. The banging of the suspension indicates all four corners are stuck on the ground. And the thump-thump through the tiller means there is a heavyweight piece of iron in charge of changing direction.

But when you kick the thing in the ribs, it all happens. Starting from a stop, the getaway feels like a Mack truck just rammed the back at full tilt. The head snaps back like a dismembered golliwog and the arms and legs seem to break loose from their moorings. The road ahead goes into full zoom, and everything around goes out of focus.

The car squats and lunges, purposefully, straight as an arrow. It is fearfully fast. Without wheelspin, it will reach 60 real miles per hour in 4.2 seconds. And 100 miles per hour in a little over 11 seconds.

Kevin Donellan likes to perform this manoeuvre with full audio-visual accompaniment, manufacturing huge localised blue-fog banks and signing off with train track straight black lines on the pavement. He also performs the famous "Shelby abort" manoeuvre at the end: lock-stopping the car to zero again in a bit under four seconds. At this point he is fond of grinning cheerily at his luckless passenger. At best, they smile greenly back, at worst they leave their brekky on the bonnet.

It's all a bit sacrilegious. Donellan merely drives it the way it was built to be driven. His engine is tricked with all the heavyweight gizzards that upgrade the power output to the equivalent of the big block Cobras fitted with 427 (7-litre) engines that came later on. It has steel crank, and Carillo rods for strength against the 360-odd horsepower pumped out by a 750cfm Holley, high-comp pistons in Eric Gaynor GT40 heads, Edelbrock manifold and cam, and exhaust headers. All balanced up.

In their day, 427 Cobras could get from rest to 100mph, back to stop and halfway back up to 100mph again, before an E-type arrived on its way to 100mph. This car is as good as that. And good enough to put all the new stuff on the trailer too. All you brave lads who wanted to back your cars against the Cobra can just put them quietly back in the shed. This gadget will hose-down all the current exotics — Lambo Countach, Ferrari Boxer, M1, even Porsche Turbo. Down fellas. Down.

The dragster theory is fine for street rumbles, but of course the exotics could be expected to run and hide up at the nervy end of the speed spectrum. Not so. The Cobra keeps on torturing the tar all the way to the top. It gets into a bit of an argument with the airstream above 120mph, but even then it is still posting less than four seconds on the stopwatch to cover any 20mph gap.

At lower speeds in the upper gears, this makes the machine quite remarkable for leap-frogging along dawdling traffic lanes — from city to superhighway. It pulls like a freight train, so fourth (or third in tighter situations) becomes "Drive" for virtually automatic motoring.

The same surge of power is the only cure for the car's highspeed handling tendency to try to get into the paddocks with the rest of the animals in the corners. Great armfuls of steering wheel are not the answer, sooner or later you have to shake the tiger by the tail. It takes a big ticker to punch the tail out and bring the nose around, but it's worth the adrenalin jump, and it's pretty steerable when it goes for a slide.

A nice bonus is surprising fuel economy. Of course, 60mph in top on this car is only 2500rpm, so 25mpg is possible from this lightweight machine when cruised.

The great tragedy about this, for all except Kevin Donellan, is that Cobras aren't 10 deep on the local corner-store shelves. Kevin's is worth as much as $100,000, the conservative end of the scale at which they change hands in that land of Automotive Extravagance across the sea.

Not too many Cobras ever came here. Shelby works punter Ken Miles — a lanky, unlikely wheel hero — brought a big 427 here to race at Lakeside, and I rode beside him in the beast hynotised by the booming exhaust cracking off the guardrails. Marvelling at the way he kept the snorting, sliding monster off the fences and banks.

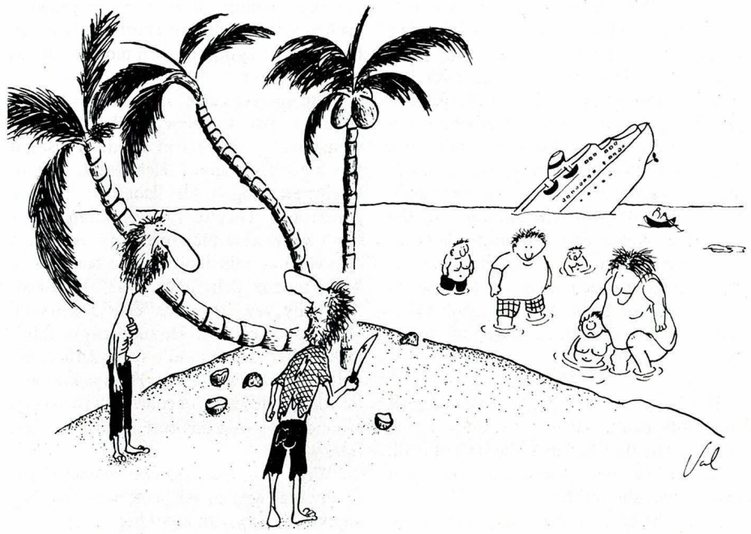
But Miles, the gentle giant of sportscar racing took his racer back to park among the vines of his California vineyard. Soon after, the evil J-car that evolved out of the GT40, took his head off in a trials crash and the vehicle was dishonorably buried. Miles' Cobra apparently lives on in the hands of a private enthusiast.

There are perhaps three others, only two of which may be fully roadable. One of them terrorised local hillclimbs for a time, and Chris Bilby, reportedly starting a Museum on the Gold Coast with his private collection, has another mint example.

There are at least two other possibilities to savor 60s-style fire-in-the-blood motoring. Aurora of Canada produces a fairly faithful replica called the GRX Cobra, utilising the current 302 V8, spaceframe suspension, other mechanicals based on the original, with claimed performance of 135mph (217km/h) and acceleration to match the original 289. You need $33,000 Canadian, to start, a figure which will likely more than double to drive it here. It may require an import licence, too.

ERA Automobiles in the US produce a 427 SC Cobra Replica which seems to be based on the FIA series Cobra that contested the racing championships. Top speed of 180mph is claimed for this monster which is shod with mags and fatbags and has a perfect 50/50 weight balance on close-to-original 2550lb all-up load. This one is available for $US30,000 fully built or $13,000 (kit), and like the Canadian version wears a fibreglass skin. Similar import costs and conditions apply.

Of course, they're not original. But neither are the times. Not even a genuine bona fide Cobra can bring back the sights and sounds that represented the 60s. The magic scent of fresh fries and Castrol R, the heady blend of sun-warmed flesh and fresh air. A time of tar-boiling exits from burger joints, vrooming runs round snaking moonlit searoads, headswirling rides to weekend thrills. The irresistible mix of motoring moments long since gone.



"Yeah, well, I'm not gonna worry about the cholesterol."

KELSO'S

(continued from page 88)

Her eyes were flying all over the room, sending out that clear sexual signal to every man in the place.

be away a week. "Take the car," he said to Kelso. "It's about time you had a bit of joy in your life." (Kelso's car a battered Volkswagen.)

So here is Kelso, desperate for adultery, burning with desire, in charge of a fabulous Maserati. What an opportunity! What a chance!

His wife comes home from her teaching. "Good day?" she asks. "Rotten," says Kelso, eyes averted, glowering at the floor. "Oh, I'm sorry," his wife says. Kelso stomps off and pours himself a whiskey, drinks it hunch-shouldered, turned angrily away.

He is surly during dinner too, and then afterwards, when he and his wife sit in the front room, as is their nightly habit, quietly reading, he suddenly flings his book down, stands, sits, stands again, a scowling, caged beast.

It is an act, of course, a setting of mood for the scene about to be played. For see how Kelso's wife now looks up, her eyes soft with concern and sympathy and understanding. "Why don't you go for a drive?" she says. "You haven't been out of the house all day, that's what's wrong with you. Take Lenny's car. Go on," she urges, "it's what you need, it'll do you good."

He makes a fuss, of course, says what's the point, but finally allows himself to be persuaded, well, yes, maybe a long drive somewhere in the Maserati will wake him up a bit, shake the dust out, yes, why not, worth a try, and then he listens to his wife's suggestion that he drive to the ocean, which is a good hundred miles there and back, but what's that in a car like this? Well, okay, he says I might do that. I'll probably be asleep by the time you get back, his wife says. Kelso nods, looking for the keys, eyes down, still in his act of grouchiness and bad mood. Drive carefully, his wife says, as out the door goes Kelso, and 20 minutes later, as had been arranged this afternoon, is between those apricot sheets, and no need to rush home for hours and hours, oh smart fellow Kelso, unlimited time, unlimited bliss.

●

But her plays, her playwriting, what of that? Which, after all, was why she had gone to him, why they had met, the start of it all. It was a year now, a full year, and what exactly had she written?

Well, she had so little time. She was so busy. Her job, her parents, her little girl. She had things on her mind. She worried. The school fees, the car, the house. And she was tired, she was always so tired. She slept badly, hardly slept at all. Look how battered she was under the eyes.

She managed a page sometimes, an outline of a scene, half a scene, but nothing of significance, nothing at all. Kelso saw that her playwriting, much though she might have liked to do it, was a fiction. It would never happen. It would never take place. But he did nothing, said nothing, didn't utter a single reproachful word. Somehow didn't dare. Why? Was he frightened of her? Ah, come on, Kelso. But he had to acknowledge it. Yes, he was. He was frightened of being sent away.

So he brought her books, as before. Talked to her about plays, playwrights, different ways of doing it, different styles. And when she sagged, rubbed her tired eyes, lit yet another cigarette, said it was hopeless, said she had no talent, said she would never get anything done, he would laugh, he would reassure her, he would tell her to relax, it would all happen, it would all be okay. For those short moments even believing it himself.

But it was a disappointment. It shouldn't have been that way. It made him feel bad, for reasons he couldn't quite fathom. Because he wanted a beautiful protege, beautiful and successful, publicly acknowledging her debt?

For God's sake, Kelso, Kelso told himself, you don't need that kind of ego trip.

No, said Kelso, no, I don't suppose I do.

However, other things now began to impinge. Faintly at first, mere prickles, even less, the shadow of a butterfly between him and the light, but then more insistent, harder, clearer.

The subject came up — Kelso talking about a pal in New York, a frantic womaniser — of three in a bed. "I just got this letter from him," Kelso said. "Absolutely amazing." He laughed. "Those Americans. They're such children. They don't know what they're about." And then noticed a certain look on her face. "You haven't done that, have you?" he asked. "Actually, yes," she said. "Oh," Kelso said. He dropped his eyes. He suddenly couldn't look at her. He couldn't speak either. He didn't know what to say. He was knocked for a loop. He knew, of course, she had been around a bit — a divorcee, after all — but this, well . . .

"With two men or two women?" he finally managed to ask, as though that had anything to do with anything.

"Both," she said, and when he still wouldn't look at her, reached out and put her hand on his arm. "Come on," she said. She looked at him hard. "Hey, you're really serious, aren't you? You're really shocked." Kelso tried for a smile but it didn't quite come off. "Look it was ages ago," she said. "Everyone was doing it. It was that kind of time."

Well, okay, sure, it was all a long time ago. It was the politician, that crowd. Forget it. Long ago, long over. Except suddenly Kelso began to see things, certain things began to impinge, certain things began to appear in a new light.

There was the way she spoke to certain people on the phone. The phone would ring, and she would run off to answer it — she always ran for the phone, never walked — leaving him in the front room, the kitchen, wherever, but he could hear, he could hear how with some people she was open and friendly, with others it was all clipped and full of silence, somehow tense, not her real voice, as though she were talking in code.

"Sorry," she'd say, when she came back. "Oh," he'd say, "that's all right. Anything important?" And she would shake her head quickly, dismissively, look at him quickly, and then quickly away. "No," she would say. "Just a friend."

He brooded about the playlet she had given him, those seven badly-typed pages with which, in a sense, she had introduced herself. An affair. A woman waiting to begin an affair. But it wasn't just that. It was an invitation. I am available, it said. I know about affairs. Are you interested? Oh, how professionally done, Kelso thought. How calculated. How cleverly cold.

And that painting in the lavatory, that explicitly-spread nude — explicit in everything save for the face, which the artist had oh so cunningly concealed. What was it she had said about her paintings? Oh, just things by friends.

Rubbish, Kelso said to Kelso, stop imagining things.

And when he took her out to lunch and straightaway her eyes were flying all over the room, sending out that helpless, beseeching, clear sexual signal to every man in the place — tearing him to pieces, impossible to breathe — or was he imagining that too?

●

And then Kelso had to fly to Montreal — they were putting on one of his plays there, it was quite an honor — and he missed her terribly. He was there for two weeks, and then a week in New York, but where before travel had always excited him, delighted him, awakened him anew to the world's possibilities, and his own, extended his limits, redefined his goals, now he saw nothing, felt nothing, wanted only her. In Montreal there was a red-headed Irish poetess he could have had — they had a drink together, during which time she made that abundantly clear — and in New York there was a lady similarly disposed, but both times Kelso said no. No thanks. Thank you very much, but no thanks.

For how could he? Every woman he saw reminded him of her, of the way she walked, the way she moved her hands, lit a cigarette, drank coffee, that special way she had of ducking her head, the way she laughed. She was in his pores, in his breathing, in his every moment, awake and asleep. There were women more stunning, more spectacular, different in all manner of ways, but he was not interested, they were not for him. He wanted her. He wanted only her.

And the prickles, the doubts, the suspicions, the strained phone-calls overheard filled with silence, the almost visible face on the explicit nude, all those shadows and terrors that flicked across his shuddering heart?

Vanished in a flash when he knocked on her door and she opened it wearing a pale pink silk *peignoir*, and smiled, and opened her arms, and the *peignoir* opened too, and she welcomed him, welcomed him home.

He loved her, he was insane about her, he couldn't live without her, it was just as it had been before. He lived from Thursday to Thursday, counting the hours, phoning her every day, twice a day, dropping by, dropping in. He would never go away again, he promised himself, no matter what, not if it was without her. He couldn't stand that. It was just too terrible.

One afternoon when he phoned, he suggested that he come around that night. He was desperate to see her. He would find a way. "I'll tell her I'm going to a movie," he said. "I haven't done that for ages."

There was a pause on the other end of the line, and then what sounded to him like a sigh. "Look, could we make it another night?" she said. "Honestly, I have to get some sleep."

She was not well. She was coughing. It was those damned cigarettes. She could hardly sleep. He had seen her yesterday, just for a few moments, and around the eyes she had looked particularly battered.

"Well, okay, sure, I understand," Kelso said, "it's just that I so much wanted to see you."

"I want to see you too," she said, "but if I don't have a decent night's sleep tonight . . ."

He understood. He would call her in the morning. Be well, he said. Sleep well. It's all that coffee and cigarettes. I love you, he said. Call you tomorrow. He couldn't see her, but he couldn't stay home that night either. He was too jumpy, too edgy. He needed to do something, see someone. He had to get out of the house.

He phoned a friend. He would go over there. They would play a few jazz records, drink some whiskey, talk a bit, kid around. He was not a bad guy, this friend, and too much time had slipped past since Kelso had seen him last.

It was a great evening, just what Kelso had needed, and it was sometime after one when he decided to call it quits. He went out to the car, sniffing the night air grandly, looking up at the stars. He had had a lot of whiskey but it hadn't seemed to have done anything serious to him. His head felt very clear. He waved to his friend, put the car into gear and began to drive home, and it was only when he was more than half-way home that he decided — what the hell — to do a long, looping detour and drive past her house.

What for? He didn't know. He didn't have the faintest idea. It was just a thing he felt like doing, a thing that he wanted to do. When he turned into her street it was all very quiet — dark houses, dark trees — and when he was still some distance away he saw a car parked by her house and he slowed down, and as he went slowly past he looked up the drive and saw that there was a light on upstairs, in her bedroom, the soft light that she had by her bed, and a downstairs light too, the light over the front door, the light she switched on for guests.

Kelso drove home, sick to his stomach, aghast, bewildered, awash with tears. He could hardly see to drive, they streamed so from his eyes. But somehow he did, and parked in the street, and then just sat there, behind the wheel, not moving, not able to move.

Oh the bitch, the slut, the prostitute, the rich society whore. It was all true. Everything he'd dreaded, everything he'd tried to ignore. Three in a bed. Orgies. Endless affairs. Oh yes, she was that nude in the lavatory all right, the slut, the shameless slut.

And I loved her, Kelso said, hammering with pain. The tears flooded from his eyes, flooded and streamed. He wiped them rudely with the back of his hand.

He lit and smoked a rare cigarette. Then lit and smoked a second, a third. The car filled foully with smoke. Kelso sat.

Maybe it was just a doctor, Kelso offered. Maybe she's ill.

Come on, said Kelso.

I should have stopped, Kelso said. I should have got out, at least had a proper look at the car.

Come on, said Kelso.

Kelso, sick to his stomach, sat and wept. He couldn't stop it. It was like acid inside, waves, a searing pain.

An hour like that, an hour and more. And now at last, Kelso spoke to Kelso.

You know why you drove past there tonight, don't you?

Yes, Kelso whispered.

You knew what you'd see.

Yes, Kelso said.

So you wanted that, you must have wanted that.

I don't know, Kelso said.

Kelso!

Yes, Kelso said. Yes. I did.

He bowed his head. The tears fell unimpeded now, fell to his hands, where they lay in his lap.

Okay, said Kelso, okay. That's enough now. That'll do. Blow your nose. Wipe your face. You don't need all those tears.

Kelso blew, wiped, blew again.

Better? Kelso asked.

Yes, said Kelso.

Good. Now go inside. Go inside to your wife.

"Sorry — nothing at the moment."

SEX SURVEY *(continued from page 41)*

Almost 14 percent of the women and 20 percent of the men rank rear-entry sex as their favorite position.

The same kind of change can be seen in the figures for oral sex.

More than half of the men and women in our survey say that they include oral sex almost every time they make love. Eighty-seven percent of the men enjoy it, as do 77 percent of the women. Oral sex is a critical factor in a woman's sexual self-image. Those who perform fellatio are more likely to say that they are good lovers, while those who don't like to are more than three times as likely to say they are *not* good lovers. All things considered, they're probably right.

How Often Do You Perform Oral Sex?

Frequency	%
Every time I have sex	
Male	14
Female	14
Most of the time	
Male	43
Female	44
Occasionally	
Male	36
Female	38
Never	
Male	4
Female	3

How Often Do You Receive Oral Sex?

Frequency	%
Every time I have sex	
Male	8
Female	9
Most of the time	
Male	35
Female	38
Occasionally	
Male	47
Female	45
Never	
Male	7
Female	6

There's some good news and some bad news from the sexual frontier:

- At least a third of the men and women in our survey have engaged in public sex.
- A sizeable minority (roughly a third) have had sex with more than one person at the same time.
- More than half of the men and women have had sex with more than one person in the same 24-hour period.
- Almost half talk dirty during sex.
- Two-thirds of those sampled have used devices for sexual stimulation.
- Forty-seven percent of the men and 59 percent of the women have used drugs to enhance sex.
- Seven percent have engaged in S and M.
- One out of 10 people we surveyed has had a venereal disease in the past five years. Of those, a disturbing three out of 10 did not tell their partners about it.
- A third of the women we studied have had an abortion. That is not surprising when you look at the figures on birth control. Almost a third of our readers say they rely on withdrawal or blind luck.

Who Does What To Whom

Variation	%
Talks dirty during sex	
Male	39
Female	48
Ever had sex in public	
Male	37
Female	34
Ever had anal sex	
Male	47
Female	61
Sex with more than one partner	
Male	35
Female	34
Sex with different person within 24-hour period	
Male	60
Female	54
Ever had extramarital affair	
Male	36
Female	34
Ever forced sex on someone	
Male	11
Female	7
Ever forced to have sex	
Male	10
Female	43
Ever used drugs for sex	
Male	47
Female	59
Ever used devices for sex	
Male	65
Female	75
Ever played passive role in partner's fantasy	
Male	39
Female	40
Ever had fantasies of molestation	
Male	29
Female	45
Homosexual experience before adolescence	
Male	35
Female	22
Homosexual experience since adolescence	
Male	12
Female	13
S and M	
Male	7
Female	8
Anal-oral contact	
Male	35
Female	39

Who's On Top

Kinsey reported that the males he interviewed almost universally did it on top, in the missionary position. The woman-on-top position had been tried by one-third of his sample. Hunt found that his respondents had tried several positions but he did not ask for their preference. The 1982 PLAYBOY survey asked readers to rate their favorite positions. There were some surprises. Fifty-three percent of the women chose male on top as their favorite position, while 25 percent preferred female on top. Men are more evenly divided in their preferences —37 percent chose the male on top as number one, while 35 percent chose female on top as their favorite position. An interesting sidelight — Kinsey found that only a small number of couples had tried the rear-entry position. The times have changed. Not only have people in our survey tried it — they've tried it enough that some favor it above all others. Almost 14 percent of the women and 20 percent of the men rank rear-entry sex as their favorite position for intercourse.

There are myriad ways to interpret those data: one theory suggests that there is no such thing as a dominant position — man on top, woman on top — it all adds up to sex. The man on top has a lasting popularity — a lot of women want the man to do the work. (Question 102 asked, "Do you think women want men to be dominant in relationships?" Fifty-eight percent of the woman say yes. What can we say? It's a dirty job, but somebody's got to do it.)

The State of the Orgasm

Contrary to popular belief, orgasm is not the be-all and end-all of sex. We asked, "What's the best moment in intercourse?" Readers could choose among six answers: "Foreplay", "Penetration", "Genital stimulation", "When my partner comes", "When I come" and "The cigarette afterwards". Some refused to settle for one answer and instead, checked several. There were 23,516 extra responses. The most frequent response for men (36 percent) was that the best moment of intercourse is "When my partner comes." It seems men may be more caring than they have been given credit for (though just as goal-oriented). Of course, men do enjoy their own orgasms. Twenty-six percent chose this answer. Foreplay follows closely (24 percent). Penetration was selected as the best moment by 19 percent of the men. We asked men if they think they are good lovers and compared their answers with the frequency of their partners' orgasm. There is a direct relationship — the more frequently she reaches climax, the more likely he is to think he's good.

Unlike the men, the women most frequently choose foreplay (32 percent) as the best moment in intercourse. Like the men, the women enjoy their own orgasms. That response was chosen in 29 percent of the replies. Undoubtedly, the most impor-

"Just as I suspected. . . tuba on the brain."

GETTING IT RIGHT

PLAYBOY's resident sexologist, Bettina Arndt, presents several recent surveys which illustrate how misguided we really are about male and female sexual preferences.

OKAY, you can throw away those dumbbells and that penis enlarger. You've got us all wrong. We don't mind the odd 98lb weakling, provided he has a nice, trim rear end and a sexy expression in his eyes.

I know it isn't easy trying to figure out the female of the species. We are a perverse lot and it is pretty hard to get our number. But boy, sometimes men are way off the mark. For instance, take the survey conducted by a New York newspaper, *Village Voice*. One hundred men were asked which parts of their body they thought would "turn on" women the most. Like to have a go? Here are your choices: tallness; hair (texture, not length); eyes; neck; muscular chest and shoulders; muscular arms; slimness; flat stomach; buttocks; large penis; long legs.

I guess I gave the game away with my introductory remarks, but I wonder how many of you would have worked out exactly what turned on the most women. The results of the matching survey asking women for their *actual* choice, compared to what men *thought* they would choose, are shown on the accompanying chart.

Good news, huh? I mean, it's easier to trim your tummy and firm up the buttocks than it is to grow a larger penis or cripple yourself wearing elevated shoes.

It's a shame, really. We make all these assumptions about what attracts the opposite sex and even when they tell us they like us the way we are, we refuse to believe them. I suppose I will never be *entirely* convinced that I wouldn't be more attractive with big tits. You learn to live with a bread-board effect, but it's hard not to wonder if he mightn't prefer a real handful.

We're equally misguided when it comes to assumptions about sexual preferences but here the results are a little more drastic. So often we plough ahead cheerfully assuming that whatever we are doing to our long-suffering sexual partner is just his or her cup of tea, when it may be the last thing they really enjoy. I'll always remember the woman who told me each time she and her husband made love, she would start to be wonderfully aroused until he would begin nibbling her ear. He thought this was a guaranteed female turn-on, and she didn't like to disillusion him. . . particularly when he had been doing it for over five years!

It's actually a very funny exercise matching up what we *think* people like in bed with their real sexual preferences and American psychologist Sandra Kahn has done just that. In a study recently published under the title, *The Kahn Report* (W.H. Allen, London, 1981) she asked men to look at photographs illustrating 19 sexual themes and to mark them in terms of how sexually stimulating they thought women would find them. Like to have a go? The themes were as follows:

Heterosexual intercourse, male on top of female
Heterosexual intercourse, female on top of male
Heterosexual petting, both nude
Heterosexual petting, both partially clad
Heterosexual fellatio: oral sex, female on male
Nude female
Heterosexual cunnilingus: oral sex, male on female
Female masturbation
Triad: two males and one female joined together and engaged in coitus and/or oral-genital activity
Partially clad female
Homosexual cunnilingus
Homosexual petting, female
Sadomasochism, male on female
Homosexual fellatio
Sadomasochism, female on male
Male masturbation
Homosexual anal intercourse
Nude male
Partially clad male

Kahn then asked women to rank the themes in terms of their own preferences. The results showed fascinating differences between males' perception of females' desires and the females' actual choices. Of course, choosing which photographs present the most arousing theme, may produce rather different results from the activities women would choose to actually *participate* in. However, some of Kahn's results illustrate nicely some of the classic mistakes males tend to make about female preferences.

So, what do you think topped the female popularity poll? Most men in Kahn's study assumed the hot favorite for women would be *heterosexual intercourse, male on top of female,* closely followed by *heterosexual intercourse, female on top of male.* Men assumed women would prefer the most conventional form of lovemaking before choosing anything more exotic.

Surprise, surprise, top of the women's hit parade was cunnilingus, oral sex with the female on the receiving end. The men realised women liked cunnilingus — they estimated women would rank it number three — but not quite how much. There are exceptions, of course. A male television interviewer discussing this result with Sandra Kahn made the comment: "Show me a man who does not like cunnilingus, and I'll steal his girl."

It's a bit of an exaggeration, but he's got a point. Many women are fascinated by oral sex. Studies of female fantasies and sexual desires always include descriptions of devoted men dedicating themselves to hours of kissing and licking the genitals. It's one of the great female sexual dreams, and there are good reasons why it should be so appealing.

For a start, we know most women need direct clitoral stimulation in order to climax, but it's often hard for men to learn to touch the very sensitive little clit gently enough. Women often complain men are too rough and the clitoris finds it hard to cope with too much man-handling:

"It invariably seems that they're left-handed, and I have a right-handed clitoris."

"It seems like he is trying to erase *my clitoris."*

"My partners usually are very clumsy when it comes to clitoral stimulation — either they press too hard, or right in the centre which is agonising, or they move too jerkily. I use my whole hand and not fingers like they do so that the pressure is evenly distributed and my clitoris doesn't get poked and shocked to death."

The tongue, however, is soft, wet and sensitive — just the thing for a delicate clitoris, as the following testimonies show:

"Oral stimulation is best, mainly because most men do not have a clue what to do manually and are often too rough, whereas the tongue is more gentle."

"A tongue offers gentleness and precision and wetness and is the perfect organ for contact. And, besides, it produces sensational orgasms!"

"I like the tongue's mobility and sensitivity and constant lubrication. I like that it's possible for my clitoris to be directly touched with tongue or lips without causing pain, and because during it, I feel completely open and vulnerable to my partner. It symbolises my being known completely, being accepted and seen openly."

This last comment reveals another important reason why cunnilingus rates so highly. Most women were brought up to think of our genitals as fairly unsavory. The fact that a man would *want* to bury his face "down there" is thus a true sign of his devotion and genuine desire to please us. In our fantasies, our inhibitions about this form of lovemaking are magically swept away and we abandon ourselves to what we know could be the ultimate pleasure.

In reality, things are rather different. It's really hard for most women to genuinely believe a man could enjoy oral sex. We keep plaguing ourselves with doubts about whether he finds it repulsive or boring. Is he gasping for breath? Does he think we smell?

"I wonder sometimes if my partner is enjoying it, or if he is only doing it to please me, especially when I like to take a long time. The feeling he is not enjoying it lessens my pleasure and I get self-conscious about coming."

"If I were a man I would never *do it!"*

"I am always *self-conscious that I might smell or look disgusting."*

"As much as I like cunnilingus, I want it to be over fast. I have a conflict about this because I feel it must be unpleasant for him to get his face wet."

We're not just being neurotic focusing on these fears. Sometimes men aren't exactly tactful about showing that cunnilingus is rather hard to take.

"Now take cunnilingus. If I know the man will do it only so long, and will think it's weird and perverted even though it excites him, and will then look up bravely, spitting a pubic hair out of his mouth and run to the bathroom to wash his face. . . I feel guilty. I've got to feel my partner is psychologically into the activity."

"Sometimes during cunnilingus I notice him watching TV out of the corner of his eye. What a turn-off!"

So we are left in a dilemma. We know cunnilingus could be terrific if we could learn to accept that a man *wants* to do it, but most of the time we don't let ourselves express these feelings to our partners. It remains dream-land material. Powerful fuel for our fantasies but meanwhile, back on earth, many women spend most of their time using lovemaking techniques which come much lower down on their list of sexual priorities. Like coitus, fucking. . . heterosexual intercourse.

It's not that women don't *like* intercourse. It's just that for many females, it's a sexual technique which is not very likely to bring them to orgasm. They resent the fact that men think it *should* be able to make them climax. If you are the sort of woman who needs the clitoris to be touched directly in order to become aroused, intercourse can very quickly become boring or even painful.

"Intercourse is the least pleasurable to me of all the sex acts, particularly if it lasts too long. I don't find it repulsive or painful, just fatiguing and boring."

"I like the moment of penetration, but intercourse is often disappointing. As things stand, I prefer having my back tickled to having intercourse, but so far I haven't said this to a man."

If you feel this way about intercourse, it's often really hard to tell a man that it doesn't turn you on. It's very sad for a woman when an experience which gives her partner so much pleasure does nothing much for her. It gets back to a question of assumptions — because she knows he *thinks* it should be terrific for her, she feels guilty when it isn't and feels she's letting him down.

This doesn't apply to all women. There are plenty of women who *do* climax during intercourse. There are women for whom intercourse tops the popularity poll in lovemaking techniques. There is also some exciting new sex research taking place which may help other women learn to enjoy vaginal stimulation. In particular, there's the discovery of the G Spot, an area of sensitivity in the vagina which may provide the trigger for vaginally-induced orgasm for many women. . .I'll tell more about the G Spot next time.

Of course, men aren't the only ones making wrong assumptions. *The Kahn Report* showed women were quite wrong about some male sexual preferences. Sometimes it must have been wishful thinking. . .men rated cunnilingus as number eight in their sexual preferences, while women predicted it would be their second most popular activity!

Interestingly, when it comes to the reciprocal activity, fellatio, we were right on the mark. Number one in males' sexual preference was *oral sex, female on male* and the women surveyed predicted precisely this result. Women know most men love being sucked off. The majority of males aren't exactly reticent about letting it be known this is what they would like. This is one case where message sent is message received. Yes, I know this doesn't exactly mean all women are going to oblige and perform the activity. There are many women who are very uncomfortable about the idea of kissing or sucking a penis but, overall, fellatio doesn't rate too badly in Kahn's female list of sexual preferences. It scores as number seven, about half-way down the scale.

Men appear to be far more reticent about expressing their desires in another area. Scoring very highly in the list of male preferences was *sado-masochism, female on male*. The photograph used there showed a man tied down with a female stroking and fondling him. Men rated this number seven, but women estimated it for males at the very low score of 17. Sandra Kahn felt this result indicated that women aren't aware that men sometimes enjoy being a passive partner and allowing the female to take over and direct the sexual activities. Perhaps men find it hard to ask women to make love *to them*, to say they would sometimes enjoy lying back and letting it all happen.

These are just a few of the results of this fascinating look at male and female sexual preferences. There are some good lessons in there about not taking things for granted, not backing the wrong horse. Just as at the race course, however, we may have been given the wrong tips, and finding we have missed the jump, are forced to run at the rear of the field.

	What men imagine women admire (%)	What women really admire (%)
Tallness	13	5
Hair	4	5
Eyes	4	11
Neck	2	3
Muscular chest and shoulders	21	1
Muscular arms	18	0
Slimness	7	15
Flat stomach	9	15
Buttocks	4	39
Large penis	15	2
Long legs	3	6

tant difference is that only 23 percent of the female respondents list their partners' orgasm as the best moment of intercourse, ranking it fourth behind penetration (28 percent).

Female self-image is tied to the ability to come: women who don't usually or never have orgasms were asked if they think of themselves as good lovers. They were more than twice as likely as orgasmic women to say no. If the female orgasm is the standard by which we judge sex, what have we learned about the experience? A few years ago, Hite made headlines by suggesting that two-thirds of all women have trouble reaching orgasm through intercourse. In contrast, Hunt found that 53 percent of the wives reached orgasm all or almost all of the time. Another 21 percent climaxed three quarters of the time.

Forty percent of the women in our survey are very orgasmic — they say that they never or rarely have intercourse without orgasm. Thirty-eight percent of them say that they sometimes have intercourse without orgasm. Only 20 percent report that they have difficulty reaching climax during coitus.

We discovered an odd discrepancy: 77 percent of the men say that their partners reach orgasm always or usually. Only 40 percent of the women say that they come that frequently. How do we explain the difference? Question 57 asked, "Have you ever pretended to have an orgasm during sex?" Almost two-thirds of the women *have* faked a climax. Perhaps more surprising is the fact that 28 percent of the men have faked an orgasm at one time or another. At first, we were somewhat puzzled by such figures. If so many people can get away with faking an orgasm, are we really paying attention to each other? Apparently we are: men and women substantiated each other's claims on another set of questions. We asked women how long it takes them to reach orgasm: the average is 11 minutes. When asked to estimate how long it takes for their partners to reach orgasm, men suggested an average of 10.8 minutes. Men take an average of 10 minutes to reach orgasm; women estimated that it takes their partners an average of 9.6 minutes. Those figures suggest that most men still come before most women.

For men, the threat of premature ejaculation lurks as a potential destroyer of the masculine ego. While our survey shows that coming too soon is an occasional problem for a majority of men, it's not the crushing blow that has been feared.

Eighty-one percent of the men admit that there are times when they feel they come too quickly (62 percent say it happens occasionally; seven percent, frequently). Fifty-one percent of the men who confess to premature ejaculation say that they deal with the problem by stimulating their partner in another way; 24 percent say they simply wait and start over. Question 28 asked, "From what activity do you get the most intense orgasm?" Thirty-nine percent of the women who answered cite intercourse; 33 percent cunnilingus; and 22 percent, masturbation. (Men have the same preferences: 46 percent cite intercourse; 33 percent fellatio; and 14 percent, masturbation.)

We asked readers to identify the most sensitive parts of their body. Judging from the number of responses, everyone has at least three sensitive areas. We even received a flood of write-ins for areas we neglected to mention. Three-quarters of the women pick breasts. Sixty-nine percent cite genitals. In third place are lips, followed by ears. Similarly, men cite genitals, lips and ears.

What Turns Us On

Question six asked, "What are the sexiest features in the opposite sex?" Question 98 asked "What qualities attract you to a person of the opposite sex?" Question 99 asked, "What are the qualities you need in a steady lover?" Question 85 asked, "About whom or what do you have sexual fantasies?" For years, we have been told that men and women have different concepts of desire, that we are turned on by different things. To put it bluntly, men are supposedly turned on by anything that moves, while women need romance. Our survey puts an end to that bit of folklore. We discovered that men and women want essentially the same things. Both think the most important qualities in a lover are enthusiasm and gentleness (men favor enthusiasm, followed closely by gentleness, while women cite gentleness as the top quality, followed by enthusiasm). A small number of both agree that willingness to experiment is crucial. What attracts us to the opposite sex? Women cite looks, common interests, sense of humor, brains, sexual energy, money and power. The men's list is identical. (Looks are somewhat more important for men — 55 percent rank them number one, compared with 33 percent of the women.) Apparently, men and women are looking for the same things in a steady lover, as well: women list trustworthiness, intelligence, humor and sexual energy. Men cite trustworthiness, intelligence, looks and sexual energy. Money isn't important to either sex. When asked to name the sexiest features of the opposite sex, the majority of men answer breasts (67 percent), arse (63 percent) and eyes (56 percent). Women answer eyes (71 percent), arse (59 percent) and, in a tie for third, lips and genitals (36 percent). We've always known that men are girl watchers. It turns out that women are just as observant.

Roughly 80 percent of our male and female respondents do not think penis size matters. Men who say they are poor lovers are hung up on penis size.

Does penis size matter? Roughly 80 percent of the men and women who answered our questionnaire do not think so. Men who say they are poor lovers tend to be hung up on penis size. There are no differences in self-image between women who think it's important and women who don't. Slightly more people (28 percent of men and 26 percent of the women) think breast size is important to a woman's sexiness.

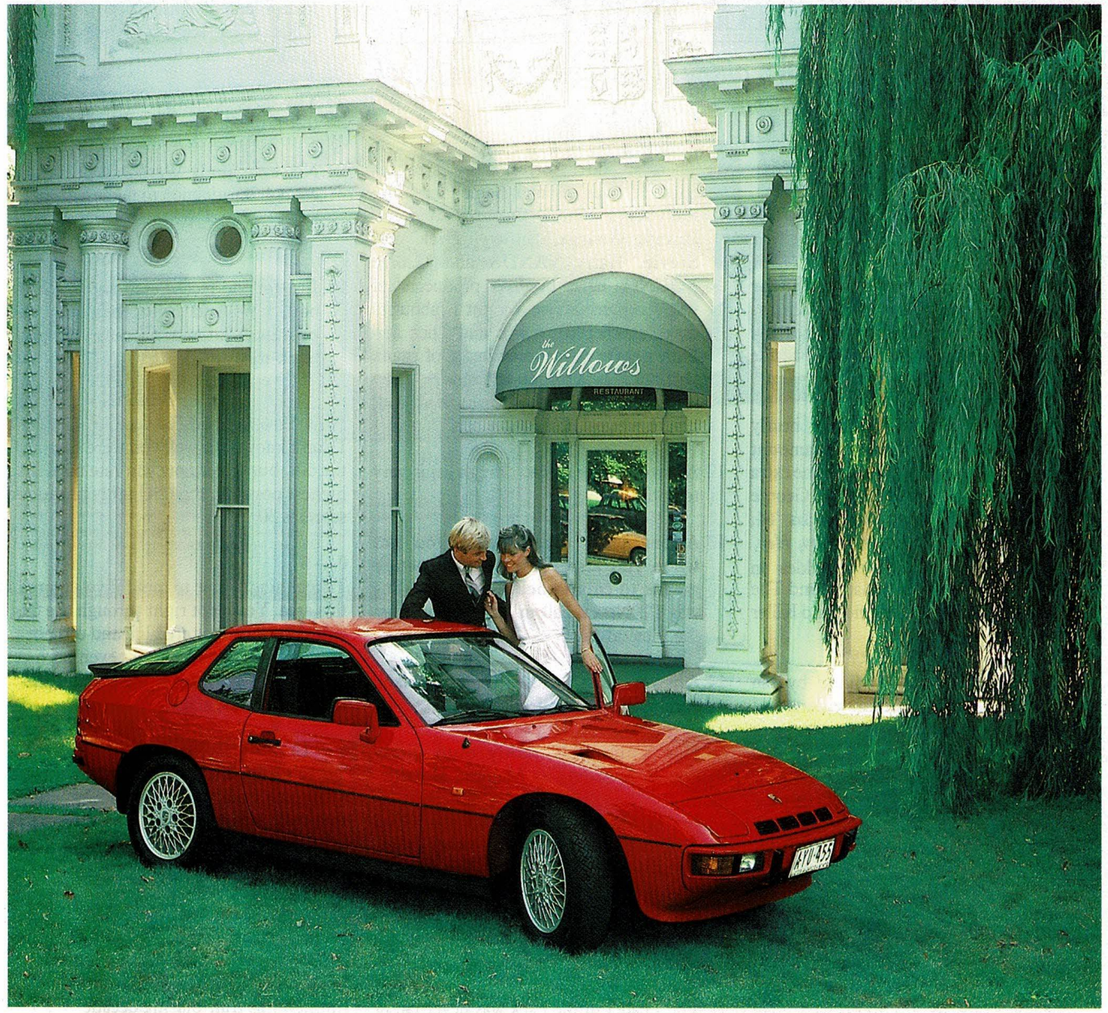
It's interesting to compare these findings with the results of a random survey cited in Bettina Arndt's accompanying SEX column. Of 100 men surveyed, 15 percent imagined that a large penis was the most important turn-on for a woman. A matching survey of women revealed that only two percent of females ranked penis size as the number one turn-on. Trim arse, stomach and overall fitness were the winning physical characteristics.

We've been told that women don't respond to pornography as much as men do. Our study found just the opposite. Thirty-eight percent of the men and 42 percent of the women say they watch erotic movies occasionally for sexual arousal.

What Turns You On? Have You Ever Tried These?

Device	%
Erotic books	
Male	47
Female	52
Erotic movies	
Male	38
Female	42
Sexy underwear	
Male	30
Female	50
Oils	
Male	37
Female	39
Vibrator	
Male	33
Female	49

What makes us happy? Both men and women rank their needs as love, family life, friends, sex and money in that order. Men and women are not so different in their values. What surprises us is the low position given to work (women rank it sixth, men rank it seventh). For years, men have been accused of losing themselves in their careers, of creating their identity through their work. Our findings suggest that men have undergone a radical change. They are softer, seeking themselves in emotional outlets. — JAMES R. PETERSEN *in collaboration with* ARTHUR KRETCHMER, BARBARA NELLIS, JANET LEVER *and* ROSANNA HERTZ.



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WHERE WERE YOU? (from page 105)

You remember all those tunes of the 60s, do you? Have a look below, to see just how good your memory is.

Answers and More Trivia.

1. **"Some flowers in your hair"**, as sung by Scott McKenzie, is the correct answer.

2. **The 16 vestal virgins were headed for the coast.** Lord knows why, when the most fun would have been at a monastery. Procol Harum recorded A Whiter Shade of Pale. One point for (e).

3. **Adelaide is the place,** where nearly three-quarters of its population came out to greet them. One point (a) and one extra point if you knew that John, Paul, George and Ringo were The Beatles. In '64, Tullamarine, *Countdown* and *Hey, Hey, It's Saturday* were only twinkles in peoples' eyes. And, The Mamas and The Papas were in fact Spiros Arion and Killer Kowalski.

4. The Real Thing was produced by Ian Meldrum, was over six minutes long and **the meaning didn't really mean a thing.**

5. **Robert Zimmerman**. Yasser Arafat was of course, Mama Cass' real name.

6. Now this is an area of some heated debate, but **it was Pete Townsend,** possessor of the bionic hooter, who first became notorious for smashing guitars. Real expensive equipment too. Not like a certain Marc Bolan, who smashed a cheap Japanese copy of a Gibson Les Paul during his Australian tour.

7. Sorry folks, but this is a trick question. Sure enough Stewie, bless his soul, **was the drummer for The Meteors** (Max Merritt's group), **but he does also have a niece called Anne.** One point each for (b) and (e).

8. **(b), Old Man River from the "Truth"** LP, released in '68. Score one more point if you've actually heard the track in question.

9. The correct answer here is **". . .can I take my friend to bed?"** The song was All Together Now from the movie, *Yellow Submarine.*

10. Lots of big names came out of Mayall's groups but unfortunately answers (a), (b), (d) and (e), though big in their own ways, did not. **Fleetwood and McVie did.** Along with Peter Green, they formed Fleetwood Mac after short stints with Mayall.

11. There are three correct answers to this one. It was a nick-name for **The Easybeats** whose first names were **Harry, George, Snowy, Dick and Stevie.** Harry VANDA and George YOUNG have become producers of world repute. Stevie Wright is about to make another comeback and Dick and Snowy were never to be heard of again. One point each for (a), (c), and (e). **They were immigrants from Scotland, England and Holland.**

12. **Answer (c) is right,** though (e) is very tempting.

13. Among other things, **what you got when you kissed a girl was enough germs to catch pneumonia.** The song was I'll Never Fall in Love Again from the musical *Promises, Promises.*

14. **Answer (c),** because her little bikini barely covered her features.

15. **Doo wah diddy diddy dum diddy doo.** A recording by Manfred Mann.

16. **(d) is the one.** The song was Good Morning Starshine. The other alternatives are; (a) Gitarzan — Ray Stevens, (b) Mashed Potatoes — Billy Thorpe and the Aztecs, (c) Sock It To Me Baby — Mitch Ryder and the Detroit Wheels, (e) Michelle — The Beatles.

17. The Leader of the Pack was never tan or lovely. Nikita Kruschev was short and fat. Charlie Watts was young and lovely but not so tall and tan. Delilah was Tom Jones in drag, which only leaves **the girl from Ipanema. One point for (c).**

18. **Poison Ivy** was the first number one hit for Billy Thorpe and The Aztecs. It held the Beatles out of Number One for a short while but eventually they murdered Australia — there was no holding them back.

19. **Archie's friends were Jughead, Veronica, Reggie and Betty.** Jumpin' Jack Flash and Ruby Tuesday were Mick Jagger's friends.

20. **Jimmy Page played on Joe Cocker's version** of the Beatles' song. Tiny Tim played on regardless of the tomatoes being thrown from the audience.

21. **Que Sera Sera was the biggest hit of 1965,** but there might be something in this Organ Au Go Go business.

22. **Answer (d).** Cream's members were Eric Clapton, Jack Bruce and Ginger Baker. Best known of their songs is probably White Room.

23. **The 1910 Fruitgum Company** sang this little forgettable masterpiece.

24. Not even Andy Warhol at his peak had enough imagination to name a group **The Rusty Can Openers. One point for (d).**

25. Just for the record, Jan and Dean were both boys and **only they and their producer know who sang the girlie-back-ups.**

How You Scored

I don't know how well you were scoring in the 60s, but this is how you rate now. The highest possible, though highly improbable score, is 30.

0 — 5

Three things come to mind if you scored in this area. You slept right through the 60s; you led a very sheltered life and did not groove at all; or you weren't even born yet — in which case, you're too young to be reading this magazine.

6 — 10

There's a fair chance that you might have seen some Frankie Avalon and Annette Funicello movies on Sunday afternoon television.

11 — 15

It's a good thing that you had some older brothers and sisters to help you with this quiz. But on the other hand, you might have actually lived (maybe as a vegetable) through this trail-blazing decade.

16 — 20

Now this is more like it. I bet you've still got 26 Groovy Greats hidden away in your record collection — well, at least one volume, maybe.

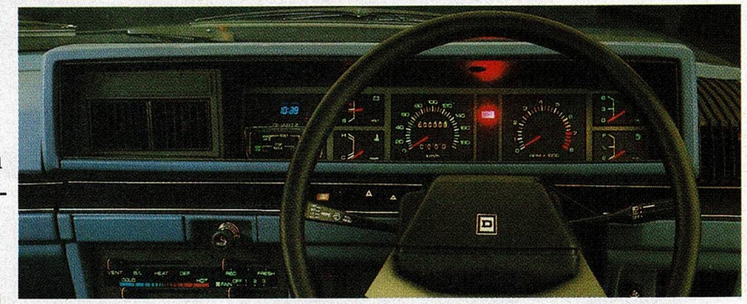
21 — 25

Yep, no question about it, you didn't just live through the 60s — you were the *60s!* And not only have you got both volumes of 26 Groovy Greats, but I bet you even know who played Professor Ratbaggy in *The Tarax Show.* Congratulations, you really did some living in the 60s. On the other hand, if you did that much living in the 60s, then you're probably a vegetable now!

26 — 30

There is only one person, other than God himself (or Eric Clapton), that could get this score; Stan Roffe! Thanks for reading the article all the way through, Stan, and a Hi-dee-hi Victoria to you, too.

The exceptional new Bluebird TRX is now available–but only for those who are ready for it. Sure, you'll stand out from the crowd–but not with garish, lairish stripes and hang-on gear. You'll need a certain style of your own to carry off



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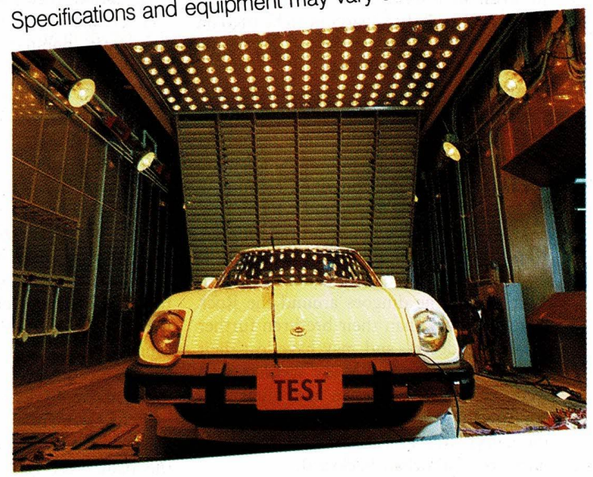

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THE DINGO

(continued from page 56)

"Michael and I had no idea there was a dingo danger. If we had been warned, Azaria would still be alive."

Lindy was later to say: "The first thing I thought when I saw the dingo was, 'What's it doing in here? There's no food in the tent.' I thought the dingo had a shoe in its mouth. I never thought for an instant it was my baby.

"Michael and I had no idea there was a dingo danger at Ayers Rock. If we had been warned, Azaria would still be alive. You go away for just a few seconds and it's over."

A search began immediately for the child. Dozens of tourists and locals trudged through the sand-dunes and the spinifex until about 3am. The search continued the next day. Nothing was found.

Then a week later, a tourist from Victoria found Azaria's clothing. The jumpsuit, singlet, nappy and bootees were in a neat pile at the base of the Rock about five kilometres from where the Chamberlains had camped.

The Case of the Dingo Baby, as some tabloid newspapers put it, had taken a new and bizarre turn, one of many that would occur in the following months.

●

The dingoes were, of course, the first to suffer. This is the Australian way.

Look at the way sharks are hounded each time one nibbles on a human idiotic enough to swim in unsafe waters. Out come the heavy lines and the spearguns to be used on every member of the shark species, be it a white pointer or a wobbegong.

At Ayers Rock, within a few days of the disappearance of Azaria Chamberlain, the crisp sound of rifle shots broke the desert silence. The dead dingoes were slit open to see if their stomachs contained remains of the baby. Nothing was found.

It seemed a trifle unfair on the dingoes, who are normally shy creatures, wary of humans, quick to back away if disturbed. Admittedly, the dingoes around the Rock were less wary than their brethren further out in the desert, and may have lost their natural fear of man. Many tourists who were at the Rock when the child disappeared told of dingoes prowling around the camp site, almost as if they were pet dogs in a suburban backyard.

But considering the number of people who pitched their tents in the area, there were few incidents. Ian Cawood, a ranger at the Rock, estimates he has received 12 complaints of dingoes "misbehaving" — but they were spread over 12 years, a not unreasonable average of one bite a year.

The dingo has not had the happiest life since it came from Asia about 7000 years ago. Evolving from a domesticated version of the Asiatic wolf or dhole, the Indian wild dog, it accompanied the Aborigines on one of their earlier migrations. The Aborigines had a strange relationship with the animal, treating it with great affection, yet totally disregarding its welfare. This must have proved confusing to the dingo, as Eric Rolls mentions in his book, *They All Ran Wild.*

Then came the white man with his sheep. The dingo must have thought he was in a canine heaven, the basically stupid sheep being easy prey. Grown sheep were nowhere near as difficult to kill as a kangaroo, lambs not even a work-out. There is no doubt they caused enormous damage to stock.

In 11 years in the Cloncurry district in Queensland, around 600,000 sheep were killed by dingoes. It was sheep that gave the dingo a bad name.

●

From the day the disappearance of Azaria Chamberlain first made the headlines (TRAGIC TOURIST COUPLE: BABY GIRL SNATCHED BY DINGO), the case fascinated the public as few such mysteries have done before. It also caused the public to behave in an extremely curious way. Normally kind and thoughtful people began spreading horrendous tales about the Chamberlains, embellishing them with their own fears dredged from the darker side of the imagination. Sick jokes abounded.

There are several theories for this, one of the most popular being the powerful influence Ayers Rock has on Australians. Many people look upon the Rock as the centre of the country, the heart of the mystical outback.

Yet it's only a rock. It may be a storehouse of myth and mystery to the Aborigines, but to the white tourist it is nought but a geological freak.

After a few days in the area, the tourist notices that the Rock loses its power to awe tourists. The only effect the Rock has on them is to send them on a monumental binge, which of course could be attributed to the heat, the temperature frequently rising above 40 degrees in the summer.

"The Germans are the best," explained a barman at the Uluru Motel. "They come off the planes carrying bottles of vodka and don't draw a sober breath until they leave."

There is ample evidence of this at the Uluru Motel, an establishment to which I immediately warmed when I saw the collection of Polaroid photographs on a wall of the bar. Each photograph was a study in the lack of inhibition caused by the over-consumption of fermented waters and the like, the masterpiece being a picture of a camel which had been brought into the bar, a rider atop gleefully waving a can.

How the legends of the Rock must grow around the bar, each one embellished in the telling like politicians' promises at election time. Then in the morning, the tourist leaves, convinced he or she has been touched with something mystical when, in fact, all they take away is a souvenir tea towel and a stinking hangover.

●

Apart from the Rock, there was another reason the Azaria Chamberlain case quickly became one of the main topics of conversation around the country, the first item on television news, the lead story not only in the tabloids (which hadn't had such a good break since the Bogle-Chandler mystery), but in more staid newspapers such as *The Sydney Morning Herald* and *The Adelaide Advertiser.* This reason goes back to childhood fears: the terror of being taken in the dark. Out of the night comes something monstrous and evil, in the morning the cradle is empty. Mothers who should know better, still tell their children that unless they behave themselves and go to sleep, the Bogey Man or the Big Bad Wolf will come and get them.

Coupled with this are fables of the wolf, a creature that has romped savagely through children's tales, from the supernatural madness of the werewolf to the beast in drag who sprang from the bed to gobble up Little Red Riding Hood.

The species *canis lupus* does not exist in Australia. The equivalent is the dingo, or native wild dog, which features largely in the legends of Aborigines who tell of Cheeroonear, the dog-faced man, and his six hunting dogs. No one had ever seen them, only the evidence of their existence in the form of the gnawed bones of missing children, women and men.

Then came the drought. Near the last waterhole, some members of a tribe looked up when they heard a noise and recoiled in horror. Approaching the hole was a tall and heavily-built figure, with the arms and legs of a man but with the head of a dog. From his mouth and chin hung a loose bag like that of a pelican, flowing in empty folds over a hollow in his chest. This was Cheeroonear

Ignoring the terrified tribespeople, he drank from the waterhole, the bag in his chest becoming swollen and distended. But he had over-indulged and vomited water and food which contained human bones and skulls.

Turning to the frozen onlookers, he said in a savage voice: "Now you have seen Cheeroonear; but you shall not live to tell the tale. Long ago it was foretold that if ever I was seen by men and women, my death would follow quickly. You have seen me; but I shall wipe out your memories before another sun rises, I, and my wife and my dogs."

The tribespeople were understandably upset by the threat, so they called in the Winjarning brothers, who were a kind of Aboriginal Batman and Robin. The Winjarning brothers organised the tribe's defence, getting the men to bring large piles of brushwood and placing it in two rows on either side of the path leading to the waterhole. The Winjarning brothers and the tribe's warriors hid in the brushwood.

First, Cheeroonear's dogs came down the path. One of the Winjarning brothers severed the head of the first dog with his boomerang, kicking the head aside and clearing the body from the track. This they did with all the dogs until six heads and six bodies lay severed on the ground. The tails of the dogs were hacked off and handed to the warriors.

Cheeroonear came next and in the brushwood, six warriors danced and whisked the tails of the dogs so that the dog-faced man believed his animals were hunting human quarry.

"It is Cheeroonear who has come to kill you," he shouted. "Tremble, you little people, and look your last on the red sun."

Whereupon the Winjarning brothers leapt on him, smashing their clubs on his head until he was lifeless at the edge of the waterhole.

They returned to their hiding places. Not long after another figure appeared, the wife of Cheeroonear, and so horrifying was the sight the warriors dared not look at her. At the end of the path she saw the body of her husband.

The nearest warriors fell on her and hacked her body in two. As the two halves of the body twitched, the figure of a boy emerged from the upper half. The warriors ran towards him, for he must also be killed, but he changed into a reptile that escaped from under their feet.

Cheeroonear was dead; the six dogs were dead; the woman was dead; but the devil that came from her body is alive in the bush today.

●

Lindy Chamberlain was in her house in Mt Isa minding her own business when the door flew open. Standing there was a woman, possibly drunk, who began asking pertinent questions of Lindy along the lines: "Did you kill your baby?"

Horrified at first, Lindy managed to quieten the woman and get rid of her. But she found it a traumatic experience, as bad as the time she opened an envelope posted to her home which contained a newspaper clipping showing a photograph of Mrs Chamberlain. Scrawled across it were the words: "I know a dingo took your baby, a two-legged dingo like you."

"The latest rumor going around is that my husband has been charged with the baby's murder, and that my baby was a sacrifice for our religion," Lindy told a reporter at Mt Isa. "People say this memorial we want to put up to Azaria at Ayers Rock is part of this sacrifice thing."

This remarkable theory was boosted by a rumor, extremely popular at the time, that the name Azaria meant "sacrifice in the wilderness". Actually it means "the blessed one".

But the rumors spread, the gossip continued to be exchanged at the trading posts where hearsay is currency. "They're linking the case with the Jonestown massacre and with the Spear Creek murders at Mt Isa 12 months ago. We were not even in Mt Isa then. People say Azaria was sickly. They even say she was a spastic. She wasn't. She was a six-pound baby and when she disappeared, she was nine weeks and four days old and weighed 10 pounds."

Amid bomb hoaxes, foul accusations and even threats to kidnap their son Aidan — which necessitated a police escort for the boy for three months while he went to and from school — the Chamberlains presented a stoic picture to the world. (And indeed the world was watching, the story getting big coverage in Britain, Europe and the United States. As Michael Chamberlain put it: "We loved Azaria dearly, but from the moment she died, she seemed to become public property.")

The Chamberlains' stoic attitude to the disappearance of their daughter sprang from their total faith in the teachings of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, their simplistic belief that every word in the Bible was true and not to be tampered with in any way. Lindy even saw the case as a "trial by Satan" to test their faith in God.

In a strange way, this also caused people to be antagonistic towards the Chamberlains. Australians are reasonably tolerant of the religious beliefs of others, but only if those beliefs encompass the teachings of the mainstream churches — the Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterians and Methodists. They are wary of smaller fundamentalist groups such as the Seventh Day Adventists.

It is not altogether the fault of the public. Members of the Seventh Day Adventist Church, because of their ascetic lifestyle, tend to have limited contact with people outside their faith.

The Seventh Day Adventist Church had an unfortunate beginning, springing as it did from the teachings of William Miller, a farmer and former atheist of New England, USA. After careful and prolonged study of the Books of Daniel and Revelations, Miller was convinced the world would end in a fiery explosion on April 3, 1843. But, ahh, there was a loophole for the believers; the dead would arise and the faithful would be swept straight to heaven.

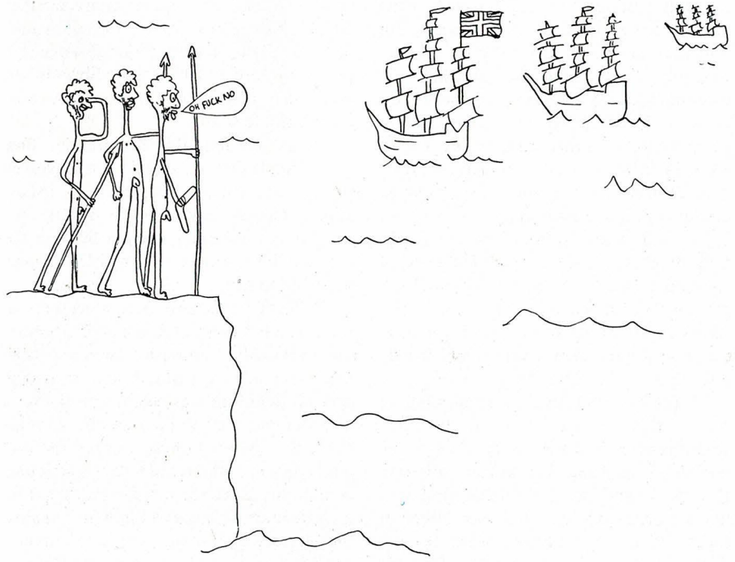
On the appointed day, thousands of Miller's followers gathered in New England, carefully selecting the high ground, perhaps to give God some help in the not easy task of transporting them all upwards.

All that happened that night was that one believer broke his arm trying to fly to heaven on wings made from turkey feathers attached to his shoulders.

Miller was not at all fazed. He simply moved the end of the world to July 7 and the faithful, many in ascension robes prudently sold by Miller, again waited. Again in vain. Miller moved the date to March 21, 1844.

On that date there was some excitement when a thunderstorm boomed across New England, but all that happened was the faithful got wet. The believers should by now have become a trifle sceptical over the prophecies of William Miller, but they still turned up on his next date for Armageddon, October 22, 1844. The highlight of this was a farmer who dressed his cows in white ascension robes on the not unreasonable grounds that it was a long way to heaven and the children could be in need of milk.

The failure of the world to come to an end



disappointed many of the less fanatical followers of Miller, including Ellen Harmon White, a former Methodist, much given to visions. With others she moved to Battle Creek, Michigan in 1855, and eight years later the Seventh Day Adventist Church was established as an official denomination. Mrs White travelled widely spreading the good word, including a visit to Australia where she converted a few of the local heathen.

There are now close to 100,000 Seventh Day Adventists in New Zealand and Australia.

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On February 20, 1981, Denis Barritt, once a member of the Victorian Police Force and now a stipendiary magistrate in the Northern Territory, took his place in the Coroner's Court at Alice Springs. The day turned into one of the more sensational, not to use the word loosely, in Australian legal history, if only for the fact that it went out live on television and radio throughout the nation. The traditionalists were aghast, but the television and radio networks were well pleased because Barritt's performance attracted a huge audience, possibly one of the biggest since the moon landing.

During his careful journey through the maze of evidence, Barritt gave Northern Territory police and forensic scientists what can only be described as a spray. "No meaningful liaison appears to exist between members of the forensic science section and the police officer in the field. From my observations of the operation of this section in this inquiry and other cases in the past, I recommend that consideration be given to it being re-established on a proper forensic scientific basis."

Turning to the Chamberlains, he said: "To you, Pastor and Mrs Chamberlain, and through you to Aidan and Reagan, may I extend my deepest sympathies. You have not only suffered the loss of your beloved child in the most tragic circumstances, but you have all been subjected to months of innuendos, suspicion and probably the most malicious gossip ever witnessed in this country. I have taken the unusual step of permitting these proceedings to be televised today in the hope that by direct and accurate communication, such innuendos, suspicion and gossip, may finally cease.

"I find that Azaria Chantel Loren Chamberlain, a child then of nine weeks of age and formerly of Mt Isa, Queensland, met her death when attacked by a wild dingo whilst asleep in her family's tent at the top camping area, Ayers Rock, shortly after 8pm on the 17th August, 1980.

"I further find that in attempting to remove this babe from the tent, the dingo would have caused a severe crushing to the base of the skull and neck and lacerations to the throat and neck. I further find that neither parent of the child, nor either of their remaining children, were in any degree whatsoever responsible for this death.

"I find that after her death the body of Azaria was taken from the possession of the dingo and disposed of by an unknown method by a person or persons name unknown."

After the finding, the Chamberlains went off to consider several pressing problems, one being an offer of $20,000 for their story. Michael Chamberlain thought he would have to ask God's help on that one.

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To say that police and forensic scientists were upset at the finding of Denis Barritt, SM, would be putting it mildly. Some were furious and were determined to prove that a dingo had absolutely nothing to do with the disappearance of Azaria Chamberlain.

Forensic scientists are jealous of their reputations, and with some justification, because in case after case they have guided the police towards the guilty. They have come a long way since they tried to solve mysteries with the aid of a microscope and the collected adventures of Sherlock Holmes. With the help of computers they can now, for instance, break down colors into a series of numbers and so into graphs. Until this advance, colors could only be judged visually from master charts; now forensic scientists can prove that three apparently identical samples of paint can be shown to have individual characteristics and to have come from different manufacturers. This new technique also makes it possible to prove that clothing fibres found at the scene of a crime could only have come from a single source.

Dr Kenneth Brown reached the conclusion that none of the marks on Azaria's clothing could be matched against any of the teeth of a dingo.

Three days after Barritt's finding, some of the Adelaide forensic scientists involved in the case gathered together to discuss several aspects they found disturbing, the most important being their belief that the coroner did not have all possible evidence available to him.

Dr Kenneth Brown, senior lecturer in forensic odontology at Adelaide University, said cautiously: "Forensic odontology is an internationally recognised and respected special field and, as such, can make a considerable contribution to the administration of justice. Those areas of forensic odontology, which are of particular community concern, include the scientific identification of unknown human remains, the deceased victims of crime, accidents and mass disasters; and the investigation and interpretation of bite marks, which may be produced by human or non-human teeth in any material or tissues. There are well-established methods, which may be applied for the investigation of bite marks.

"The case was obviously a most unusual one and presented great difficulties. The coroner's duty was to consider all the evidence that was placed before him in arriving at his finding. I am sure that forensic odontological evidence would have been of great assistance to him."

The forensic scentists returned to their laboratories. At the same time the police were not standing still directing traffic. Almost immediately after Barritt's finding, they began new investigations, possibly spurred on by some peculiar comments made by the Chamberlains.

Lindy Chamberlain, in particular, was severely critical of the police, saying: "During interviews with some police, I really got the feeling they had already made up their minds about the case. By the way some of them spoke, I could tell they were thinking, 'Oh, yeah, what's the real story about your daughter?'

"Other police, especially those at Alice Springs, were sympathetic and very kind to us. But police ignored a lot of clues and failed to follow up lines of investigation. . .

"Really, we feel that if the media had investigated the case, and not the police, the whole thing would have been cleared up long before now. . ."

The media doing a better job than the police? It was like a red flag to the bulls of the Northern Territory constabulary and with snorts of indignation they charged head first back into the case. Of course, they were quite within their right to investigate further, if only to find the person or persons unknown who, the coroner had said, had disposed of the body of Azaria Chamberlain.

But it was Dr Kenneth Brown, the Adelaide odontologist, who was doing the ground work. Consulting colleagues, he expressed his concern at the interpretation of his evidence at the inquest where he had told Coroner Barritt of experiments he had done with children's clothing and dingo teeth. He had reached the conclusion that none of the marks on Azaria's clothing could be matched against any of the teeth of a dingo. Instead, he believed the holes in the clothing could have been made by an instrument such as a small screwdriver.

On May 27, 1981, Brown was worried enough to take with him to a forensic science conference in Norway the clothing worn by Azaria and other articles. He hoped to show the clothing to Professor James Cameron, a renowned British forensic scientist, who was scheduled to be at the conference. In fact, Cameron did not attend the conference, so the determined Brown flew to London and there he handed over the clothing and other articles to the eminent professor.

Brown could not have chosen a better, more experienced man in the world of forensic science than Cameron. Among other credentials, Cameron is an MD, a PhD (Glasgow University), a Fellow of the Royal College of Pathologists, a holder of the Diploma of Medical Jurisprudence, Honorary Consultant to the British Army, Consultant to the Royal Navy, Consultant to the Home Office, Consultant to Scotland Yard Detective Training School, and Professor of Forensic Science at the London Hospital Medical College.

A quietly-spoken 51-year-old Scot, with a passion for Rugby Union, Cameron has been responsible for some stunning scientific detective work in British cases, the most celebrated being the mystery of Billy Moseley. A small-time crook, Moseley had been murdered, then his head severed from his body. The two parts of the unfortunate Moseley were found three years apart. Cameron joined the torso with the head by comparing saw marks on each side of the severed neck. He also found that the head could have been kept for a time in a paint shed in someone's backyard, evidence strong enough to send two North London jewellers to jail for life.

Possibly the most important case handled by Cameron was one involving 13 black teenagers who died in a fire at a house in New Cross Road, at Deptford in London. The case had enormous implications for Britain's shaky relationships between black and white, with black activists claiming the fire was the result of a white racist attack. Angry speeches were made; blacks marched through the streets of London demanding justice. For a while, Deptford was a tinderbox of racial hatred ready to ignite. Cameron used a technique by which components of debris from the fire are absorbed into a pellet, which is then placed in a microspectrometer and its elements released. He was able to prove the fire was not the result of an outside attack, but originated in the centre of the family living room, and was caused by paint thinners, the implication being the fire was either accidental or set by someone inside the house.

Cameron decided to test the baby's clothing with a relatively new technique called ultra-violet fluorescence photography, which in the past had been used on such diverse experiments as tracing the blood on the Shroud of Turin and semen stains on garments worn by King Charles 1. This form of photography was able to differentiate bloodstains on the clothing from other stains made by dirt and sand. The blood absorbed the ultra-violet light, while sand did not absorb it so strongly and the unstained areas became fluorescent, leaving a clear demarcation between the bloodstains and other staining.

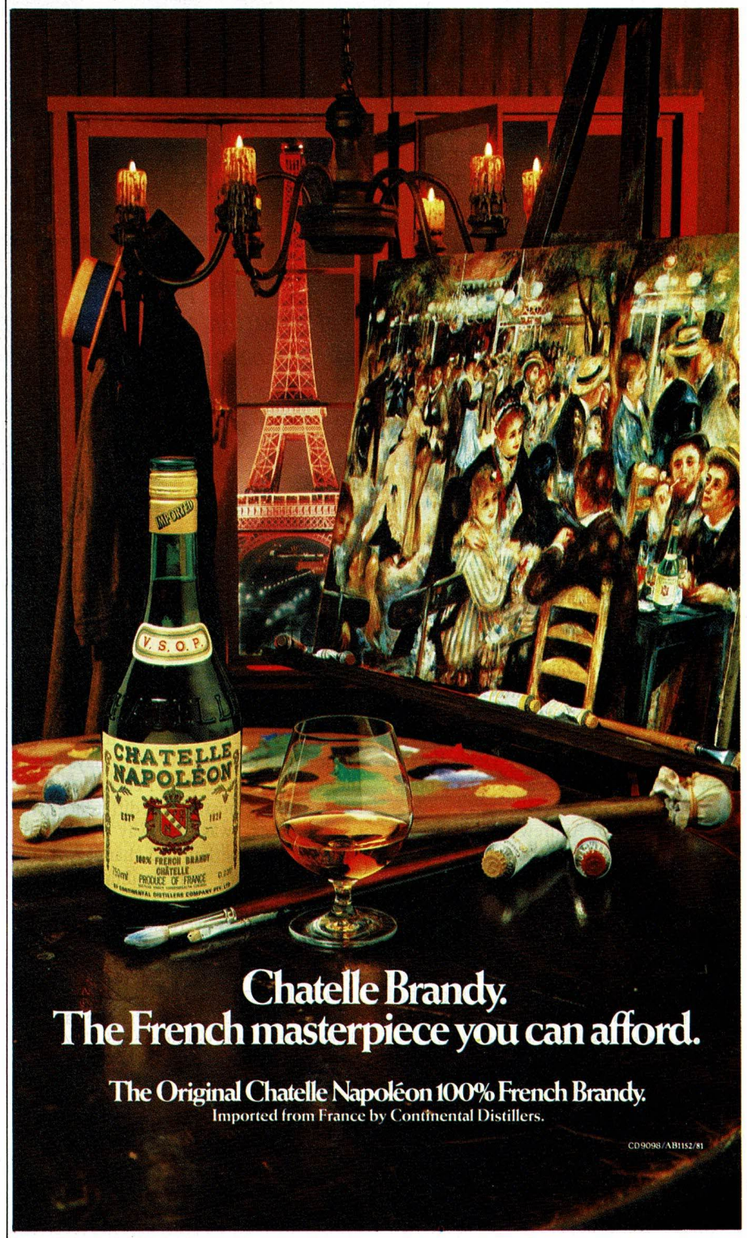
The tests convinced Cameron a dingo had been nowhere near the child and he was later to say: "The blood flowed on to the collar from above and around the neck at one time and not from two places, as one would have anticipated had an animal been involved. . . It would be reasonable to assume that she (Azaria) met her death by unnatural causes, and that the cause of death was by a cutting instrument, possibly encircling the neck, cutting the vital blood vessels and structures of the neck."

In other words, Cameron believed a person had slit the throat of the 10-week-old baby.

So convinced was he, that early in September, 1981, he flew to Brisbane under the strictest orders to keep his journey secret. In Brisbane on September 14 and 15, he discussed the case with the Northern Territory Chief Minister and Attorney-General, Paul Everingham, the Territory's Solicitor-General, Frank Martin, and an old friend of Everingham's, Des Sturgess, a Brisbane Queen's Counsel. Sturgess was subsequently to become the counsel assisting the coroner at the second inquest.

Four days later, after receiving advice from Sturgess, Everingham announced the re-opening of the case, although in truth the files had never been closed. At the same time 11 detectives left Darwin, fanning out around the country.

In the meantime, some of the best brains in forensic science in Australia were working on the case, and working in secret.



The Northern Territory Government had asked they keep their research to themselves, not to talk about it, even to colleagues working alongside them in the laboratories.

Professor Malcolm Chaikin, the Dean of Faculty of Applied Sciences at the NSW University School of Textile Technology, examined fibres from Azaria's jumpsuit. Chaikin's expertise in fibres had already broken one major Australian case, the kidnap-murder of a schoolboy, Graeme Thorne in 1960. His research led him to conclude that holes in the child's singlet were made by a blunt object being pushed through the material.

Joy Kuhl, a forensic biologist at the NSW Health Commission in Sydney, began a series of experiments on traces of blood found in the Chamberlains' Holden Torana and various other objects, including a knife, a small pair of scissors and a couple of towels. In the car she found blood on the carpet in front of the driver's seat, the left fabric panel of the driver's seat, on a small piece of carpet in the centre console, in the left front groove of the console, in the floorwell under the passenger's seat, on the radio frame and on window handles of both doors. There was also a spray pattern of blood under the car's dashboard. In a further experiment, Kuhl found that blood behind and underneath the passenger's seat could have only got there if someone had been sitting on the seat at the time the blood flowed.

But Kuhl's most important discovery, at least as far as the police were concerned, was that much of the blood was foetal and was at least 12 months old but less than two years old. She later explained the difference: "Up till the time of birth the foetal haemoglobin increases in concentration. After birth it gradually decreases. After six months, detectable amounts of foetal haemoglobin are not present in the normal infant."

For the police, the information was startlingly new because, oddly, the Chamberlains' car was not inspected prior to the inquest conducted by Denis Barritt. Now it became the focal point of police investigations.

In Adelaide, Dr Andrew Scott, a forensic biologist, was handed between 200 and 300 items taken from the Chamberlains. His tests showed blood stains on a green parka worn by Aidan Chamberlain, and he concluded that the staining was consistent with a person having worn the parka and carried a bleeding baby or if the parka had been moved while the blood was still wet.

The secret work went on, pathologists, an entomologist, a soil expert, an expert in new photographic techniques, concentrating on their chosen subjects in their laboratories in three states. The police of four states had become involved. Enough evidence and exhibits to fill a small room were being gathered.

On November 20, 1981, some of this new evidence was placed in chamber before Mr Justice Toohey of the Northern Territory Supreme Court who made an order quashing the original inquest into the death of Azaria Chamberlain. It was yet another bizarre twist to the case, possibly the first time in Australia that a second inquest has been ordered. The application was made by Paul Everingham, in his role as Attorney-General, and it was one the Northern Territory political boss knew could have far-reaching effects. He could be accused of persecuting the Chamberlains, of dragging up a matter that was, as far as many people were concerned, closed. Everingham knew that on that day he was putting his political career on the line, should the evidence of the second inquest be inconclusive, he would suffer the consequences of resurrecting what had become Australia's most sensational case.

A few days after the quashing of the first inquest, a small army of police, led by Chief Inspector Charles Taylor, and including a forensic pathologist, Dr Antony Jones, flew to Ayers Rock. They dug in sand at several sites around the Rock, recovering small pieces of an undisclosed substance.

For the police, the information was startlingly new because, oddly, the Chamberlain's car was not inspected prior to the inquest.

On December 14, the second inquest began before Gerry Galvin, the Northern Territory's Chief Magistrate, a no-nonsense man who was determined the No 1 Courtroom at Alice Springs would not become the the scene of a media circus. The evidence the forensic scientists and the police had gathered during the previous months was revealed over nine days before the court adjourned until February 1.

Possibly the most notable difference in the two inquests, was the way Lindy and Michael Chamberlain had changed. At the first inquest they were smiling, talkative, almost eager to be in the company of the media. Now they were withdrawn, grim-faced, and said not a word to the 50 or so media representatives covering the case.

In February 1982, Mr Galvin handed down his finding: Lindy Chamberlain was charged with murdering her child, Michael Chamberlain with being an accessory after the fact.

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The details of the trial of Lindy and Michael Chamberlain are still too fresh in the public's mind to be rehashed. The seven weeks of the trial were covered by the media with an intensity no other case has received.

If one must award points for victory, then the winners were the forensic scientists, not the academics, but those working in the field. The trial showed there was a great deal of antagonism between the practitioners and the academics, but the jury obviously preferred the evidence of those who work daily in their chosen realm of science.

Take the contrasting evidence given by Joy Kuhl and Professor Barry Boettcher, professor of biological science at Newcastle University. Mrs Kulh could be considered a practitioner, Professor Boettcher an academic.

In the darkened court room of the Northern Territory Supreme Court, Mrs Kuhl used colored slides and a pointer to illustrate her evidence on blood technology. She was a good lecturer, even if at times her evidence became lost in a morass of technical jargon. Then John Phillips, QC, began questioning her on behalf of the defence. He asked if Mrs Kuhl could show some of the exhibits to the jury. She admitted that all the original hard evidence resulting from her test and on which she had based her conclusions, had been destroyed. She said this was normal procedure in the laboratory where she worked.

She also admitted to Mr Phillips that at no time did she examine Azaria's bloodstained jumpsuit. When he suggested to her that stains on the jumpsuit would have been the perfect comparison agent for her tests on the blood found in the car — since it was known to be Azaria's blood on the suit — she disagreed.

Professor Boettcher later took the stand on behalf of the defence. He said that, in his opinion, it should not be concluded on the results of any of the tests performed by Mrs Kuhl that foetal haemoglobin was present in any of the samples tested by her. In other words, Mrs Kuhl found no baby blood.

But Professor Boettcher did not appear comfortable in the courtroom. He was pedantic in a way that made his answers seem evasive. And at times he was incredibly boring which, of course, an expert witness should never be.

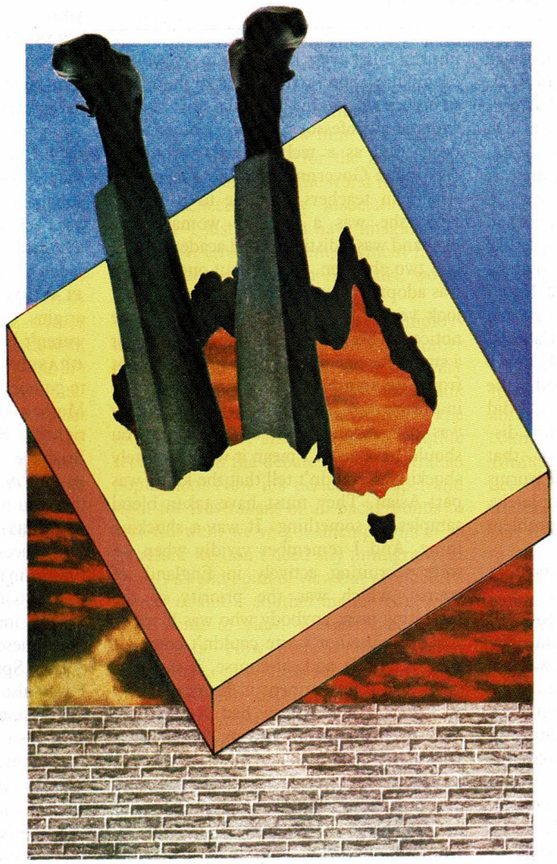
It would be farcical if expert witnesses were expected to give evidence in the manner of, say, Paul Hogan, wise-cracking their way through the involved highways and byways of a refined science, but after all, a jury is nothing more than a small cross-section of the public. It would prefer to be entertained rather than bored.

So, the jury leaned towards the evidence given by witnesses for the prosecution. It took little more than six hours to resolve its doubts, answer the questions to its unanimous satisfaction. The doubts, the questions, came later. Oddly, they came mostly from people who were nowhere near Darwin during the seven weeks of the trial of Lindy and Michael Chamberlain.

Research for this article includes material from *They All Ran Wild,* by Eric Rolls (Angus and Robertson); *Myth and Legends of Australia,* by A.W. Reed (A.H. and A.W. Reed); *Ayers Rock,* by Charles P. Mountford (Rigby).

INSURANCE

accidental death is so rare, it's hardly worth the premiums



WHAT IS the probability that you will be run over by a train in the next 12 months? How likely is it that you will be fatally struck by lightning? How many people fall into a hole and die each year?

You may not know the answers to these questions, but insurance companies do —it's their business. Insurance companies know that each year five or six Australians die by falling into a hole. They also know that the odds against being killed by lightning are 2,923,177 to one and that the probability of being run down by a train is three in a million. This specialised knowledge means big profits for insurance companies.

Consider, for example, a recent offer made to card-holders by a leading credit card company. For a mere $4 per month, customers can insure against accidental death in Australia and abroad. For an extra $2 per month, the card-holder's family can be covered as well. The offer involves three benefit levels. The highest benefit, $100,000, is payable to the beneficiaries of anyone fortunate enough to expire while a "fare-paying passenger on licensed public transport". Presumably, this means planes, trains, buses, taxis and the QE11. The customer who purchases this insurance is betting that he (or some member of his family) will die this year while going somewhere. The insurance company is betting that all of them will make it to their destinations alive. As in any bet, it pays to know the odds.

According to the Australian Bureau of Statistics, 57 people died in railway accidents in 1980. Thirteen fell in or off trains, 42 were hit by trains and two managed to die some other way (boredom?). Of course, not all of these deaths involved passengers. Some victims were railroad employees, while others just happened to be standing in front of moving trains. Let's be generous, however, and assume that half the dead were paying passengers. In 1980, there were 14,615,887 Australians. This means the likelihood of dying while a railroad passenger is 29 in 14,615,887 or two in a million.

Water transport is more dangerous than railroading. One hundred and fifteen Australians died in boating accidents in 1980. Most victims were sailing on private boats. But, even if half were paying passengers, the probability of dying this way is only four in a million.

Commercial aircraft accidents present a problem because these rarely occur in Australia. (Private aviation is a lot more dangerous, but it isn't covered by the insurance.) However, since the insurance covers the policy-holder world-wide, world statistics may be applied. These indicate that every million times one flies, one will die about once.

This leaves buses, taxis, airport limousines and trams. Australian death rates are rather low in these categories, but the insurance is good world-wide and, who knows, South American bus drivers may not be as careful as ours. Using a high estimate, the probability of dying on these forms of transport is two in 100,000.

Totalling the various probabilities, we find that the likelihood of dying while a passenger on public transport is .000027. In other words, out of every one million policy holders, 27 will receive (actually their beneficiaries will receive) the $100,000 payoff. The total payout of $2.7 million is about four percent of the $72 million the company would receive in premiums. But, this is not all the company pays out. There are two other benefit levels.

The insurance policy pays $20,000 if the policy-holder dies as a pedestrian or in a private motor vehicle accident. As most of us know, Australia is not a particularly safe place to drive. In 1980, 3,510 of us lost our lives in motor vehicle and pedestrian accidents. The odds are that two in every 10,000 Australians dies this way each year. With one million policy-holders, the company will have to pay out $4 million.

Finally, there is a third benefit level. The policy pays $10,000 if death is by an accident not already covered. You can count on fatal accidents doing in two of every 10,000 people. With one million insured, this benefit will cost the company $2 million.

Adding up the three benefit levels, we find that the company is liable to pay $8,700,000 in yearly benefits on its one million policies. These figures, however, are based on the maximum payoffs. Spouse's benefits are half these and children's benefits are only $1,000 whatever the cause of death. So, the actual payoff is less than $8.7 million on premiums of $72 million. This means that for every dollar the company takes in, it pays out only 11 cents. To be fair, it should be noted that the policy will also pay some benefits for the loss of eyes or limbs, so the payout is actually higher. But, even if we doubled the payout (say a madman ran loose on an airplane poking customers in the eye with one of those plastic forks), the company is hardly paying out 20 cents on a dollar, plus it's keeping all the interest on premiums.

Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not against companies making profits, nor do I think that people should ignore their family responsibilities (although it isn't clear to me who benefits when an entire insured family goes down with a ship). But, there are better insurance buys. A $72 term insurance policy would yield benefits no matter how the insured died. Since illness is 10 times more likely to kill than accidents, those who want insurance should stick with term life.

STEVEN SCHWARTZ

GRASSBY (continued from page 37)

People who are racist form the greatest threat to Australia — a greater threat than the atomic bomb.

was so anti-Asian that whenever he received representation from Chinese constituents, he'd come to me and say, well these bastards want that, but don't give it to them. Oh there were some terrible bigotries. . . But the party platform had been drafted at Launceston, and they were stuck with it. Don Dunstan was the prime mover in that, but it had also been helped by people like Fred Daly, and it clearly stated that all discriminations were to be abolished. Now I had that charter to work from and I started to do it. I didn't have to go back to Cabinet, I didn't have to go to Whitlam. I didn't have to go to anybody. I could do it under the party policy in the party program and I did it. And that encompassed a world of discrimination. The discriminations that existed represented an ugly can of worms that had to be thrown out completely, rooted out. And, of course, the big problem we still had was the attitude.

PLAYBOY: Were there racist attitudes within the department?

GRASSBY: Of course there were. I found it in the files. My God! I found the procedures were horrifying. There was one place where we didn't have a mission, so the people who wanted to migrate sent their applications in by mail and they had to send photographs. . . and from photographs some junior clerk or whatever would determine whether they were European, part-European or non-European.

PLAYBOY: It was a sweeping change to Australian attitudes that you had to confront at that time. Was there any dissent within the Whitlam Cabinet?

GRASSBY: No. How could they dissent from a party decision, a party policy?

PLAYBOY: Politicians frequently dissent from party decisions.

GRASSBY: They didn't tackle me and I didn't take it to them because I was assuming that they were all good, loyal members of the party and if they weren't they didn't deserve to be members.

PLAYBOY: So there was no dissent?

GRASSBY: Formally. There were plenty of pressures otherwise.

PLAYBOY: What sort of pressures?

GRASSBY: People would come to me and say, What are you doing there? I'd say, I'm carrying out party policy so there it is. But I had good support in the Caucus which I needed to change the Immigration Act and make the policy globally non-discriminatory. That upset a few people who had a pet group that they wanted to peddle. I said, you can't have, if you *have* a non-discriminatory policy, it's got to *be* non-discriminatory. Now that's it. But, of course, it took a long time to actually implement at every level. Just to give you an example of how actually racist the entire structure was, let me tell you a story about a woman, a professor in California, who had been used as a technical advisor to the Australian Government in the selection of American teachers to come to Australia. Now she was a married woman. Her husband was a distinguished academic. She had two children, I think, but one of them was adopted. But the children to me didn't look very different, I must say. But she noticed in her passport on one occasion that a stamp for one of the kiddies was different from the stamp for the other. When she inquired, they said because the other kiddy was part-Asian. Well, an explosion you should have seen! I mean it was absolutely shocking. I couldn't tell that the kiddy was part-Asian. They must have taken blood samples or something. It was a shocking thing. And I remember vividly when we were recruiting actively in England, of course, which was the priority of the recruiting area, anybody who was black or Asian or just not white couldn't come. It was incredible and, of course, it caused a great deal of resentment in Europe.

PLAYBOY: You must have had an incredibly busy two-year period putting things right.

GRASSBY: Oh, of course. Yes.

PLAYBOY: Did you feel perhaps you were devoting too much time to the Ministry and not enough to the electorate?

GRASSBY: Actually, I did my best with the electorate. I used to go to little places that had never seen a member, sometimes for years. But in truth, I think the electorate was not interested in immigration. I think they voted for me in the hope and expectation I'd be voted Minister for Primary Industry and when I didn't, I think they lost a great deal of interest. I really do.

PLAYBOY: So your personal following in the electorate suffered as a result of your ministry?

GRASSBY: Oh, I think so, and, of course, there was also the problem that policies of the Whitlam Government, the rural policies, were sound in the long term, but in the short term they. . .

PLAYBOY: They hurt?

GRASSBY: Well, they didn't hurt at all, but they looked as if they could. They didn't hurt anybody but they were wonderful propaganda.

PLAYBOY: On a personal level, did you sense that your constituents were resentful of the fact that you didn't have the Agricultural Ministry?

GRASSBY: No, I really didn't pick it up. But we had more money than had ever been contributed before. We had more volunteers to help, and we were getting excellent meetings, good receptions. . . everything that you could think of in terms of a political campaign in the bush was going well. But it wasn't.

PLAYBOY: They did everything but vote for you.

GRASSBY: Yes (Laughter). Well, it was just enough. I think there was 700 votes in it and that was just enough. All the racist organisations, of course, descended from every part of Australia and, well, they frightened a few old ladies. No doubt about that. I remember some of the ads: "Your superphosphate bounty worth $25 million has been taken and given to black extremists who will be flooding in to take your barns." I don't know how they'd do that. . .

PLAYBOY: What about your own racial origins. . . this incredible myth that you weren't born in Brisbane at all?

GRASSBY: Oh, that's right. Oh God! I had to go home once and ask my mother. I said Mother, are you sure that birth certificate's right?... But I was born in New Farm, Brisbane.

PLAYBOY: Was that thrown at you in '74, that you were a closet foreigner?

GRASSBY: I think I had a series of birthplaces. I think Alan Reid called me an Englishman, some other fellow wrote that I was born in Lisbon because I think he heard Lisbon instead of Brisbane, so I became Portuguese for a least a week. Then I was born in Spain, then I was also born in Italy. I was also Greek at the same time but I didn't quite find out where in Greece. And, then also I emerged as a Scotsman for another month on the basis that my mother, who was Irish, had lived in Glasgow. And then of course the other place I was born, and I was quite surprised about this, as I've never actually spent more than a couple of days there, was Singapore. Then later on, it turned out I was really a half-caste boong, which you could tell just by looking. That was interesting. So I said to Mother, What do you think? "You know," she said, "I find it interesting that you've been born in so many places. . . it must have been very tiring for me."

PLAYBOY: Have you always been able to laugh off the extremist slurs?

GRASSBY: Oh, yeah, I think you've just got to wear those, and people who take those views today, in my view, are not Australian at all. They are pseudo-Australians, a racist minority that would be more at home in South Africa. I think people who are racist form the greatest threat to Australia — a greater threat than the atomic bomb, because if they took up what they want to do, you'd blow the country apart. Blow it wide open.

You'd have nothing left. In Australia we've got 140 different inputs, who speak 90 languages of their own and they've got 80 religions. And 50 percent in the big cities like Sydney and Melbourne are the product of migration directly — either born overseas, or their parents were.

PLAYBOY: A lot of the racism in this country seems to revolve around other issues apart from strictly race. For example, fear of losing your job or one that you're rather close to. . . the Mafia.

GRASSBY: Well, let me just say that the Mafia stuff is racist because anyone who wishes to look at the statistics knows the truth. The people who commit the least crimes are those who are either Greek, Italian or Chinese-born. Now, that's the *fact* and that's been the fact for a generation. The Mafia is something that's used by the National Front, National Alliance, Ku-Klux-Klan. . . all these extremist groups to just pin a label. And, of course, it's interesting to see the pattern of racism. In Australia, the Aborigines have always copped it. They are still copping it. A spokesman in Sydney after the Moree killing last November got up and said, well, there's 20 or 30 Aboriginal activists who are responsible for all the violence in the State. Now, that was a piece of sheer racist propaganda and the man should be ashamed of himself because when you look at who's got the rifle, they're not Aboriginal people.

PLAYBOY: Your successor (Community Relations Commissioner Jeremy Long) wasn't very vocal on this subject.

GRASSBY: Well, I don't know what he's going to do. He's got a tough job ahead and I wish him well.

PLAYBOY: He gave a fairly stern "no comment".

GRASSBY: Well, he's got to do his job the way he sees it, and maybe he'll be the best commissioner of all time.

PLAYBOY: I tend to think you would have had a comment to make.

GRASSBY: Oh, I did. I made the comment on the day that I was asked. I pointed out that whenever there was a significant Aboriginal presence anywhere in Australia, then you've got tensions because of white bigotry. So that's the position. Then of course, the Jews. . . they've ruined the world. So you've got to extirpate Jewry, according to one of the League of Rights publications. Then, the Irish. They were the butt of the greatest discrimination for about 50 years. Then you have the Southern-Europeans. . . all those Eye-talians and Greeks and Maltese and Cypriots and Spaniards. . . all those terrible people. Now, of course, you've got the Vietnamese. But the pattern is the same. The play is the same. The only thing that changes is the characters.

PLAYBOY: Just to take one issue at a time. The dope growers of Griffith. . .

GRASSBY: I did an analysis of the press coverage and I want to say that *that* was one of the worst examples of racism in the Australian press. If you had an Italian name and you were caught growing marijuana, you got 10 times the publicity of an Anglo-Saxon, John Smith, importing heroin. Now, *that* is sheer dishonesty. . . divisiveness. Mind you, the media's cleaned itself up incredibly well in the last seven years, but it is normal for a man who was called. . umm. . . Giovanni Silvestro to be described as an Italian where as John Smith is not described as an Anglo-Saxon. He is an Australian.

PLAYBOY: The disappearance of anti-drug campaigner Donald McKay must have been a terrible shock.

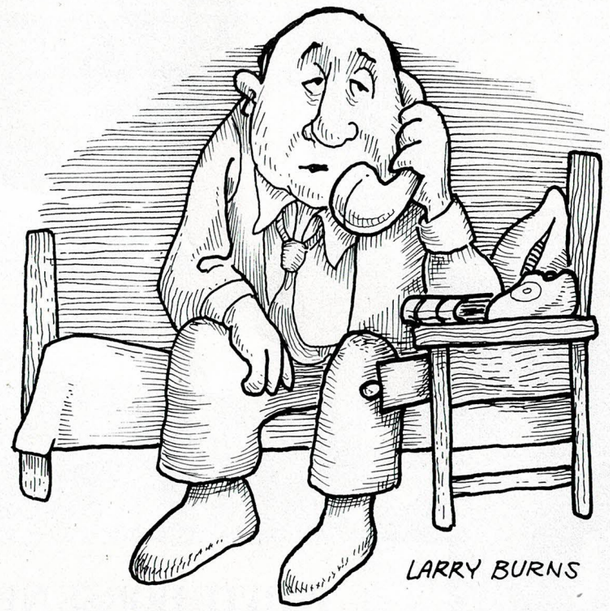
GRASSBY: That was awful. . . that really is a scar on the community, I think. It's a scar on everybody who knew him. It's a scar on everybody who cared for the good of the town. That was one of the worst things that I experienced in my association with Griffith. I just couldn't have imagined it.

PLAYBOY: Growing unemployment hasn't helped race relations in Australia, would you agree?

GRASSBY: I agree with that. Unemployment is the cancer of good community relations, and it opens the door for every form of bigotry and discrimination. I think that we've got to be careful to divide the migration debate and make sure it's quite separate from the debate on the Australian population. Now it's perfectly proper and right for Australians of all backgrounds to say, Ah well, we've got unemployment so therefore we don't need any immigrants at all. It's a valid point of view but whether it's correct or not is another matter. Still it's a valid point of view. We don't need any immigrants. Now there's nothing racist about *that*, providing of course it's *all* immigrants, not just some. Once you allow racism to enter into the debate on unemployment, and the debate on the job and the factory floor, and the work site, you're going to explode an atomic bomb. Who is going to be the dominant group? Who wants to be the master race? And of course that would blow aside the Labor movement and blow up Australia, because you'd divide the workforce, you'd divide trade unionists, you'd divide neighbors, you'd divide citizens, on racial grounds. And as far as I'm concerned, that would be the greatest evil that could be perpetrated in Australia. And another thing I'd like to say, the trade union movement has never really been given the acknowledgement it deserves for combating that on the factory floor and on the worksite. . . because when someone gets up and says: Get rid of all the wogs. . . or the pommies. . . or the boaties, then there's a counter-attack saying: Look we're workers here together, we've gotta stick together to get a better deal or we hang separately.

PLAYBOY: Did you see the influx of Vietnamese after the fall of Saigon as a specific problem or did you see them being absorbed easily into the fabric of the country?

GRASSBY: Refugee policy has got to be determined by the people of Australia, basically. If they don't want to play their part with refugees, well then it's up to them to say so. The only part that is non-negotiable as far as I'm concerned of course is family reunions because you can't tell an Australian he can't have his mother with him because she's not living in Brisbane, she's living in Lisbon. I mean that's ridiculous, *that's* against basic human rights, so there's no argument or discussion about family reunions, that's got to be open, that's got to be a priority and nobody should interfere with it, given all the safeguards of



"Would you send me up another Gideon's Bible — there're no phone numbers in this one."

job, accommodation and all the rest of it.

The Vietnamese are really quite interesting, because of all the refugees we've had in the last 25 years — and there are a million Australians who've got a refugee connection, either because they were refugees themselves or because their parents or grandparents were — since the German refugees from Hitler in '38 and '39 right through to the Lebanese and so on, the Vietnamese have had the best reception

PLAYBOY: Do you think that's because Australians felt somewhat responsible?

GRASSBY: I think so. I think it was a conscience reaction. But, of course, seeing this happening, the extremist groups whipped themselves into a state of hysteria and they could see somebody they could fasten onto again because it was getting a bit hard to deal with the Irish with 3.4 million people, y'know, it gets a bit hard. And then those southern Europeans with about 2.4 million, bit hard, there's so many of the bastards. But a few thousand Vietnamese, that's a fairly handy group to attack. I mean, you can still keep up your pressure on the Jews but you can move onto this nice new target and accuse them of all the things, y'know, importing leprosy, tuberculosis, VD. . . and Republicanism, usually.

PLAYBOY: Heroin?

GRASSBY: Well, no, they haven't linked them with drugs, yet. . . give them time. You know the old thing. . . they live on the bare floor and breed like rabbits. Actually I had to ask how rabbits bred. I'd be surprised if there would be many humans who'd actually breed like rabbits on a bare floor — I think it would probably reduce the birth rate to zero. . . terribly difficult and uncomfortable.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever confronted these extremist racist groups on their own turf?

GRASSBY: Oh yes, yes. As a matter of fact, they come to meetings. The League of Rights in Queensland used to follow me around from meeting to meeting and they were an extraordinary group. The things that make them angry. . . for example, I would say, Well, Australia's a multicultural society, the First Fleet was a multicultural fleet, Arthur Phillip was 50 percent Anglo-Saxon, 50 percent German, had a commission in the British Navy and in the Portuguese Navy and, of course, there were a dozen nationalities on board the ship. Well, that was terrible, it couldn't be — all those criminals had to be English! That was incredible. I used to tell 'em, Say what you like about those English judges, but they weren't racist — *everybody* went.

PLAYBOY: You've been quoted as saying that, "Australia is more racially tolerant now than it's ever been". . .

GRASSBY: That's right, that's true.

PLAYBOY: . . . but you've also been quoted as saying "unemployment breeds racism". Do you feel that we're about to slide downhill?

GRASSBY: We *could*, of course we could, if there's any slackening of efforts to promote and develop understanding and tolerance. We could open the door for bigotries and these extremists who would be delighted to take the opportunity of peddling their hate and their divisiveness and their wares in that way. Unemployment has to be tackled but we've also got to make sure that when these people who would divide the workforce attempt it, there's got to be a whole community rejection of them. Now the other challenge is that wherever you have an Aboriginal presence, you've got tension because we still haven't made peace. We're the *only* nation on earth that took over land from the original people and have not yet made peace with them. The United States has done it, the Canadians have done it, it's been done elsewhere. There've been treaties, agreements. New Zealand did it 100 years ago. They might have been broken, but at least it's been done. We haven't done it yet! I have one hope, and that's that in 1988 we will see the signing of a treaty with Aboriginal people. So that there's peace. But at the moment we've got a long way to go, to achieve that between the peoples.

PLAYBOY: We all expected something to happen at the Brisbane Commonwealth Games and fortunately it didn't. . .

GRASSBY: Credit has *never* been given to the Aboriginal people for the fact that when the shooting stopped, they have never taken up arms again. And don't forget, the

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Aboriginal people in many cases fought hard. Of course, Australian history books are not history books, they're tracts of imperial colonial propaganda. They ignore the five or six pitched battles fought in Australia. The Kalkadu people in the north who I suppose, put up one of the greatest struggles, lost more people in their battles than the Australian Army did in Vietnam, Korea and the Boer War put together. But they fought, and they fought very well, but once they stopped, once the shooting stopped, well they haven't taken up arms again. But arms have been taken up against them in the last few years, it's interesting that whenever there's a riot, whenever there's a dispute, whenever there's a confrontation, the people that get shot are the blacks.

PLAYBOY: Charles Perkins has criticised you for not being as available to look after Aboriginal problems as you were others.

GRASSBY: Oh well, Charlie and I have known each other for a long time. I think the only way he could make that decision would be to try it for himself for a couple of years as Commission for Community Relations, and see where the problems are. But what I *am* saying is that we responded to the problems as they were presented to us. Now the other thing of course is that Charlie has criticised the fact that the office did not have a presence in Western Australia, South Australia or the Northern Territory, or in Queensland and he was right, because I never had the adequate resources to do the job properly. I mean, that's the position. And if I had, I think we could have done a better job in Moree and elsewhere. In Sydney, there's been one man; in Melbourne there's been one woman. . . if either of them goes to the toilet, the office closes! I had a telex machine once. Had to give it up because the budget wouldn't run to it.

PLAYBOY: This is presumably because the Fraser Government has never held Community Relations at the top of its priority list?

GRASSBY: Whatever. All I'm saying is that I never had it. I told the Parliament every year. I told them for seven years you cannot see the full efficacy of the law until you've got the resources to enforce it.

PLAYBOY: Did the Fraser Government in fact downgrade the office?

GRASSBY: I will say again, as I've said for seven years, there's never been adequate resources, and to do the job at all adequately, I in fact went out into the community and brought in 300 volunteers in consultative committees of community relations throughout Australia who have handled 25 percent of the workload — volunteers! And the only thing I've ever been able to give them was a letter of thanks, a letter of authorisation, perhaps some notepaper. It's probably the only country in the world in which volunteers have played such an incredibly important part in combating racism. But what we need to see now is a greater commitment to community relations and the facilities to do it.

PLAYBOY: Whitlam obviously had a great vision of a multi-racial society that he could share with you. When he lost office, did that vision disappear?

GRASSBY: Well I must say it's very interesting to look at the specifics. When Whitlam was Prime Minister and Kep Enderby was the Attorney-General, under whom I served first, we developed a pattern for the office, in conjunction with the Public Service Board, and all the bureaucratic imperatives, we got the pattern that we thought was good. In the caretaker government of Malcolm Fraser, that roaring left-wing senator, oh what was his name? He died. . .

PLAYBOY: Ivor Greenwood?

GRASSBY: Ivor Greenwood! Now you know Ivor wasn't exactly a committed radical. . . but when he was caretaker Attorney-General, he called for a look at what we had put up and what we were going to do and approved it 100 percent. That was the last approval I ever got. After Greenwood, there were no approvals, no additions.

It's interesting that whenever there's a riot, whenever there's a dispute, whenever there's a confrontation, the people that get shot are blacks.

PLAYBOY: The bleeding started?

GRASSBY: Right, the bleeding started.

PLAYBOY: I don't want to labor the point about this funding but it does seem to me to be an absolutely crucial issue, that a department was set up by you and Whitlam and then the Liberals come in and basically destroy its efficiency, and you, in seven years as Commissioner, were never given an adequate explanation as to why they were philosophically opposed to what you were doing.

GRASSBY: Well I think the fact that we never had, in the seven years, adequate resources, says something about the Fraser Government. I put forward very clearly my belief that one dollar spent on community relations is worth 10 dollars spent on building new prisons. Or maybe another 20 dollars on more police stations and more police. I mean for every dollar you can see a return. Now I would say if the expenditure had been better, if the facilities had been better, then we could have done a better job and some of the tensions which are now at boiling point could have been resolved. Because, you see, there's been a change in the expectations of Aboriginal people. When we started seven years ago and an Aboriginal made a complaint to us, and we eventually went to the town and we brought the Aboriginal from the riverbank with his mates who'd complained, face to face, with the great and powerful. . . probably the wealthiest man in the community, and said, well now. . . Mr So and So has complained that you did that, what's your response? Well, sometimes the response was almost a laugh. Imagine, being asked if he'd discriminated against a couple of black fellows from the riverbank? We would ask the complainants what was the basis of settlement and they'd say, perhaps an apology and an undertaking not to discriminate again. And the man would give it. The Aboriginal people thought this was a revolutionary occurrence. Imagine the great, powerful and affluent man apologising to *us*! So they were very thrilled seven years ago, but after repeated actions of discrimination, they're not so easily satisfied in 1983.

PLAYBOY: What do they want?

GRASSBY: If somebody has been practising this sort of discrimination and just glibly apologising and going on, they say: "Right. We have been offended. We have been insulted publicly. Now if it was a white man he'd go for damages. We want damages." The highest we've got at the present time is $1000 but there is a case proceeding in which the demand for a particularly ugly incident is $10,000. And so people's expectations are high and they will not be pushed around any longer. I mean it's as simple as that.

PLAYBOY: You've often said you've been thwarted in your dealings with Aboriginal problems by the Governments of Queensland and Western Australia.

GRASSBY: That's true. I can remember a Western Australian Minister saying to me that I had no authority to go there. I had no authority to take up any cases from there and, in any case, why should I come over and harrass decent middle-class white people? I did point out, of course, the law of the land prevailed also in Western Australia and what he was also talking about was decent middle-class Aborigines who had been harrassed. I think it's been a tragedy that the attitudes, the policies, of the two Governments are contrary to the law of Australia and I think this is one of the challenges that has to be met. In fact one of my greatest satisfactions is the High Court decision to uphold the validity of the Racial Discrimination Act. After seven years of doubt, seven years of not recognising it in two States.

PLAYBOY: Do you regard the Government of those States as racist?

GRASSBY: Well, it's a glib term. People like to involve me in arguments like that. I say the *policies* are racist because they break the law of the land.

PLAYBOY: So the Government enacts racist policies?

GRASSBY: The Governments of Queensland and WA are following racist policies. Both of those Governments are following policies which prevent the application of the law of

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Australia to people within those States.

PLAYBOY: What do you think of the progress of Aboriginal land rights?

GRASSBY: I think there's an awareness of them but I think what the Aboriginal people are saying is often very much misinterpreted and misunderstood. But I think frankly that land rights as far as Aboriginal people are concerned offer the best hope for the future. One of the things that the Aboriginal leadership wants to get away from is the handout syndrome. What they want is a return to dignity and self-reliability and self-determination. And only they can make an impact on their own problems and they do it. The progress over the last 10 years made by Aboriginal people — and there *has* been progress — has been made because of Aboriginal leadership. Not because of bureaucrats or Al Grassby or anybody else but because of Aboriginal leadership.

PLAYBOY: Do you think after seven years in office, that we're any closer to a solution to the problem of black/white race relations in Australia?

GRASSBY: I think we've identified a lot of the problems and I think we've tackled them. Also the very existence of the law is at least a basic guarantee of some rights. And I think that we've helped to bring about an awareness of those rights to the Aboriginal people. They know that they have a basic right not to be discriminated against, not to be thrown out, not to be barred, not to be denied a job, not to be denied service, not to be denied a house. I think we've helped to create an awareness and that in itself has helped to bring about a better relationship. I don't say we've been successful in changing attitudes. We haven't. We've modified them but there's still too many fellows that get down in their clubs and pubs and say: "Ah, the bloody boongs wouldn't know what bloody day it was and they all exist on handouts anyway." *That's* where the younger people are taught to get their rifles and do some shooting.

PLAYBOY: A lighter note for a minute. The ethnic joke. What's wrong with it?

GRASSBY: Well, the major complaints I've received over the years have been about Irish jokes. Cruel jokes too, that are not really funny. They're jokes which are meant to put down, to deride, to denigrate and the end results can be quite sad. Let me tell you a brief story. A young man from Dublin came to see me the other day, and this man had migrated with a very special professional skill, quite a rare skill. High technology. He was a product of Irish learning. His first job interview, the employer sat there and told him primitive, denigrating Irish jokes for the first half-hour. The young fellow told me if he hadn't wanted the job so badly, he would have hit this bloke. And incidentally, I quite agree with English people who have objected to car stickers which proclaim: GROW YOUR OWN DOPE — PLANT A POM.

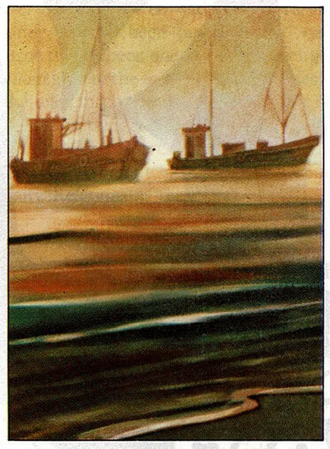
PLAYBOY: It's a fine line which divides humor from offence. . .

GRASSBY: But when you meet someone and you don't know his background, you don't say something like, I hate men with moustaches because they're all perverts.

PLAYBOY: It's essentially true, but I take your point. What kind of jokes do they tell in Dublin?

GRASSBY: Well, they don't tell Australian jokes, but that reminds me of a woman who'd long been a supporter of mine. She came up to me recently and said, "Al, I've always agreed with everything you've said and done, but this business about ethnic jokes is going too far. Can't you take a joke? All jokes are meant to be funny." So I said, okay, if all jokes are funny, let me try one out on you. What's the most effective contraceptive in the world? An Australian woman. She didn't laugh. I'd made my point.

NEXT MONTH



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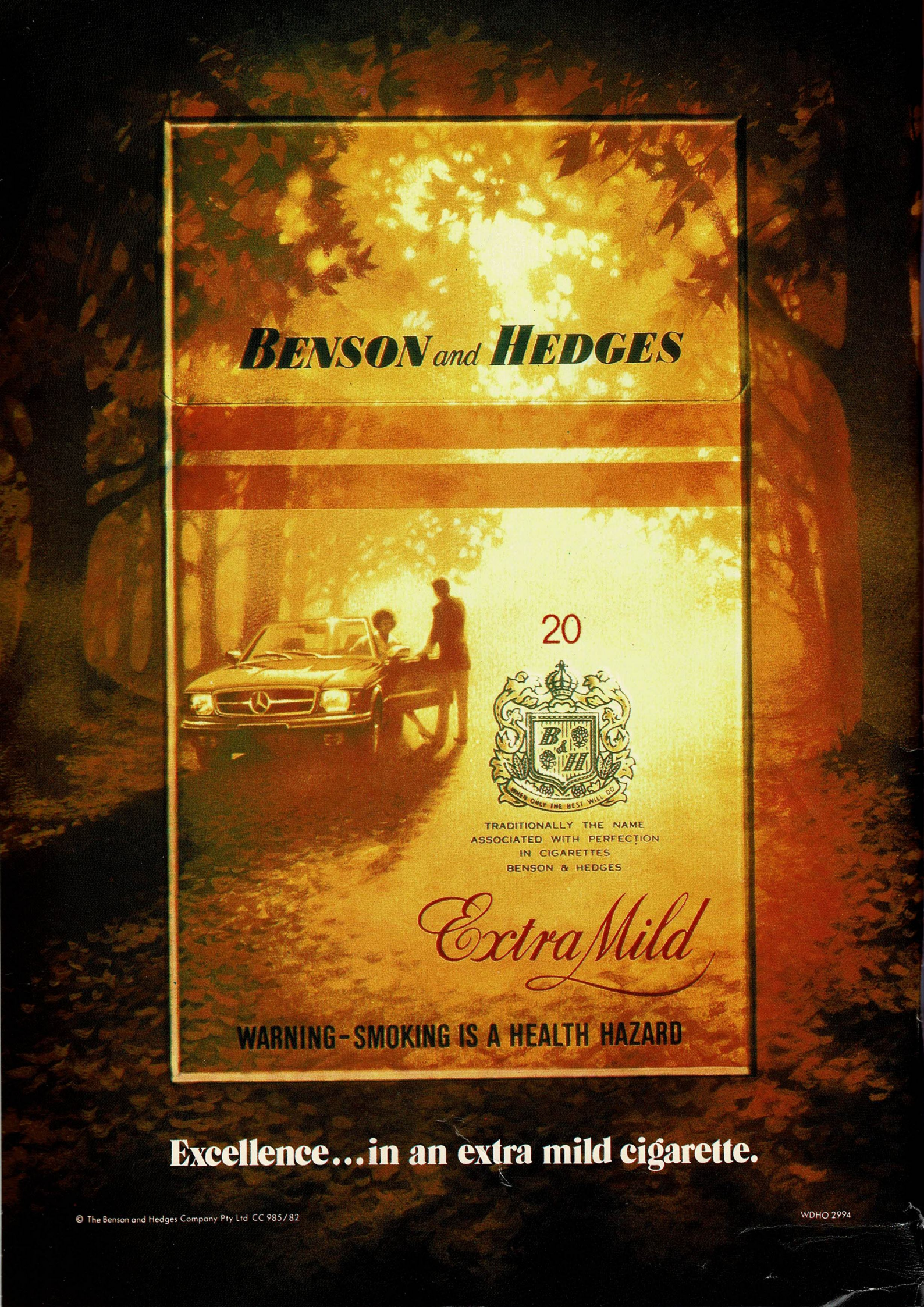

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